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F. N. Lusit

In the drugstore across from Vassar College, the talk is of men and Geology and men and Phys Ed and Yale and men . . .

"Meet Me at the Drug"

The inner life and habits of the college girl can nowhere be better observed than at Vassar's "College Drug" • **BY JOSEPHINE COE**

Gustav J. Klein, who operates the drugstore across the street from Vassar College in Poughkeepsie, New York, may very possibly know more about the habits, customs, and inner life of the budding young American female than do some of our most learned psychologists and historians of sociology. In the eighteen years since he first set up shop on Raymond Avenue just off one of the most famous all-girl campuses in the country, Gus Klein has been pharmacist, friend, health adviser, restaurateur, banker, and beauty counselor to thousands of eager young things.

Klein has compounded many a prescription and sold many a tube of tooth paste in his day, but what makes his pharmacy unique is the subtle role it plays in the lives of the Vassar girls. The grinds may say, "Meet me at the Libe," the prom-trotters, "Meet me at the Pub," but for the majority of undergrads eager for a rendezvous of chocolate sundaes, chitchat, and cosmetics, it's always, "Meet me at the Drug." Alumnae returning to Poughkeepsie for class reunions wouldn't think of omitting it from their nostalgic wanderings about the campus.

Back in 1933, when Klein abandoned a little rural drugstore in Harriman, New York, to try his luck with a college pharmacy at Vassar, he had rough sledding for a while. He was accustomed to catering to the needs of farmers, and it took some time before he found out what little college girls are made of. (Not only sugar and spice and everything nice, but also plenty of lipstick and nail polish and cigarettes by the carton and alarm clocks to jangle them out of their dreams into a classroom.) It was a small establishment with a busy soda fountain, forever jammed with shrill-voiced femininity. Today, the Drug, as with all booming businesses, has been modernized and enlarged—the soda fountain and eat shop, run by brother John Klein, are in a separate room, which connects with the drugstore proper.

On the sidewalk outside the red-brick store front, bicycles lie in tangled confusion. In the drugstore, maidens sprawl out on the floor beside the magazine racks, reading the magazines as though they weren't for sale and

(Continued on next page)

devouring candy bars as though teen-age complexions were somehow inviolate. In the eat shop, they perch on soda-fountain stools recklessly consuming the calories of a "Dusty" (vanilla ice cream, chocolate sauce, and a dusting of malted milk). In the booths and at the tables, over the pinball machines and beside the juke box—everywhere—there is the sound of chatter; the talk is of men and Geology and Plant Science and men and Phys Ed and Child Study and Zoology and Polit and men and more men and the Vassar–Yale Freshman Dance. In nearby Blodgett and Skinner and Avery Halls, professorial backs bleed painlessly from verbal knife wounds and, at far-off Yale and Princeton and Harvard, ears burn.

The girls slouch in the booths, sipping black coffee and filling the air with cigarette smoke, with men on their minds and men's shirts on their backs, shirt-tails hanging out over rolled-up bluejeans, feet scuffing the wooden benches with loafers and moccasins, to the voice of Billy Eckstine singing "Jealousy" for the thousandth time. A silent one, all by herself, stares moodily, unseeingly, at a textbook, unable to face the world outside the Drug—no date this weekend, or any weekend. A foursome at a nearby table shriek with worried gaiety, trying to forget that they don't know a *thing* for tomorrow's hour-written. Each girl is different, yet all seem somehow alike. They're lovely, they're Vassar, they're not engaged. And they're quite a specialized clientele for any druggist to cater to.

"We feel that we have to join in and act like them," Gus Klein explains, speaking for his brother, John; a comely assistant, Mrs. Lily Walters; and the rest of the staff at the Drug. "They're a wonderful bunch of kids, even if they do some funny things at times."

The Drug watches over its brood like a housemother. Sheiks and drugstore cowboys are shooed away; male employees are specifically instructed not to attempt to date the girls. Years ago there was an "incident," and ever since "mixing" has been confined to the malted-milk machines. Before there were laws governing the sale of thyroid and barbiturates, Klein used to notify college authorities on the rare occasions when he felt that one of the girls was endangering her health by misusing a medication. And when the girls get those communications from home that start "Pay to the order of—" the Drug becomes the quick and easy place to cash the allowance check.

"We're practically the Second National Bank around here," Gus says. Friday nights and Saturday afternoons, when the banks are closed and many of the girls are getting ready to board the New York Central for the big city, or the New Haven bus for the big date, the Drug cashes an average of two hundred checks.

"It's amazing, the change that comes over some of these kids on a Friday night," he says. "During the week, they're—well, *you* know how they look. Then I see them leaving for the weekend and I can hardly recognize them. A little make-up is a wonderful thing."

DO YOU KNOW—

—that a drugstore was the birthplace of the cocktail? Some hundred and fifty years ago, a New Orleans druggist named Peychaud helped out a friend by giving him some brandy and bitters on the spot. Since Peychaud wasn't used to selling his wares over the counter, there wasn't much available to serve it in. But his friend settled for an egg cup that Peychaud used for compounding prescriptions.

In French-speaking New Orleans, an egg cup was a *coquetier*—pronounced "kok-tyay." As the story of the service the druggist had rendered his friend made the rounds of the city it was transformed into a tale of a new and magic brew called a "koktyay." A demand for koktyays rose speedily, and the cafés of the Creole city obliged. The medicinal purpose of the original mixture was quickly forgotten, and the name was corrupted to "cocktail." Hostesses served them at fashionable dinner parties, and their fame spread, first along this country's Eastern Seaboard, finally as far as Europe.

So the next time you throw a cocktail party, you might propose a toast to druggist Peychaud's kindliness and good taste.

They get it, of course, at the Drug. Few pharmacies in America have a stock so noticeably feminine. A mere male would have to look hard to find a razor or some shaving cream. For the most part, the shelves are choked with lipsticks, nail polishes, perfumes, deodorants, powders, colognes, shampoos, hair bleaches, dyes, and rinses, home permanents, and elegant soaps, and—just before the Junior Prom in February and the Senior Prom in April—there is a terrific run on the market.

What about prescriptions and patent medicines? After all, it *is* the *Drug*. "Vassar girls," says Gus Klein with a wry smile, "are disgustingly healthy. I probably sell less medicine than any drugstore my size in the country.

"The only time any of them even come close to being run-down is just before and after exams, when they've been burning too much midnight oil and doing too much worrying."

The Drug can claim an indirect assist for many a passing grade, many a hard-won degree. When cramming time comes, Klein sells by the carload a harmless caffeine stimulant that keep the goggly-eyed girls from falling asleep over their books. And that's not the only "assist" on sale there. Recently, a young thing shuffled up to the counter and asked for some of her favorite passion, only to be told that the Drug was all out of it.

"My Lord!" she wailed. "How am I *ever* going to study for exams without *bubble gum?*"

Historians, please note. THE END

THE
"BOTTLE BACILLUS"
(P. OVALE)

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Go after the germs with Listerine Antiseptic and Massage . . . Quick!

THOSE flakes and scales on coat shoulder—especially if they persist—may be symptoms of infectious dandruff and the millions of germs that go with it.

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Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff, including the "Bottle Bacillus" (P. ovale). This is the stubborn invader that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

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To guard against infection, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every time you wash your hair. It's a wise precaution against infectious dandruff as well as a grand treatment. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

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FEBRUARY, 1952

COMPLETE NOVEL

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SPECIAL NONFICTION FEATURE

FEATURES

THROUGHOUT THE HOOK

Vol. 132, No. 2

THE COSMOPOLITAN COVER GIRL PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN COLHOUN

Cover coat by House of Swansdown, in Stroock's Shag. See page 20

COSMOPOLITAN IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE HEARST CORPORATION, 57th STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y., U. S. A. RICHARD E. BERLIN, PRESIDENT; JOHN RANDOLPH HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; GEORGE HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; FRED LEWIS, VICE-PRESIDENT; G. O. MARKUSON, VICE-PRESIDENT & TREASURER; ROBERT E. HAIG, VICE-PRESIDENT FOR CIRCULATION; HARRY M. DUNLAP, VICE-PRESIDENT FOR COSMOPOLITAN; R. F. McCAULEY, SECRETARY. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIONS, $3.50 FOR ONE YEAR, $5.50 FOR TWO YEARS, $7.50 FOR THREE YEARS; CANADA, $4.00 FOR ONE YEAR; PAN-AMERICAN COUNTRIES AND SPAIN, $4.50 FOR ONE YEAR; OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, $6.50 FOR ONE YEAR. WHEN CHANGING ADDRESS GIVE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW, WITH POSTAL ZONE NUMBER IF ANY, AND ALLOW FIVE WEEKS FOR CHANGE TO BECOME EFFECTIVE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. AUTHORIZED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL, POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, CANADA. MANUSCRIPTS MUST BE TYPEWRITTEN AND WILL NOT BE RETURNED UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY SUFFICIENT POSTAGE. COSMOPOLITAN CANNOT ASSUME ANY RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE SAFETY OF UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS.

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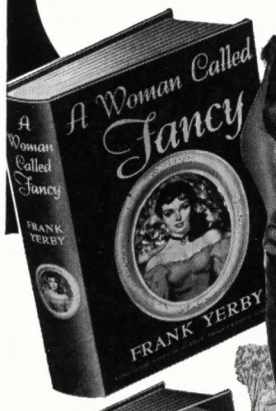

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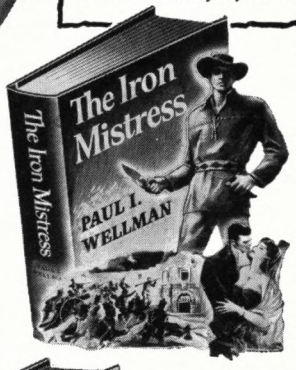


THE IRON MISTRESS
Paul I. Wellman

For a beautiful Creole temptress, Jim Bowie carved his way from New Orleans to the devil's own city of Natchez! By the author of *The Walls of Jericho.*

THE CAPTIVE WITCH
Dale Van Every

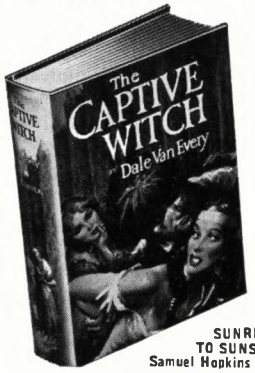
Adam Frane kidnapped her from an Indian camp—and discovered she was a white girl! First she fought him like a wildcat, then tempted him until he almost forgot his waiting bride!

THE NYMPH AND THE LAMP Thos. H. Raddall

Lovely Isabel Jardine fled from her humdrum city job to wild, wind-swept Marina Island . . . and found herself wanted and wooed by every one of the lonely men who lived like monks there! Here was adventure beyond an office girl's dreams!

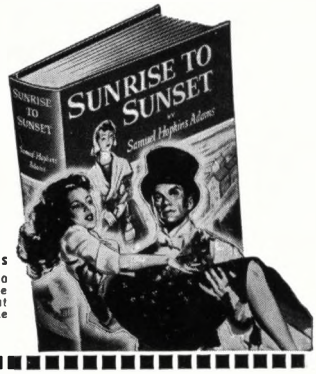
JOY STREET—Frances Parkinson Keyes

At her own wedding reception, beautiful, aristocratic Emily Thayer met a total stranger—not even a "blue-blood"—and fell in love for the first time in her life! By the author of "Dinner at Antoine's."



SUNRISE TO SUNSET
Samuel Hopkins Adams

When a lovely young millhand was rushed into an unwanted marriage with her boss—when the other girls in the cotton mill "talked" about Gurdon's secret life—the scandal ripped the masks off an American town!



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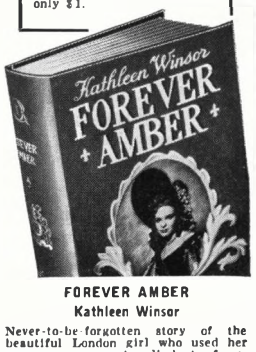

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What Goes On at Cosmopolitan

WHAT THE GUIDEBOOKS DON'T TELL, A WOULD-BE SONG-WRITER'S LAMENT, AND A ROAMING GOVERNMENT GIRL

There are several interesting sidelights on "The Neighbor," the short novel by Stanley Ellin that begins on page 29. First, Mr. Ellin upholds the honor of Brooklyn, the borough that made New York famous. He was born, brought up, and educated in Brooklyn (graduated from Brooklyn College in 1936). He left Brooklyn to serve in the Army—"not unpleasantly." After his discharge, he became a writer.

Also on the subject of "The Neighbor," it should be noted that, at least in the memory of our art department, Al Parker's seven pages of illustrations for this story represent the longest continuous illustration in any magazine.

Al Parker sets a record

◆ ◆ ◆

Our European correspondent, who contributed the tantalizing information on tours that begins on page 48, advises Americans not to depend on guidebooks during their first trip abroad. He appends a fascinating list of things most guidebooks don't mention but should. We quote unabashedly:

Don't think you are being polite by offering to ride backward on a European train. Europeans *prefer* to ride backward and will think you are grabbing the choice seat.

Europeans have little interest in privacy. Your floor waiter or chambermaid will unlock any door and walk in unannounced. If you happen to be in the tub or just crawling out of your nightie, they are not perturbed. The waiter will bow, say, "Bo' jour, mamselle," and stroll out without batting an eyelash. If you are old-fashioned, be sure to lock or bolt your door from the inside.

Always be prepared to shake hands. Europeans consider it extremely discourteous for anyone, man or woman, to withhold his hand.

Most European hotels, regardless of the rate you are paying, do not provide soap. Bring your own.

It is advisable to be nonchalant about European washrooms, which are frequently community affairs or may have wide-open communicating doors between the men's and ladies' sections. Lady attendants in men's rooms are not unusual.

The quickest way to go broke in Europe is to order American cocktails before meals. They're no good anyhow. Table wine is cheap.

It is quite customary to drink "schnapps" or aquavit, and beer right along with your meals in the Scandinavian countries. The schnapps is for drinking toasts and the beer is to wash down the food.

If you want to eat your way across the Atlantic, Air France is your dish. During the fifteen-hour

flight from New York to Paris, no fewer than thirty items are included on its menu.

Coffee is never included with your meals in Europe. It usually costs about twenty cents for a tiny cup that holds about two tablespoonfuls of thick, strong, black coffee. You can order it in a restaurant, but most Europeans go to a "café" or a sidewalk restaurant to order their "*café*."

Tipping is a nightmare for every American tourist in Europe. Hotel employees are covered by the service charge added to your bill, and tips equaling ten or fifteen cents are sufficient extra payment for most small services. To give you a rough idea of how extensive tipping is: On leaving one big hotel in a major European city, I tipped the floor waiter, the chambermaid, the valet, the bellhop, the elevator operator, two baggage porters who took my baggage to the lobby, two porters who put the bags in a taxi, the concierge, and the doorman.

◆ ◆ ◆

Albert Morehead, author of "How to Write a Hit Song" (page 68), confesses his personal failure ("Those who can do, those who can't teach") in the following bit of verse, which he entitles "Ballade: Once Valedictory, Lately Contradictory"—

I'm good at composing a classical ode.
The sonnet in various forms is my meat.
A limerick I can construct à la mode
And consider the product exceedingly neat.
My rhythm is regular, beat upon beat.
When I write down a word, it's the word that belongs.
But my failure at one kind of verse is complete.
I cannot write lyrics for popular songs.

The song lyric follows a rigorous code.
It has to be new and it has to be sweet,
And smart for the trouper who's out on the road,
Having some syncopation and plenty of heat;
Melodic and smooth for the man in the street,
But simple to suit the illiterate throngs.
Alas, I am not of the gifted elite.
I cannot write lyrics for popular songs.

I study a tune, then my brain cells corrode.
I write a few words, then I tear up the sheet.
I stew and I sweat 'neath the ponderous load.
I plagiarize freely. I steal and I cheat.
I scratch. I erase. I augment. I delete. . . .
But the right word won't come. I get nothing but wrongs.
I fear I was born a pedantic aesthete.
I cannot write lyrics for popular songs.

Envoi

Prince, cast me in dungeons and shackle my feet
And tie me up tightly with leathery thongs;
You cannot squeeze blood from the turnip you eat;
I cannot write lyrics for popular songs.

◆ ◆ ◆

The modeling services of Sandra Stahl—who graces our cover and is also mentioned in "The Private Lives of Government Girls" (page 36)—were not requisitioned without difficulty. When our photographer, Steve Colhoun, tried to reach Miss Stahl for an appointment, he learned that she had been sent by the Government on a mission to a remote area of western Canada. Her appointment with Mr. Colhoun was finally made through the facilities of the Armed Services Radio Network, the only means of penetrating the snowy wastes that separated them. Twenty-four hours later, Miss Stahl was sitting urbanely under a hair dryer on Manhattan's Madison Avenue.

Sandra at home

◆ ◆ ◆

The American Red Cross has tentatively set a goal of $52,000,000 for its 1952 campaign. These funds will provide 1) blood and plasma for the armed forces; 2) the traditional welfare services to members of the armed forces at home and abroad; 3) rehabilitation for those struck by disaster in the coming year; 4) training for millions of Americans in first aid and nursing—a more important function than ever in this year of uneasy peace.

Readers Write

The importance of sex in marriage, the nicest gift, and one voter whom Dr. Gallup still hasn't managed to impress

Pay Dirt

OHIO, ILLINOIS: The author of "The *New* Farmer's Daughter," in your November issue, set us chuckling. Why be so astonished by us farmers who have been living like civilized humans for years? There are just as many brains on the farm as in the city. Farming is a scientific business requiring hard study and a great deal of capital.

—MRS. CLIFFORD A. HEATON

Belva Lou at work

BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN: . . . My guess is that she's just a college girl who lives on a farm. Why not write up a story of the real farmers—her parents? —MARGUERITE E. JONES

GLOVERSVILLE, NEW YORK: It was impossible for me to read the articles on Belva Lou and Ceil Chapman ["Who Is Ceil Chapman?", November issue] without comparing the subjects.

Belva Lou wants to stay on the farm and claims she is neither fascinated nor intrigued by "city life." Nevertheless, she was sufficiently impressed by the words of two professional models to remember them after three years. She tries hard to be convincing in portraying the farm as a Utopia. But even her claim of the farmer's independence is unrealistic. Today's farmer is too much of a businessman for that.

Ceil Chapman, renowned in her field, isn't nearly so candid as Belva Lou regarding her capabilities. She captures your heart because you can feel her shyness, and see in her expression a genuine love of people. Ceil could undoubtedly learn something from the talented Belva Lou, but Belva Lou could learn much more from the charming Ceil.

—NAME WITHHELD

How Wrong, Dr. Gallup?

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: Dr. Gallup admits in his November article, "We Won't Be Red-Faced This Time!" that he made a mistake in 1948, but then he resorts to semantic trickery to make the reader think his error was quite small.

He is, of course, aware that the term percentage "points" is misleading. that the majority of magazine readers will think Dr. Gallup is talking about *percentages.* Dr. Gallup was about five percentage points off on Truman (an error of about 10 per cent), then says that he was off 1.6 on Wallace, which *looks* like an even better guess. I don't have the actual figures handy, but Dr. Gallup was about 50 per cent off on Wallace, wasn't he? —JOHN MAASS

Gallup Poll predicted 44.5 per cent for Truman, and 4.0 per cent for Wallace. Results were: Truman 49.8 and Wallace 2.4. In percentages, about 50 per cent off on Wallace.

—THE EDITORS

Appreciation

WINTER GARDEN, FLORIDA: We wish to thank COSMOPOLITAN for the article "Why Prescriptions Cost So Much" [November issue]. This is the first really honest-to-goodness effort on the part of anyone to give the public an idea of the problems facing the American druggist today. We know the average person is vitally interested in this type of information. We feel that many druggists will be eager to make the article work to establish better understanding between themselves and their customers. —W. HOWARD TIBBALS

TIBBALS REXALL DRUGS

Season's Greetings

COLUMBUS, OHIO: About the nicest kind of gift you could have given your readers for Christmas was "One Red Rose for Christmas" [December issue]. It's a truly touching story,

Author Paul Horgan

worthy of being included as one of the joys of the Yuletide season.

—SUZANNE MARQUE

Girl Trouble

WASHINGTON, D.C.: These college girls ["What *Today's* College Girls Believe About Sex," October issue] talk like stuck-up little snobs who, because they are, will never be happy. Marriage isn't *all* sex: It is a beautiful and warm companionship through which two people who are in love comfort one another in trouble, have fun and laugh together, have children and have the wonderful experience of guiding them to maturity, and above all love and respect each other and each other's ideas. No one should make the mistake of entering marriage thinking she will live in bed and that is all. —MRS. V. L. HENRY, JR.

KOREA: The young ladies made some rather rash statements concerning veterans. It's just as unfair to say "For my money, you can have them." as it would be for us to say that all women are unprincipled just because we've run across some who are.

We think it would be better if people would bear with the vet until he can readjust himself to civilian life again. We have to live a fast life over here to stay alive, and in some cases it takes time to slow down.

—SGT. G. E. ROBERTS
—CPL. H. B. WILLIAMS
—SGT. R. W. WEGNER
U. S. MARINE CORPS RESERVE

Good Wishes

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: Congratulations on the new feature, "Memo to Worried Minds," by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale and Grace Perkins Oursler. In harassed times like these we can use the thoughts these two people have to offer. —MISS H. M. RIMMELL

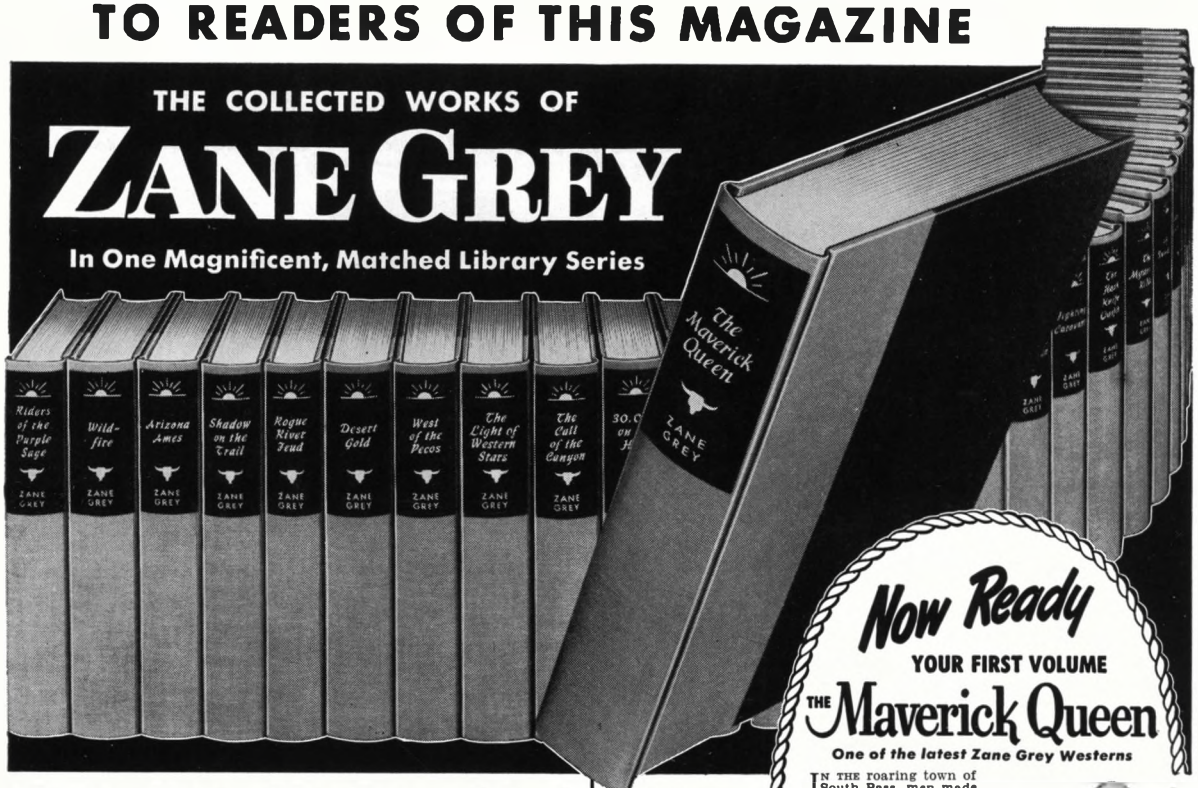
Sensational Offer

TO READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF

ZANE GREY

In One Magnificent, Matched Library Series



Now Ready

YOUR FIRST VOLUME

THE Maverick Queen

One of the latest Zane Grey Westerns

IN THE roaring town of South Pass, men made their own laws with flaming guns. Men gossiped about Kit Bandon, the alluring "Maverick Queen." Was she *really* the secret leader of that gang of rustlers?

Line Bradway aimed to find out. One night he saw the Maverick Queen, riding like the wind . . . with a band of vigilantes after her! They were out to LYNCH her! Line and his pals gave chase. But they were outnumbered ten to one . . .

Here is the gun-blazing climax of a fast-moving story that is jam-packed with excitement!

The New "Golden West Deluxe Edition"

NOW—Yours to Enjoy for a Lifetime!

WHO can read Zane Grey's tales and not be swept away by their breath-taking thrills and blood-tingling excitement? Here are fearless men and women they fought for; ruthless desperadoes and trigger-quick outlaws. Here is the roar of guns — and the silence of the prairie.

Here is the raw West, where greed and passion struggled for power; where men and women rode roughshod over danger and death.

You do not merely read these books; you share in these pulse-pounding adventures!

Really Luxurious Books!

These magnificent books are bound in handsome buckram and cloth, in glowing red, tan, and blue. Stamped

in genuine gold, with tinted page tops, colored end-papers, decorative head and foot bands.

28,000,000 Readers Have Thrilled To These Exciting Works, and to Those Listed Below On This Page!

Twin Sombreros • Robbers' Roost • Wild Horse Mesa • To the Last Man • Western Union • Thunder Mountain • Fighting Caravans • Under the Tonto Rim • The Mysterious Rider • The Hash Knife Outfit • The Man of the Forest • The Vanishing American • Shepherd of Guadaloupe • The Heritage of the Desert.

All the Glory of the Old West—Its Sweeping Action, Color and Romance—Recaptured in Beautiful Volumes Your Family Will Be Proud to Own

HERE is an amazing opportunity! Now you can bring into your home *The Collected Works of ZANE GREY*—in beautiful matched volumes, "Golden West De Luxe Editions."

How proud you will be to display these luxurious volumes—gorgeously bound in buckram and sturdy cloth. Yet, because of a tremendous printing, they come to you for less than the price of *ordinary* books!

Just picture them in your home—and imagine the world of pleasure they will open up to your family! The partial list that follows gives you only an inkling of the thrills that await you:

1. **THE MAVERICK QUEEN.** See description above.
2. **RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE.** The brave days of old Utah—drenched with the blood of fearless men who gambled their lives for adventure and gold!
3. **WILDFIRE.** The tempestuous story of a great wild stallion, a fiery girl—and the man who was strong enough to tame them both!
4. **ARIZONA AMES.** His blazing six-shooter spread terror in the hearts of the toughest badmen!
5. **SHADOW ON THE TRAIL.** Quick-shooting Wade Holden fights with rawhide-tough rustlers.
6. **ROGUE RIVER FEUD.** Violence and death on Rogue River, where men stopped at nothing to win the high stakes of the rich salmon runs.
7. **DESERT GOLD.** Spine-tingling adventures of men and women crazed by the lure of riches.
8. **WEST OF THE PECOS.** Into this land of the lawless came a straight-shooting young man — who turned out to be a *girl!*
9. **THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS.** Mighty epic of warfare on the border, throbbing with excitement!
10. **CALL OF THE CANYON.** Smashing drama of death and danger—racing to a climax that leaves you breathless!
11. **30,000 ON THE HOOF.** Pioneer Logan Huett battles against screaming Indians and lawless rustlers in this gun-bristling saga of old Arizona.

The other great volumes are listed above. Every one is complete; not one thrilling word is cut!

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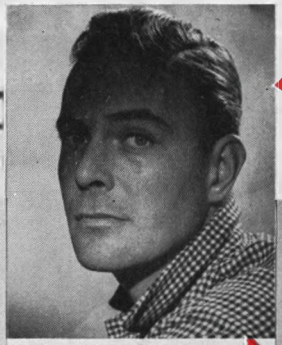
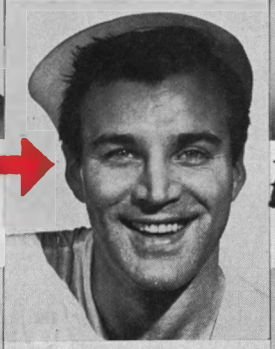
Jon Whitcomb's Page

To all the females who write to ask, "Who's that man on page 34? — I'd like to know him better" — let me present 10 of the romantic leads who pose for me. They're all over 6 feet tall, good-natured, enjoy their work (making love to the girls you saw here in November) — and 6 are unmarried.

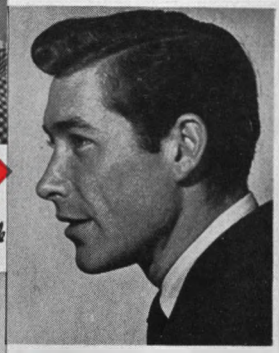
RANDY JACK
small-living type, with muscles



JIM BURKE
has done 800 love scenes

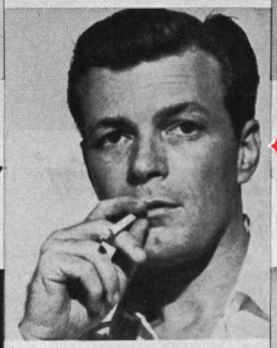


MIKE GARRETT
who can sing with gusto



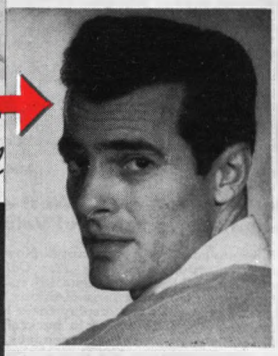
PHIL KENNEDY
girls like his Irish twinkle

JACK MURPHY
idealization of the Boy-Next-Door



TERRY BAILEY
does mature idols with humor

COULTER IRWIN
who has no bad angles



STEVE WYMAN
clothes on him look good

TOM WALKER
blond with square-cut jaw

BEN THOMAS
his chassis came from swimming

.....the blue look.....$8.95

other styles, $7.95 to $9.95

Higher Denver West

BEAU DAMSEL NORWOOD

.....one fleeting glance and you know it's for you.....

Blue . . . for you . . . for Spring, '52. It's Life Stride's BLUE LOOK that's getting all the raves this season. In fit, in fashion, in money saved it's Life Strides . . . always.

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The Blue Look is the Right Look for spring, according to fashion authorities, who constantly advise us on the smartest fashions and colors each season. An example of Brown's thoroughness in bringing you the finest footwear.

Memo to Worried Minds

Spiritual therapy can solve your problems—it's modern and workable

BY DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE and GRACE PERKINS OURSLER

Many of our letters show how severely people suffer because of the deeds of others. Pain, disgrace, and failure are brought to the innocent by circumstances over which they had no control. Then comes the cry, "Why did God let this happen to me?"

When will we learn our every act affects scores of people? The man who used a faulty alloy to cheapen material caused the bridge to collapse, the land and river traffic to snarl, the city to verge on bankruptcy, and people to die. One man's wrongdoing, not God, was responsible. The famous story of prose and poetry tells how "for want of a nail" the horse was mis-shod, the general thrown, the battle lost, and a nation enslaved. Our good and bad acts affect not only those we love, but often people we never know or hear about. Disaster is a forest fire lit by our careless match. But goodness, too, is contagious, and we are given a choice.

People blame God for permitting atrocities. Yet how we would rebel against Him if He did not give us the dignity of free will. Instead, we are men and women free to choose the right or the wrong, to do or to refrain, to build or to wreck, to serve God or to deny Him.

We are warned of the spiritual law: "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me."

"How vengeful of God," people say. "Even we poor humans aren't that unjust."

We forget that if one of us were exiled to some far island and had children there, those children would not be United States citizens, but would have to go through the long and difficult process of immigrating to this country under a quota. It is the law of cause and effect that exiles us from God. God did not cause the wars and troubles of the world. You did it. I did it. We can do it with every thought and action. To the authors of the following letters we say, the spiritual laws always work. It's time we learned to work with them.

Q. I am so worried about my sons. When I was a kid, my father's word was law in our house. But nothing I say seems to matter; they just won't listen to me. I am fearful for their future. I want only their good, but you would think I am their worst enemy. *—J. D., Providence, Rhode Island*

A. Mary Margaret McBride loves to tell of the headmaster of a boys' school who was stumped by the gambling that was going on in the dormitories. He confided in his minister and asked, "What can I do, for God's sake?"

The minister sighed and answered, "Well, if it's for God's sake, I guess you'll have to find a way to show them how foolish gambling is."

The headmaster went to the police, borrowed a confiscated slot machine, and then bought a lot of play money. The entire school set about tabulating the odds. It became clear that a player hit the jackpot once in four thousand times, and that it cost two hundred dollars to win five dollars. The next highest pay-off meant putting in two thousand nickels to win a dollar. The boys gave up gambling.

We believe in parental authority, but the father's-word-is-law system often merely produces children who do things on the sly. Have you ever tried round-table discussions of family problems? Many families find this the answer to solidarity, loyalty, and harmony. It can develop family partnership and mutual trust. All people, especially children, tend to measure up to trust. It is a sounder basis than "laying down the law," for it lifts all concerned up to the higher law that is needed throughout life.

Q. I know it is wrong and even sinful, but I simply cannot bring myself to like people of certain nationalities. In fact, I hate them and cannot get over it. I would really rather be struck dead than have one of them as a neighbor. *—R. S., Boston, Massachusetts*

A. Jim Farley once heard a woman make similar remarks at a banquet. He said to her, "Madam, if you will dig down in your garden you will find that your property adjoins that of a Chinese. Don't you think you should move?" The woman looked at him for a moment, got the point, and burst out laughing.

You are indeed lucky to have been born so to your own liking. But when you say you would rather be struck dead than associate with another of God's children, you may not realize that you are striking yourself dead in the eyes of God, who made you what you are, and who specifically demanded of you: ". . . thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might," and "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Toward the end of this month we will observe National Brotherhood Week. Our great nation has been the example of the world, the "melting pot" that has proved that men and women of all races, languages, customs, conditions, ages, and creeds can live and prosper in harmony.

One person we know who had your difficulty went through the New Testament and underlined the word "love" each time it was used by Christ. Perhaps that same self-assignment may bring you a thrilling illumination such as he experienced.

Q. I am in great pain with multiple sclerosis. Some time ago I tried one church, but so far to no avail.

I've had to quit my real work and take a job I heartily dislike and have little aptitude for, but it brings in a minimum living. I'm sick and tired of hearing that others are worse off. Why should one feel better because others have it worse?
—*E. D., Trenton, New Jersey*

A. You're so right, although those truisms are sensible and brave in their way. But in your letter you don't mention God or prayer. You speak of "trying" a certain religion. This, if you stop to think, is a rather superficial statement from a man who had enough intellect to train for the good position you formerly held. Many a youngster tries mathematics and never understands it, yet the world is run all around him, from building to economics, by mathematics, even though he goes through life counting on his fingers and asking how much eight times nine is. Millions of people think they learn to read and to express themselves in school, and then they go through life with an eight-hundred-word vocabulary to convey all their ideas—and never read to get a new idea!

Don't abandon your search for faith so easily. Great trouble, suffering, and reverses have the function of bringing out the best in men and women, of calling on them for their fullest powers. "I am driven to my knees," said Abraham Lincoln, "because I have nowhere else to go."

God has a special purpose for each life, often far different from what we suppose. He is good and His will for you is good. With His help you can find your true destiny, and He will guide you as you mature in your faith.

Q. It seems to me that the wicked people thrive and get all the best of everything. Unbelievers and irreligious people seem to have riches and popularity and no more trouble than church people. —*E. M. K., Lima, Ohio*

A. Yours is a universal complaint. Even Job wondered at the prosperity of the wicked and the suffering of the righteous. The whole Book of Job is a treatise on this subject that has inspired and sustained generations. But all the world can see that the wicked pay in the end. We have been consulted by too many people who are in seemingly enviable situations, but whose fears, tensions, terrors, and griefs are heart-rending. We know, too, of scores of good, God-serving men and women who are blessed with abundance.

If the rewards for being good were as automatic as you seem to think, wouldn't being good mean merely being shrewd? The people we all admire are those with nobility of character, who live good lives not because of what it may get them, but because they've chosen the true way. THE END

Picture of the Month

For the New Year there's a new light in the entertainment skies. It's the radiance that comes from M-G-M's lustrous and lusty production of "Lone Star".

This story of the battle for Texas and the battle of the sexes is sparked to immediate excitement by the meeting of two of the most pyrotechnic personalities on America's screen today. The romantic stars are Clark Gable, rugged, reckless, assertively male and Ava Gardner, all woman, satiny in her beauty and electric to the touch.

They encounter each other amid the upheaval and strife of frontier Texas in its most turbulent era. And what a blazing, Roman candle romance is theirs!

It begins with a stolen kiss in a moon-drenched patio, while inside the rambling, low-arched hacienda a bold plot is working that could tear Texas and their dawning love asunder.

Broderick Crawford, fascinatingly ruthless land Baron, has already converted Ava to fiery belief in his cause. He sees the Lone Star state stretching to the Pacific and envisions Ava as queen of his inland empire.

But Gable has aligned himself against this power-mad leader. The two foes pit rifles, Colts, bowie knives and bare, slashing fists against each other while Ava is torn between her unspoken pledges to Crawford and her blood's leaping response to Gable's caresses.

In its story, in its cast, in its production, in every respect—M-G-M's "Lone Star" is a stellar production.

★ ★ ★

CLARK GABLE, AVA GARDNER and BRODERICK CRAWFORD in "Lone Star", with Lionel Barrymore and Beulah Bondi. An M-G-M Picture with screen play by Borden Chase, directed by Vincent Sherman, produced by Z. Wayne Griffin.

BEST PRODUCTION AND BEST SPECTACLE—"The Greatest Show on Earth" captures in Technicolor the spangled splendor of real circus life. Such stars

★ ★

Movie Citations

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

A new Cecil B. DeMille supercolossal is being released this month, under the modest title "The Greatest Show on Earth"—and it actually lives up to it. Paramount's multimillion-dollar Technicolor spectacle is really as good as the circus you thought you saw when you were six.

As far back as August, 1949, the remarkable Mr. DeMille spent weeks with the famous Ringling Brothers–Barnum & Bailey Circus, making countless notes on every performance, talking with circus performers, arriving first on the grounds in the morning and leaving last at night. Then he ordered one of those multiple-love-story plots that he handles so well. Probably he isn't aware that the greatest love story in this production is his own for show business, which glitters out of every shining foot of his picture.

He has turned bouncing Betty Hutton into a serious dramatic actress, and she gives a splendid performance as well as an exciting one: She takes her own flying leaps as a trapeze artist. Also excellent is Cornel Wilde, whose portrayal of an aerialist who is "a devil on the ground and a god in the air" should earn him a brand-new career. And Gloria Grahame, Dorothy Lamour, in too small a part, and Jimmy Stewart, fulfilling a long-standing dream to play a clown, are all admirable.

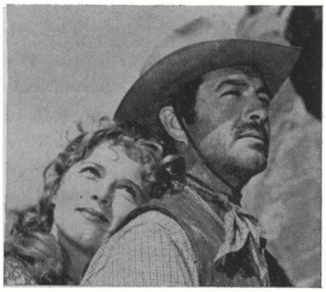
"The Greatest Show on Earth" seems to me to be C. B.'s greatest production from every point of view—direction, *(Continued on page 97)*

SPECIAL CITATION—Charming nine-year-old Gigi Perreau enlivens otherwise slight "Weekend with Father." Gigi's little sister plays the part of her film sister in this summer-camp farce.

as Betty Hutton (above left, with fellow-aerialist Cornel Wilde and ringmaster Robert S. Garson; above right, all by herself) do big-top stunts.

★ ★

BEST WESTERN—Characters you can believe in keep "Bend of the River" from being just another cowboy caper. Jimmy Stewart rides herd on the covered wagons in this Oregon frontier tale, and Arthur Kennedy plays a persuasive villain. Others in the cast are Julia Adams, Rock Hudson.



BEST PERFORMANCE—Robert Taylor brings sex, toughness, and humor to "Westward the Women," which also stars Denise Darcel.

BEST TRAGEDY—Fredric March, Claire Carleton in the great film version of Arthur Miller's brilliant play, "Death of a Salesman."

What's New in Medicine

Historic news for arthritics, healthier babies, help for aged women ★BY LAWRENCE GALTON

ARTHRITIS afflicts 7,000,000 people in the United States. For a million of them—those with rheumatoid arthritis—ACTH and cortisone produce impressive results. But the remaining 6,000,000—those with osteoarthritis—are not helped by these miracle drugs. Now, in an historic medical discovery, scientists have found a treatment that brings dramatic relief and no harmful side effects to many osteoarthritis patients. This treatment consists of injections of liver extracts from pregnant cows. Out of 112 people treated, 83 per cent got quick relief from stiffness and pain.

HEALTHIER BABIES *are born to mothers who eat more meat during their pregnancy. This was discovered in an experiment with 602 expectant mothers at the University of Chicago Lying-in Hospital. Most of the expectant mothers ate normal, healthy meals, but 120 of them were put on diets that included 3 or more ounces of meat a day. Not one miscarriage occurred in this group, although some of the other women had miscarriages. Expectant mothers on the high-protein diet gained less weight than the other women during their pregnancy, but their babies were about the same size and were generally healthier.*

TRICHOMONAS is a parasite-caused vaginal ailment that remains a puzzle despite the fact that it is a common complaint. In a recent test, 95 women were treated for this disease with local applications of aureomycin. The aureomycin was easily administered and produced rapid response with no harmful effects. A study is under way to determine whether aureomycin will help men suffering from trichomoniasis, the masculine form of the disease.

AN EXTRA RIB *near the neck can be the cause of shoulder and arm pains. This rib occurs in 6 of every thousand people, and is found in women about twice as often as in men. When it presses on an artery or nerve, causing pain, relief is provided by removing part of the extra rib and cutting some muscle. This operation has completely relieved pain in 3 out of 5 patients, and most of the remaining patients experienced great improvement and were able to return to work.*

CAT-SCRATCH FEVER is now known to be a specific disease. It is nonfatal and resembles tularemia, or rabbit fever. Apparently it is caused when germs present on the claws of a cat are scratched into human skin. The disease begins with a red pimple at the site of the scratch and an irregular fever lasting 4 or 5 days. Glands swell and become tender, and do not recede to normal for 3 weeks to 2 months. The antibiotics Chloromycetin and terramycin seem to speed recovery.

SKIN AILMENTS IN NEWBORN *infants are decidedly relieved by cod-liver-oil ointment. At one hospital, 644 infants had their skin treated with mineral oil and 651 with cod-liver oil. The second group had far fewer eruptions. When the babies who had been treated with mineral oil and who had suffered from rashes were switched to cod-liver-oil ointment, their skin cleared.*

SCALP RINGWORM was cured in 56 out of 121 cases by a ⅕ per cent ointment of podophyllum resin. This ointment is as effective as many other preparations in treating this condition—and it has an extra advantage: It loosens the infected hair so it can easily be removed by hand.

ADVANCED CANCER has been arrested in a large percentage of cases by new supervoltage X-ray machines five times as powerful as those usually used to treat cancer. Five years after being treated with these powerful machines, 238 Army cancer patients were given physical checkups. It was found that 58 per cent of the cancers had been arrested, a percentage twice as high as that achieved by previous X-ray and surgical methods. However, there had been some harmful side effects, such as ulcers and intestinal obstructions, which had appeared several years after treatment and required surgical correction.

AGED WOMEN *have improved in memory, ability to think, and willingness to expend intellectual energy as a result of injections of female sex hormones. In a recent test, 15 women averaging 75 years of age were given a battery of psychological tests before and after a 6-month treatment with female-sex-hormone injections. The results showed that the hormones had produced a definite improvement in personality.*

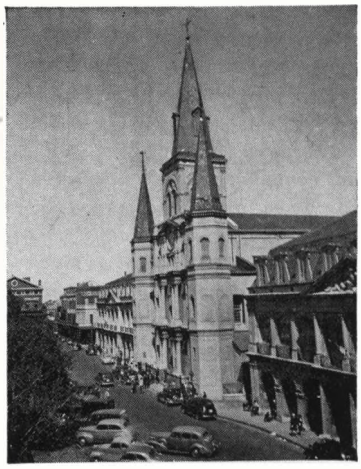
POSTOPERATION "BLUES," which bother many patients, are overcome by a new tablet containing, besides pain-relieving aspirin and phenacetin, an antidepressant called Benzedrine Sulphate. The sedatives and analgesics commonly used to relieve pain in such patients may actually deepen their state of depression. The depression in turn may cause increased awareness of pain, and a vicious cycle is set up. This new tablet, tried over a period of 2 years on 350 postoperative and postchildbirth patients, effectively relieved both the pain and "blues" experienced by 344 patients.

A FATTENING DRINK *has been developed to help restore weight and energy to people suffering from malnutrition. This discovery is homogenized peanut oil, a sweet, milky fluid containing 2,000 calories a pint. When 300 patients and 50 healthy volunteers took a daily glass of it, some of them gained as much as half a pound a day. This beverage is useful in cases of undernourishment before or after surgery, and for loss of appetite and emaciation associated with tuberculosis, arthritis, and other diseases.*

POLIO-PARALYZED ARMS, even those that are completely useless, can have some usefulness restored through ingenious new surgical techniques. These consist of transplanting good muscles that perform less important functions to areas of the arm where useful muscles are more important to the patient. To restore shoulder function, for example, fibers from large back muscles may be transplanted. When the wrist is good but the fingers are paralyzed, wrist tendons may be transplanted—the wrist movement is sacrificed to restore finger movement. This kind of operation is recommended only after a muscle has remained completely inert for 6 months despite exercises and other restorative measures.

CHILDHOOD TROUBLES *such as poor appetite, underweight, vomiting, constipation, frequent bouts with infectious diseases, tooth decay, and anemia may be caused by a lack of the solid protein foods—meat, eggs, and cheese. The symptoms indicate a hitherto unrecognized deficiency disease resembling scurvy or rickets. This ailment has been diagnosed in many presumably well-fed youngsters of one year of age or older. To discover this deficiency, the doctor must take a careful dietary history. Usually the child has had plenty of milk, carbohydrate foods, minerals, and vitamins, but not enough solid proteins. As soon as he is put on a diet with enough solid protein foods, he shows spectacular improvement.*

Photos by Bradley Smith



St. Louis Cathedral, New Orleans

COSMOPOLITAN'S

Practical Travel Guide

Send all budget-trip requests to EDWARD R. DOOLING, Director, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Descriptive literature will be cheerfully furnished, but it is not possible for us to make individual replies to every request we receive.

Is it all right for a "young" middle-aged lady to travel alone on a tramp steamer?—Miss J. J., Fort Wayne, Indiana

A—It all depends upon the steamer. You'll find that, generally, steamship lines do a good job of selecting passengers for their freighters.

Some ships have a rule of "men only" or frankly discourage women who are traveling alone, but others invite their patronage. Some freighters, such as the new *Schuyler Otis Bland* of the American President Lines, have really luxurious accommodations although they carry only a few passengers. Cabins on freighters usually accommodate two, but you can probably specify the type of roommate you want.

When traveling I frequently wander along without a set schedule. Is there any way I can arrange to get mail?
—Miss E. D., Baltimore, Maryland

A—So long as you know your general itinerary and approximate dates, you can have messages delivered and held

for your arrival in any of several ways:

1—If you are a member of the American Automobile Association, any of the more than 600 member clubs along your route will hold your mail.

2—Messages may be sent "care of Western Union" and you can pick them up at the Western Union office.

3—You can have mail sent in care of world-wide organizations, such as American Express and Thos. Cook & Son, which have offices in the principal cities in all countries except those behind the Iron Curtain.

On the eve of a flying trip to Europe, I find that clothes are my major worry. How on earth can I take along everything for a five or six weeks' trip and still stay within the 66-pound baggage limit set by the air lines? —*Miss C. M., Dallas, Texas*

A—You'll be surprised to learn how easy it is. Here is a basic travel wardrobe recommended by a major transatlantic air line:

Folding raincoat or umbrella, top coat, travel suit, tailored suit, afternoon dress, shirtwaist dress, three pairs of shoes, three white blouses, cardigan sweater, four-cornered scarf, two hats, three pairs of gloves, two sets of nylon underwear, one pair of nylon pajamas or a nylon nightgown, travel robe and slippers, daytime and evening jewelry, and two handbags (a large travel bag with zippered inside pocket and a flat envelope bag).

You'll also need these seasonal items: Summer—nylon sweat shirt, shorts, sneakers, bathing suit, and bathing cap. Winter—two short-sleeved sweaters, and a dinner or cocktail dress or skirt.

Besides a case holding passport, money, and important papers, your handbag should contain extra passport pictures, cosmetic case, vanity, comb, lipstick, lipstick brush, nail file, eyebrow pencil, mechanical pencil and pad, small perfume container, and ball-point pen.

You'll also need a small waterproof ditty bag to carry an extra pair of glasses (if you wear them), small clothesbrush, tweezers, razor blades, nail polish, polish remover, emery boards, nail scissors, bobby pins, hair curlers, soap and soapbox, toothbrush, tooth paste, washcloth, sewing kit, and other personal items.

That's it! The total weight is way under 66 pounds. You'll have to keep washing things, of course, but that's less work than being a pack horse for your luggage. You would need more clothes than that for two weeks at a respectable domestic resort, but you won't be competing with snappily attired resort customers. You'll be compared with nonvacationing men and women on the streets of Europe. So long as you are dressed neatly and conservatively you'll never have an embarrassing moment.

New Orleans' French Quarter

THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIP:

We need some help in planning a tour of the South. We want to visit either the Mississippi–New Orleans area, with stops at some of the antebellum homes and Gulf Coast resorts, or the Ozarks region of Missouri, with a side trip to interesting historic places.

—J. M., Brooklyn, New York

A—I am sending you a budget trip by rail and motor coach covering the Mississippi–New Orleans trip and an outline of a motor tour to Missouri.

The Deep South and Gulf Coast is covered in short tours that leave regularly from New York, Chicago, and St. Louis. The tours take 10 or 12 days from New York, traveling by modern streamlined coach trains with individual reclining seats. You will see Jackson, capital of Mississippi, and Vicksburg. Then a motor-coach tour will take you along the east bank of the Mississippi to Natchez, where you will visit romantic old estates.

The route continues on to Baton Rouge, capital of Louisiana, and to colorful New Orleans, with its antique shops, French quarter, cathedral, and Dixieland-jazz bands.

The tour's next stop is Biloxi, the resort center of Mississippi, and then Bellingrath Gardens near Mobile, Alabama. Cost of the trip from New York is estimated at $239.46.

Your motor trip to Missouri from New York can be made comfortably in two weeks and covers 2,400 miles. It will take you to the Mark Twain country of northeastern Missouri, with the statues of Tom and Huck, the famous fence of the whitewash incident, the Mark Twain Cave, and Mark Twain State Park, with its fine fishing, bathing, and camping sites.

From the Mark Twain region your route continues across Missouri to the state capital at Jefferson City and south to the Lake of the Ozarks, where there are many cabin colonies and modest resorts. Swimming, sightseeing steamer trips, fishing, golf, and horseback riding are offered.

Estimated cost comes to $266 for two people traveling by car.

Copies of the Mississippi–New Orleans and Ozarks Region of Missouri Budget Trips and other budget trips will be sent to readers upon request.

Good Things
in Small Packages

SHORT STORIES WITH A POINT • BY ALBERT MOREHEAD

A New Thought

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed a usually gentle lady in tones of exasperation.

"You shouldn't say that, my dear," her husband remonstrated. "It's profane. Why don't you say 'Oh, hell'? There's no commandment against that."

Fair Warning

Driving slowly along a suburban road, we were nearly startled into a ditch by a sudden ping-ping against the windshield.

When we regained control of our car, we saw two pint-sized menaces armed with slingshots peering gleefully from behind a roadside sign. Then, for the first time, we understood the real meaning of those signs that say DANGER! CHILDREN AT PLAY.

Romance

A movie crowd got on the subject of "How did you meet your husband?" It came the turn of Jennifer Jones, who married David Selznick.

"It was a pickup," Jennifer admitted.

"A pickup?"

"Yes. He picked up my option."

Lost and Found

Miss Mary Henley walked into the precinct station house with her head held bravely high but fear in her heart.

"I am Miss Mary Henley," she said to the man in blue behind the high desk, "and I want to report a lost pocketbook."

Police Lieutenant John Smith looked down at Miss Mary Henley. Hm-m-m, he thought; pretty. His eyes twinkled and he began to smile, then thought better of it. Assuming a grave expression, he reached for the blotter.

"We'd better make a record of this," he said sympathetically. "Was there any money in your pocketbook?"

"Yes, a lot," said Miss Mary Henley.

"How much?"

"Twenty thousand dollars." Miss Mary Henley was still being brave, but now her lip trembled a little and a few tears began to form.

Lieutenant Smith whistled. "That's a very large amount of money!" he exclaimed. "We'll try to do something about it right away."

He reached for his uniform cap. "Watch it till I come back, Joe," he called to another man in blue across the room. Then he walked out with Miss Mary Henley.

They walked for a block or so, Miss Mary Henley trotting to keep up with the lieutenant's long strides. Since she still looked woebegone, he took her hand in his and gave it a comforting squeeze, and after that she trustingly left it there.

Pretty soon Miss Henley stopped and pointed.

"It was right around here that I lost it," she said.

"Why, so it was," replied Lieutenant John Smith, "for isn't that a young lady's purse that I see over there? Or do my eyes deceive me?"

Stooping, he picked up the purse, opened it, and thumbed through the sheaf of thousand-dollar bills resting inside.

"All there," he said cheerfully. "So you see, my dear, you haven't lost a thing. And such pretty play money, too. How old are you, my dear?"

"Six," said Miss Mary Henley.

Names Make News

A girl we know was christened Coloratura, which hasn't turned out to be such an unwieldy name as one might think. Everybody calls her Cholera for short.

Don't Die—You Can't Afford It

Now we know why misers live so long—it costs too much to die. A wooden overcoat costs ten times as much as a woolen one. Your six feet in a burial lot cost more than a quarter-acre for a building lot, and you can heat your house all winter for the price of one good fire in a crematorium. Even a shave will cost you five dollars—if you're dead.

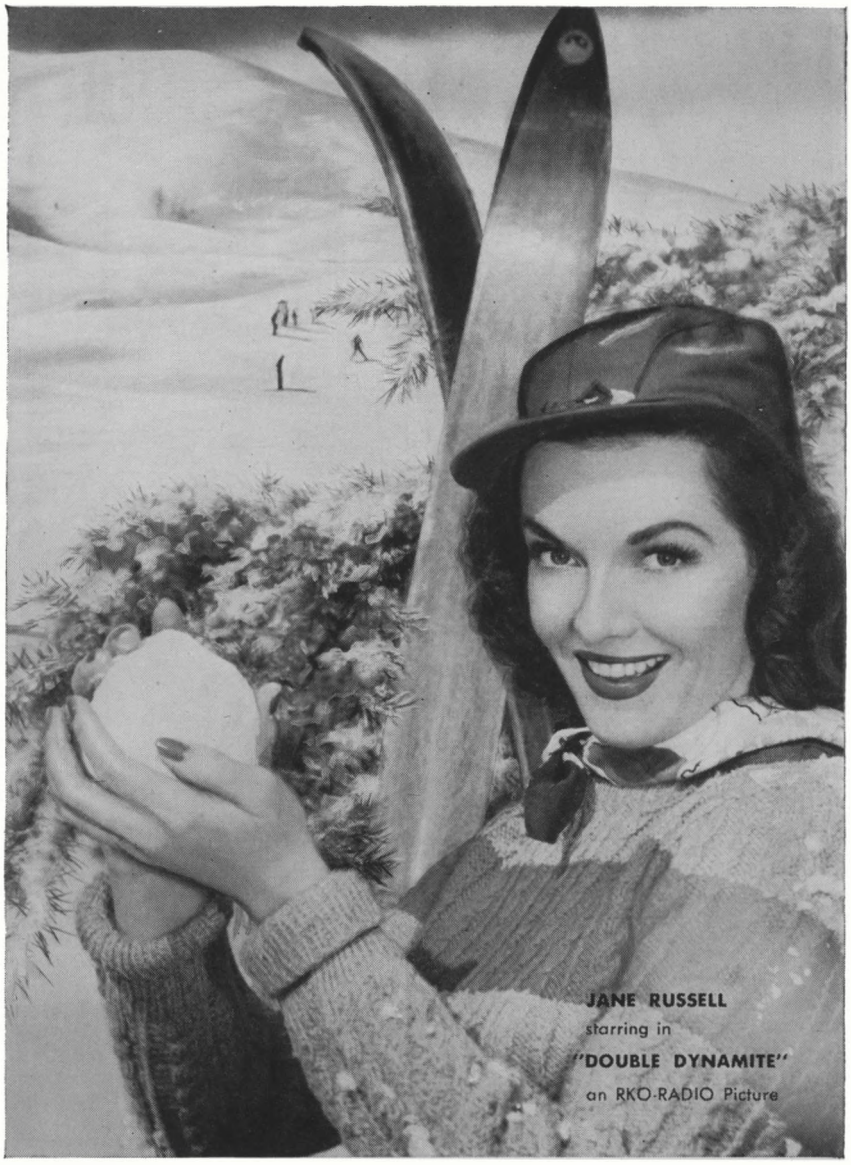
Our Own Quiz Show

Q: What does inflation mean?

A: It means your dollar isn't just spent, it's plumb exhausted.

"I nearly froze in sunny California!"

"Skiing is my hobby, but wind and frost on the slopes can bite your skin raw, even while folks, a few miles away, bask in California sunshine. So Jergens Lotion is always in my suitcase. Here's what happened on my last trip:



"My first day out, my hands and face got stinging red and chapped. But later, Jergens softened my reddened, rough skin beautifully. Jergens is never a bit sticky, either . . .

"Before skating, I protected my hands and face with Jergens Lotion. You can *prove* Jergens contains quickly-absorbed ingredients, instead of oils that merely coat skin . . .

"Just try this 'film' test: See how water won't bead on a hand smoothed with Jergens as on a hand coated with an oily skin care . . .

"At the studio, my skin was soft, smooth—ready for close-ups." (That's why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens 7 to 1 over other hand cares.)

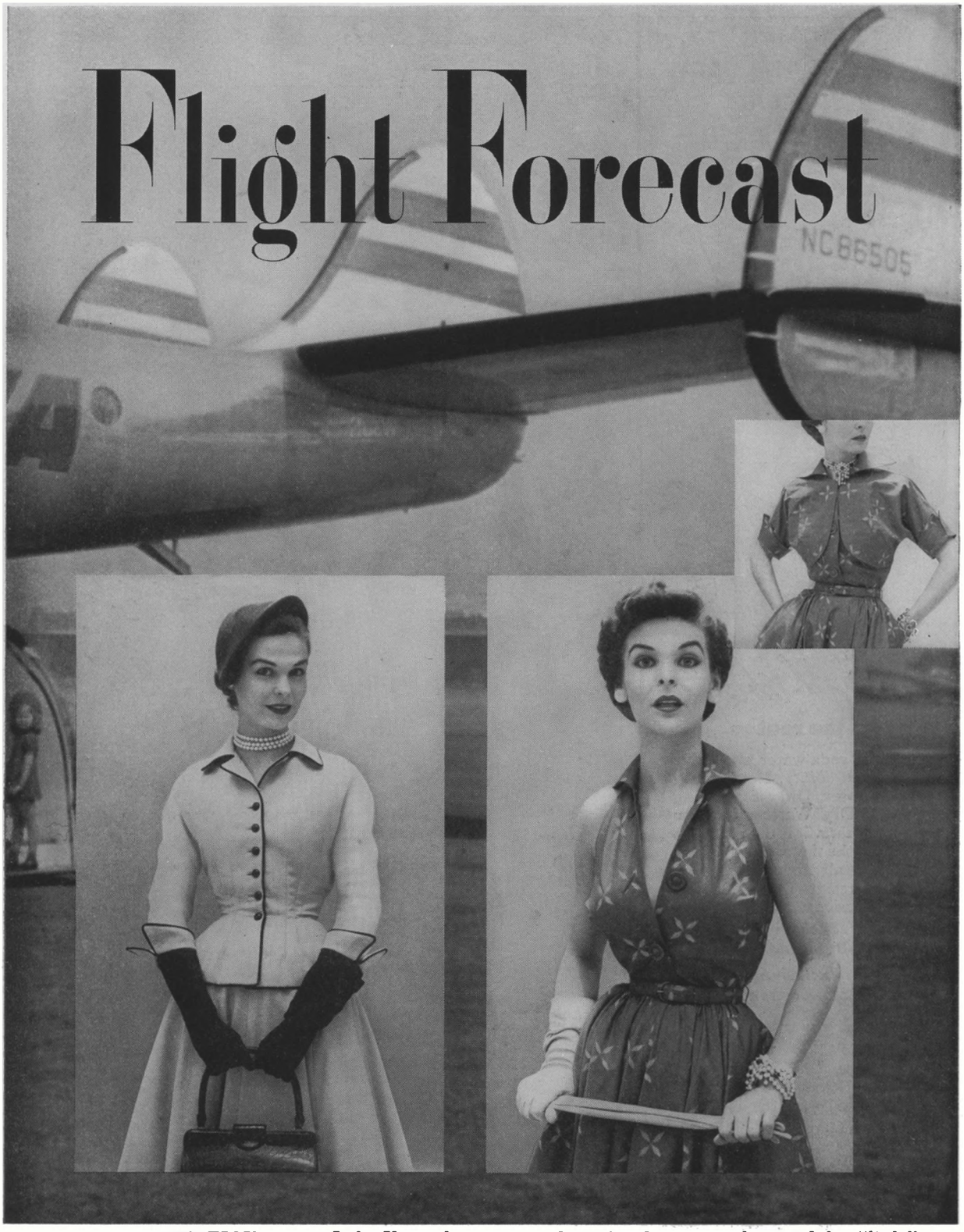
Use Jergens Lotion this winter, for soft and pretty skin. Used by more women than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Photos by Stephen Colhoun

WEATHER AHEAD: SMOOTH, for the lucky traveler who takes a midwinter vacation at the new low rates to the world's faraway places. VISIBILITY: EXCELLENT, in our especially handsome cover coat of Stroock wool by the House of Swansdown. Sizes 8 to 16. White, red, beige, and pastel shades. Under $100. Hat, Madcaps. Gloves, Bacmo. Earrings, Coro. Sunglasses, Bausch & Lomb. Luggage, Oshkosh. All Cosmopolitan Look fashions at B. Altman, New York.

See page 96 for other stores at which you can buy Cosmopolitan's cover coat.

Flight Forecast



DESTINATION: PARIS. Left: Versatile two-piece dress for day wear; also good for "little" evenings. In pastels piped with black or navy, or in solid navy. Sizes 10 to 18. By Leonard Arkin. Under $55. Pearls, Richelieu. Right: Dancing dress with a cover-up bolero jacket, in Cohama's fabulous imported hand-woven pure silk. Comes in navy, purple, black, red, and green. Sizes 8 to 18. By Kay Wynne. About $40. Pearl-and-bead bracelet by Castlecliffe. Gloves by Superb.

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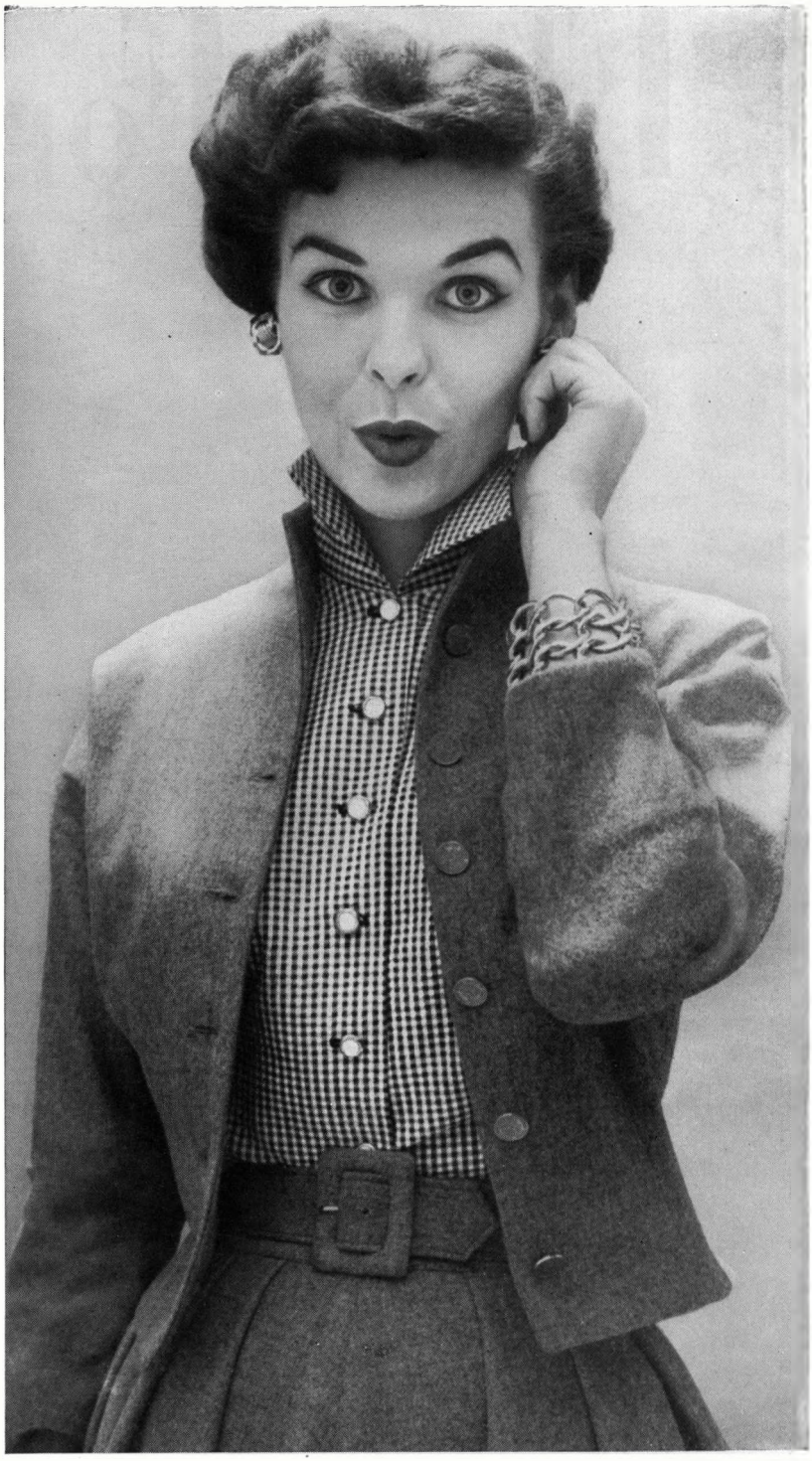
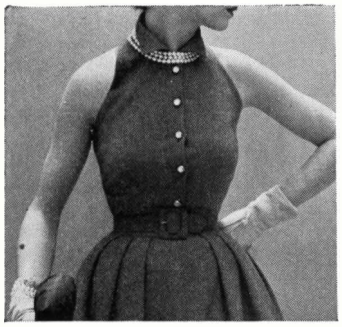
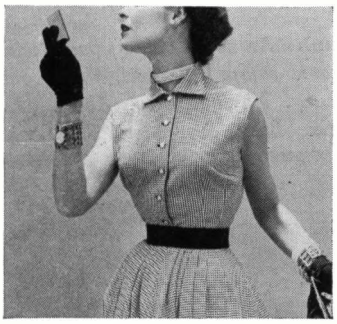


GOOD TRAVELING COMPANIONS are these separates by Toni Owen, in Hockanum's good gray flannel, paired with Avondale's heavy black-and-white-checked seersucker. Fitted jacket with coin buttons, about $17. Skirt, about $20. Belt, about $3. Sizes 9 to 15. Monet jewelry. At B. Altman's Young Colony Shop.



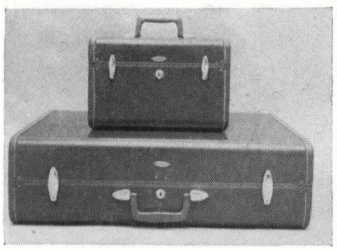
Gray-flannel halter worn buttoned high at the throat. About $12.

Quilted seersucker bolero has a bright cotton lining. About $15.



Checked weskit (shown opposite), about $8. The skirt, about $12.

Musts for your trip. Crown's Skilite hatbox and pullman case.

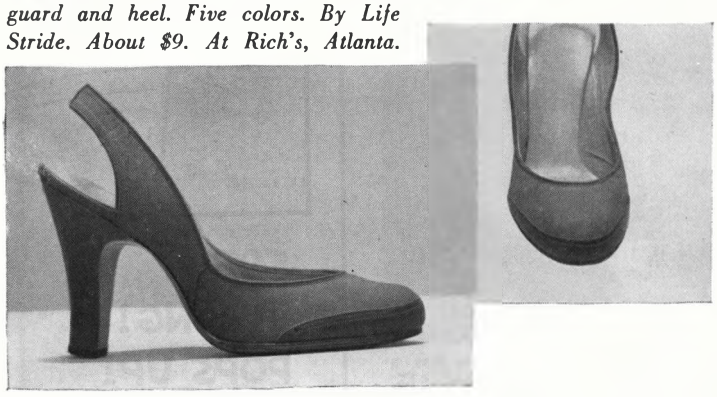


Samsonite's featherweight cases eliminate excess-baggage worries.

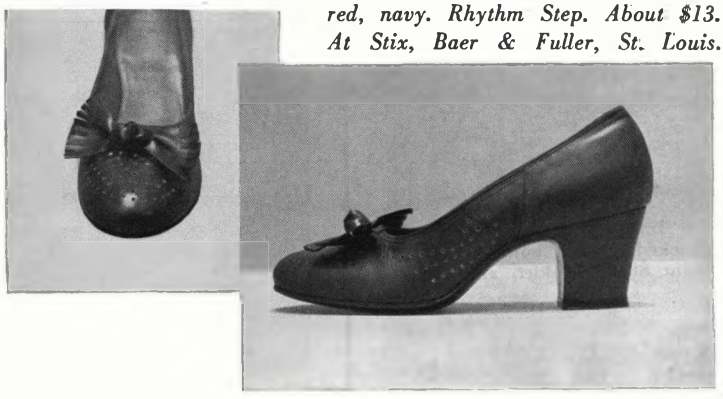
(Continued on next page)

Designed for

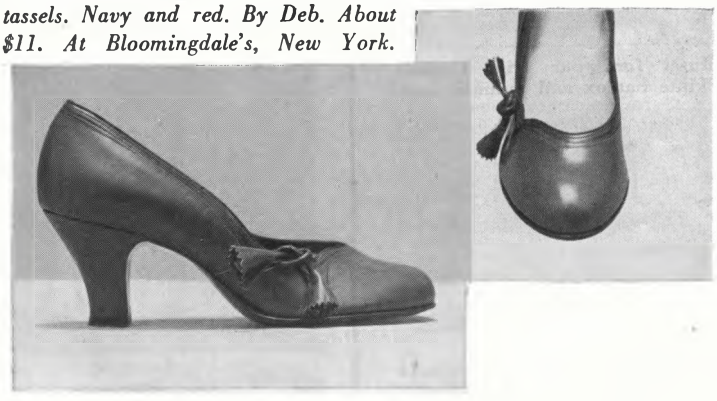
Slick shell pump *with an open back. Suede with calf or patent-leather mudguard and heel. Five colors. By Life Stride. About $9. At Rich's, Atlanta.*



Remarkable soft-toe *calf pump with perforated vamp, little heel. Mushroom, red, navy. Rhythm Step. About $13. At Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.*

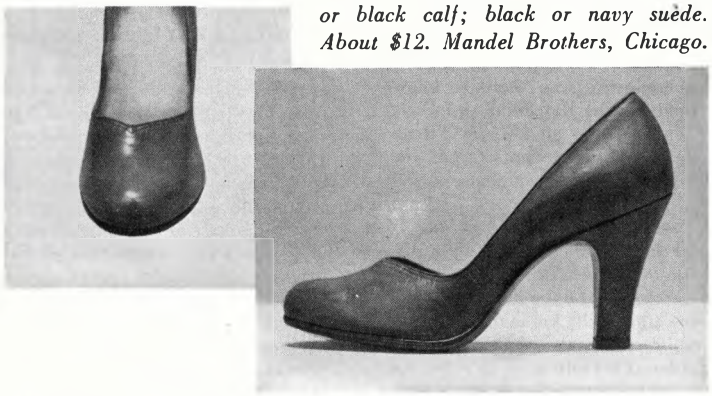


Delicate, dressy pump *in calf with scalloped topline, shaped heel, fringed tassels. Navy and red. By Deb. About $11. At Bloomingdale's, New York.*

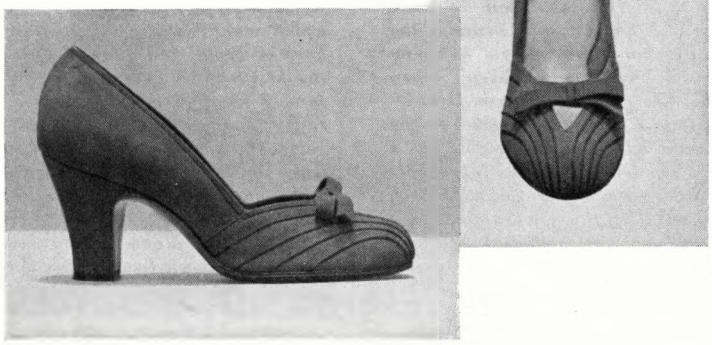


Walking on the Clouds

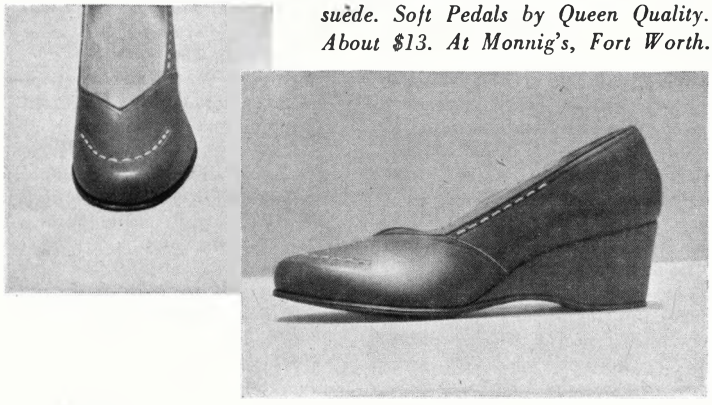
Famous for comfort *and good looks, this elasticized pump by Vitality. Red or black calf; black or navy suède. About $12. Mandel Brothers, Chicago.*



Elegant kid pump *with narrow bow; chevrons of stitched braid on rounded toe: medium heel. Navy, black. Styleez. About $12. Selby Shoes, New York.*



Distinctive daytime shoe *for tweedy clothes. Stitched turftan calf or black suède. Soft Pedals by Queen Quality. About $13. At Monnig's, Fort Worth.*



How to Get It from the Government

Income-tax refunds, a first-aid kit, and other items of timely value • BY STACY V. JONES

WIDER SOCIAL SECURITY

Note to 1,500,000 people who work for themselves: You earned old-age and survivors' insurance credits for the first time last year and must pay a Social Security tax with your federal income-tax return, due March 15th. For your own protection, you should make sure you have your Social Security card, and enter the number on Schedule C of the tax return. The added Social Security tax will be anywhere from $9 to $81, depending on income.

Most self-employed people, including artists, free-lance writers, brokers, and shopkeepers, are covered if they earned at least $400 in 1951, but doctors, lawyers, C.P.A.'s, architects, and certain others are exempt. The benefits may be as high as $120 a month for a retired couple, which, after all, is equivalent to 3-per-cent interest on $48,000. For detailed information, or for a card, visit any Social Security office, of which there are more than 500. If you don't see an office listed in your telephone book, ask the postmaster where the nearest one is.

READ THE LABEL

Feel free to eat your lipstick (or your girl's) if you like; the Food and Drug Administration makes sure the dye it contains is safe for internal use. And home permanents are quite safe if the manufacturer's careful directions are followed, except for the rare person sensitive to certain ingredients. But read the label of a hair dye closely; if it contains coal tar it shouldn't be used on eyebrows or eyelashes.

The Food and Drug people hope, indeed, that you'll read all labels with care. A can on the supermarket shelf must not claim to contain olive oil if it's cottonseed. A food label must state the net contents, and the package must not be misleadingly bulky. The law requires the plain marking of an imitation, and disclosure when any standards set for a product are not met. For drugs there are similar safeguards; a label (unless it's on a prescription) tells what the medicine is for, and gives directions for use and warnings on when not to take it.

The housewife who wants to know her rights under the Food and Drug Act can find the answers in "Read the Label." Fifteen cents, from the Superintendent of Documents.

FIRST-AID KIT

Your local Civil Defense Administration headquarters (and if that isn't in the telephone book yet, the mayor's office will know its location) has copies of the household-first-aid-kit folder. This tells how to make up a kit for a family of average size. The 20 items required (except for such articles as sheets and towels) can be obtained from your neighborhood druggist.

CDA headquarters should also have "Emergency Action to Save Lives," a booklet that includes the kit directions and general information for people who haven't taken a Red Cross first-aid course. If headquarters is out, send a nickel to the Superintendent of Documents for a copy. A new pamphlet for school children, "Duck and Cover," which features Bert the Turtle, gives simple survival instructions in cartoon form. The Superintendent of Documents sells copies at $2 a 100.

That official will also provide upon request a price list of CDA publications, many of which are technical studies useful to civil-defense workers and property owners.

CAREER OUTLOOK

The fame of the new *Occupational Outlook Handbook* prepared by the Labor Department with an assist from the Veterans Administration is spreading overseas. A displaced person, on his arrival in New York, asked to see a copy before he decided where he wanted to settle. A slick-paper volume of nearly 600 pages, the book forecasts opportunities in 433 occupations. Parents as well as college and high-school job counselors find it useful. Three dollars, from the Superintendent of Documents.

FOREIGN-POLICY QUESTIONS

If you want to know what United States foreign policy on some problem is, write the State Department's Division of Public Liaison. Questions are answered by letter, often supplemented with a pamphlet, speech, or news release. One publication that has been very popular, especially among students, is "Our Foreign Policy." Other booklets have been prepared to satisfy popular curiosity about the United Nations. The Public Liaison Division also arranges for State Department officers to address organizations, and tabulates the letters of Americans who don't want to ask the Secretary of State anything but want to tell him what to do.

TAX REFUNDS

The Bureau of Internal Revenue, which ought to know, says that if you have overpaid your 1951 income tax the best way to assure a prompt refund is to prepare your return accurately and completely and file it early. If you delay until March 15th, when the collectors are swamped, you may have to wait 4 or 5 months for the refund.

About 30 million refund checks are sent out each year; last year they totaled more than 2 billion dollars. Most of them go to salaried employees using the short form (1040-A) whose pay-roll deductions have exceeded the taxes they owe. Often a taxpayer doesn't work for a full year, but the sums withheld from his pay are computed on a full-year basis. The collector does the calculating for a 1040-A return, and sends a refund if the total withheld is greater than the tax.

Others who overpay the Government are self-employed people who estimate their earnings too high during the year. By using Form 1040, the taxpayer may apply the sum overpaid as credit for the following year, or ask for it in cash.

A mistake made in the Government's favor in your 1948, 1949, or 1950 return may still be corrected, and you are entitled to 6-per-cent

interest on the overpayment. A 3-year statute of limitations applies in most cases. Ask your collector for Refund Claim Form 843.

Make sure you claim all the exemptions to which you're entitled when you file Form W-4 with your employer. A baby born any time during the year is an additional exemption for the entire year. Attach the originals of all your withholding receipts (Forms W-2) to your return. Remember a joint return is advantageous for most married couples.

SPECIALIST COMMISSIONS

The Army and Air Force are seeking thousands of men and women with special qualifications to be commissioned directly from civilian life. The ranks on original appointment vary from second lieutenant to colonel. These are Reserve commissions, but appointees have the prospect of early active duty.

The demand fluctuates, but the Army's chief shortages at this writing are of doctors, dentists, chaplains, nurses, women medical specialists, and procurement specialists qualified in purchasing, storage, and distribution. There are forty other specialty categories, ranging through many branches of engineering to printing and traffic management. The Reserve Officers Corps instructor in your city or the chief of the military district for your state can supply application forms and information on current quotas.

The Air Force needs officers with technical, scientific, business, and professional training. Like the Army, the Air Force wants professional medical personnel, including nurses, dietitians, and therapists, as well as chaplains, engineers, and procurement specialists. Among the thirty-odd groups of AF specialists, the supply of psychological-warfare officers and linguists is low just now. Address the commanding general of the air force for your area. A recruiting office can tell you which this is.

HEALTH PUBLICATIONS

The Public Health Service has just added leaflets on drug addiction, alcoholism, heart disease, and diabetes to the more than 100 nontechnical folders and pamphlets that it publishes. Another recent addition is a booklet on cancer of the skin, one of 7 on different forms of that disease. You're pretty safe in asking for a booklet on any of the principal diseases or public-health problems. Minor subjects include sunburn and poison ivy. For the booklets, single copies of which are free, and a complete list of its nontechnical material, address the Public Inquiries Branch of the Public Health Service.

So quick! So easy!
and no other make-up

looks and feels so naturally lovely!

It's Pan-Stik*! Max Factor's exciting new creamy make-up, **as easy to apply as lipstick.** Shortens your make-up time to just seconds. **No puff, no sponge, no streaking.**

Your Pan-Stik Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh, it looks and feels like your very own skin. Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—with never a trace of "made-up" look. Pan-Stik is another of the fabulous Max Factor products, created to enhance the off-stage beauty of Hollywood's loveliest stars—and now brought to you. Try Pan-Stik today. See how Max Factor's exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring, *natural* loveliness with perfect results guaranteed* the very first time you use it.

Just stroke it on! Pan-Stik's unique form makes it so simple and quick. Just apply a few light strokes to nose, forehead and chin, with Pan-Stik itself. No messy fingernail deposits as with cream cake make-up; no dripping as with liquid. And Pan-Stik tucks away neatly in your purse for unexpected touch-ups. No spilling, no leaking.

A little does so much! Pan-Stik Make-Up spreads far more easily just with the fingertips, blends more evenly than any other kind of make-up. Never becomes greasy or shiny. Covers more perfectly, clings far longer. No hourly touch-ups necessary. Your skin always feels and looks so fresh—young—*naturally* lovely.

Pan-Stik by MAX Factor

New cream make-up in stick form

$1.60 *plus tax.* In 7 enchanting shades—to harmonize with any complexion. *At leading drug and department stores.*

CORINNE CALVET
as she looks when away from the cameras.
This vivacious young actress is now appearing in
"SAILOR BEWARE"
a Hal Wallis Production
a Paramount Picture

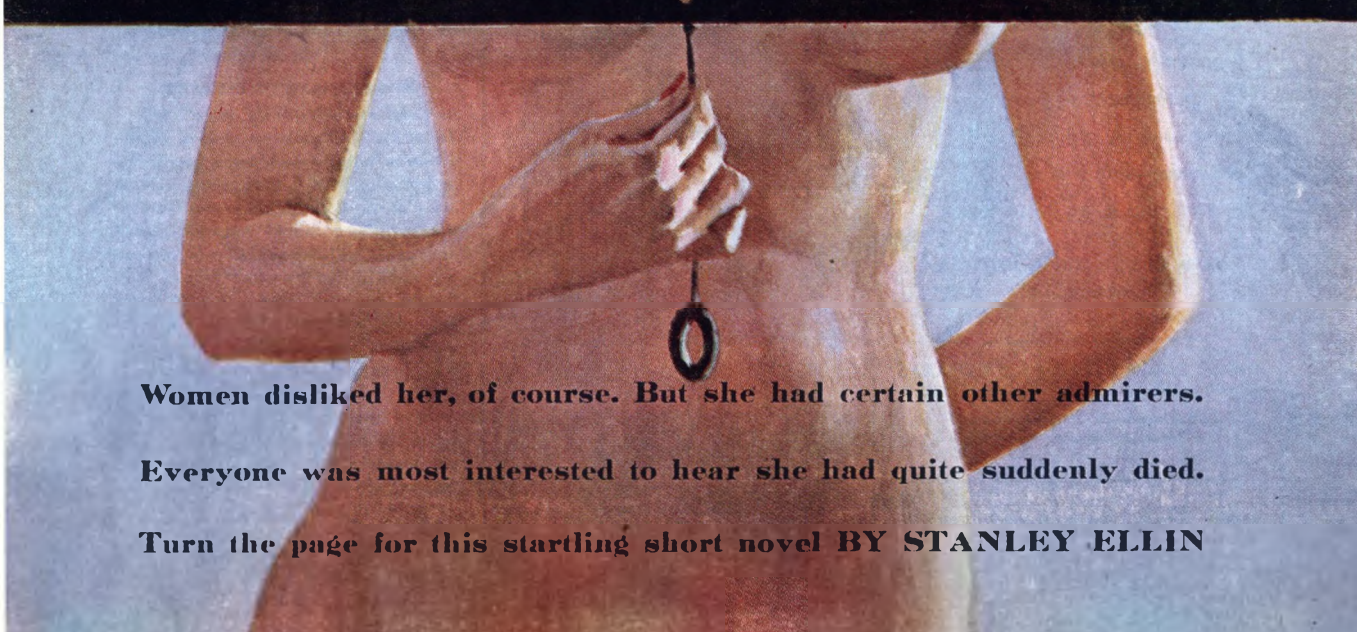
One of the many Hollywood beauties who enhance their fresh, glowing, *natural* loveliness with Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up . . . wherever they go . . . whatever they do!

To harmonize with her blond coloring and medium complexion, Corinne uses "Medium" Pan-Stik.

***Guarantee:** Buy Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up at any cosmetic counter and use according to directions. If you don't agree that it makes you look lovelier than ever before, *the very first time you use it,* simply return unused portion to Max Factor, Hollywood, for full refund

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.

THE NEIGHBOR



Women disliked her, of course. But she had certain other admirers. Everyone was most interested to hear she had quite suddenly died. Turn the page for this startling short novel BY STANLEY ELLIN

Lucille Ayres

Backbone.

There never was one of the Ayres breed that had it or ever will have it, and that is the truth about the lot of them. They might have lived on Nicholas Street for more generations than you'd care to count—they were still the high-and-mighties of the town when I married Harry twenty-three years ago—but they all have a flighty streak buried away inside them. That's what came out when fancy Miss Ballou waggled her finger at Harry, and when Matthew Chaves decided that my daughter, Bettina, would be a nice one to fetch and carry for him. Even my son, Richard, is all Ayres sometimes, with his head in the clouds and his feet tripping over all the rocks in the road; but when it comes to Richard I will say with a full heart that it is something for a mother to know that what she has been to her son and done for him is truly appreciated. And, as I am not ashamed of saying, I think Richard shows as much loving appreciation of his mother as any son could.

That was the very thought in my mind that Sunday morning when I happened to look through the kitchen window and saw Junie running across the alleyway from Katherine Ballou's next door. Junie was as good

(Continued on next page)

THE NEIGHBOR

(continued)

She lay sprawled out at the foot of the stairs—as shameless and wanton in death as she had been in life

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

What drove us desperately closer was the frigid realization that we could not always have each other near at hand

THE NEIGHBOR (continued)

a houseworker as anyone could ask, although so young, but she did spend too much time next door getting paid for odd jobs on my time, and I know for a fact that Katherine Ballou once tried to bribe her to become her steady worker. It was to Junie's credit that she knew which side her bread was buttered on.

Now she came running into the kitchen and leaned back against the wall with the breath pumping in and out of her so you could hear it, and her hand holding her side tight as if there were a stitch there. And in her eyes was that kind of flighty look you see on a skittish horse that's had a piece of paper blown in front of it.

"Junie," I said sharply, pulling the reins on her, as it were, "what's wrong?"

"Miss Ballou!" she said. "Down the cellar steps—!"

"Yes?"

"Dead!" said Junie. "She's dead!" And she started to laugh and cry in that mixed-up way a body does when she is all wound up for a spell of hysterics, and is going to enjoy every bit of it.

I slapped her across the face just once, but good and hard. "Junie," I said, "you come out of that!"

She put her hand up to her face with a surprised look, but she came out of it, all right. "I didn't mean anything, Mrs. Ayres," she said. "It's the way she's laying there. It was seeing her all of a sudden—"

If there is anything I cannot abide it is a person thinking that what you are doing for her good is being done because you are heartless. And in that way a girl like Junie is a living trial because you have to work twice as hard to prove to her that all you are doing to make her a decent and useful woman is done out of good, old-fashioned love—the kind of love every human being ought to feel toward even the humblest of creatures, old-fashioned as that may sound.

So I petted her and made a fuss over her, the big baby, and then when she had herself in hand again I left her there and went across the way to Katherine Ballou's. The side door was swinging open, and the screen door was unlatched, and down at the bottom of the cellar steps was that woman. She had long gone to wherever a woman like that goes in the afterlife, and the good Lord in His miraculous way had heeded the prayer of a wife and mother who had called on Him in her distress, and had smitten down the transgressor.

She lay sprawled out at the foot of those stairs as wanton and shameless in death as she had been in life, one foot twisted back and shoeless, and her legs showing up to her garters. And that red hair was spilled over the floor, and wisps of it now and then stirred when the draft blew down the steps, so it looked as if it were the one part of her that was still alive.

In her outstretched hand, still gripped tight, was the handle of the screen door upstairs. Her blouse had been torn from the shoulder to halfway down the back so you could see her brassière strap peeking through, and I pulled her skirts down neatly and pulled the torn edges of the blouse together so she would be a little less of a spectacle. Then I went up the stairs and across the hot sunshine of the alley to my house. Harry was sitting in the living room, part of the Sunday paper in his lap, but

(Continued on next page)

THE NEIGHBOR (continued)

his head was resting against the back of his chair, and his eyes were closed.

"Harry," I said, and he opened his eyes and looked at me. "Harry, there's been an accident next door."

He sat up slowly, not even noticing the papers that went sliding to the floor, and from the way he looked at me right then, I think he knew. How he could know was beyond me, but that is what I thought from his just looking at me like that.

"Katherine Ballou fell down her cellar steps, Harry," I said.

He got up from the chair and took a step toward me, his face showing his feeling for her as clear as if the words were written on his forehead.

"Is it serious?" he asked. "Is she hurt?"

"She's stone-cold dead, Harry," I told him.

Morten Ten Eyck was our chief of police. Hudson Valley Dutch, of course, and as slow and methodical as the lot of them, so it was no surprise that it took him an hour of snooping around Katherine Ballou's house with Harry and Matt Chaves and Dr. Greenspan, the medical examiner, before he'd even think of saying something definite. But finally, looking gloomy, he sat us all in my living room, the three men and Bettina. Junie. and me.

"Well, now," he said, "I have to make clear something very unpleasant. Dr. Greenspan and I have put our heads together so I am speaking for him as much as me. *It was no accident next door; that young lady was deliberately killed.*"

"Nonsense!" I rapped out.

Morten looked at me out of the corner of his eye. "And why do you say that, Lucille?"

"Because I saw the shoes she was wearing, even if you didn't, Morten Ten Eyck! A body walking down those cellar steps in fancy shoes like she was wearing is just committing suicide, that's all."

"Oh," he said. "Then I must tell you, Lucille, that it's very unlikely someone falling down stairs would continue to hold something in her hand while falling; she would need both hands to break her fall. The young lady had a screen-door handle tight in her hand and, more than that, she could not possibly have pulled that handle from the door! I looked at the door, and it's made of good wood like my own doors. It would take somebody very strong even to start the handle loose. Somebody so strong" —and he pulled a little chunk of wood from his pocket and held it out toward me—"that he could even rip this piece of wood out as he did."

"*He?*" I said. "But the handle was in *her* hand."

"And that's where Dr. Greenspan comes in," said Morten. "He found the back of the lady's hand all bruised, the way it would be if her hand stuck hard in the handle here, and the back of her hand pushed

The next thing Dick knew, Matt's hand hit him

up against the door. And there were bad bruises on her shoulder and arm, too, the kind she'd get from a hand pulling at her while she was holding on to the handle."

He held up a hand to stop me from speaking. "If you're going to say those bruises could come from her falling, Lucille, you can forget that. Those bruises were finger marks; that woman died of a broken neck, and I think she died there at the top of the stairs and not at the bottom. I can tell you there is no question about it. This is murder."

He turned suddenly to Junie, who sat straight up in her chair and looked scared to death. "When you went into the lady's house," he asked, "what did you go for?"

"To take care of her water heater," Junie said, so faint that you could barely hear her. "Miss Ballou goes—" she swallowed hard and corrected herself, "—*went* to New York a lot, and before she came back I was supposed to have the heater going and plenty of hot water."

"Did you go in the side door?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it locked?"

"I have a key," Junie said defensively. "Miss Ballou gave it to me."

"But did you have to *use* the key?" Morten said in such a sharp voice that the poor child looked as if she wanted to break out crying. "Are you *sure* you had to use the key?"

"Oh, yes. It's such a stiff lock, kind of old-fashioned, and it's a lot of trouble. I had to keep twisting at it and rattling the door—"

"This morning?"

"That's what I keep telling you, Mr. Ten Eyck," Junie said. "It was worse than ever this morning I—"

Morten cut her off just like that, with her mouth open and the words starting to tumble out of it in the way Junie has when she gets wound up. He looked at the rest of us.

"Now," he said, "there are two doors to that house. The front door was locked and bolted; the side door was locked. All the windows in the house were properly locked with safety catches. I checked each one myself, so I know for sure. But there was someone in the house with the lady, somebody who didn't have to break in but, around midnight, was able to walk right in like a gentleman."

I opened my mouth, but closed it again without speaking, and that was all Morten needed before he was on me quick as a wink.

"You were going to say something, Lucille?"

"No," I said. Then I went on, flustered. "Well, yes. Yes, Morten. I think I ought to say that I was standing at the bedroom window upstairs when Miss Ballou drove in about midnight. And there was a man in the car with her. I am sure there was."

Morten looked as gratified as if I had poked my finger right into *(Continued on page 132)*

like an ax blade—sinking in deeper and deeper

The Private Lives of GOVERNMENT GIRLS

What are they like, these thousands of girls who work in Washington? Whom do they date? How and where do they live? What do they do—and with whom—after work? At last, an honest look at a most misunderstood group •BY MICHAEL DRURY

Next to the Government itself, Government girls are easily Washington's number-one topic of conversation. Residents of the nation's capital may or may not have opinions on the Truman Administration, the state of our foreign policy, or the number of generals in the Pentagon, but Government girls?—just ask anybody. What you will probably hear is that a Government girl is one cut above a tramp or one cut below an old maid. There is also a school of thought that believes her to be one hundred per cent American girl, but that is strictly for folks back home.

When you weed out the graduate bacteriologists who work in the FBI labs or in hospitals, the girls-on-the-way-up in career services, the grandmothers who deliberately picked out Government jobs twenty-five years ago, and the upper-bracket secretaries attached to a specific man who change jobs whenever he does, what is left? Thousands upon thousands of young women between the ages of eighteen and thirty who work for a typewriter, a telephone, a duplicating machine; queue up for lunch at cafeterias; crowd the home-going busses, easing first one weary foot and then the other out of high-heeled shoes. Viewed from a distance, they don't seem to be people at all but a totality known as a "stenographic pool."

There are close to a hundred thousand such female office employees in the city, and that they are all dim-view Doras with no place else to go is a moldy chestnut equaled only by the knock-kneed assumption that they're all living in sin—though both types exist.

Properly speaking, there is no such thing as a Government girl. Girls who in other cities would be insurance-company employees or railroad personnel or that bunch from the financial section all get lumped together under one heading in Washington. Washington has no industries, no factories, no streets of commerce or skyscrapers or cars rolling off assembly lines, and there isn't much choice about where to work. But FBI girls differ from Pentagon girls, and the State Department has a different tone from the Post Office.

What, then, are they really like, these young women who copy the country down in quadruplicate and file it away?

Let's begin with Sandra Stahl. On the fifth floor of

(Continued on next page)

GOVERNMENT GIRLS *Sandra Stahl and Joan Ackley stalk the Pentagon corridors. Sandra toils for the Air Force and Joan for the Marines, as civilians. Only casualties are their high heels.*

Photos by Jack Calderwood

GOVERNMENT GIRLS (continued)

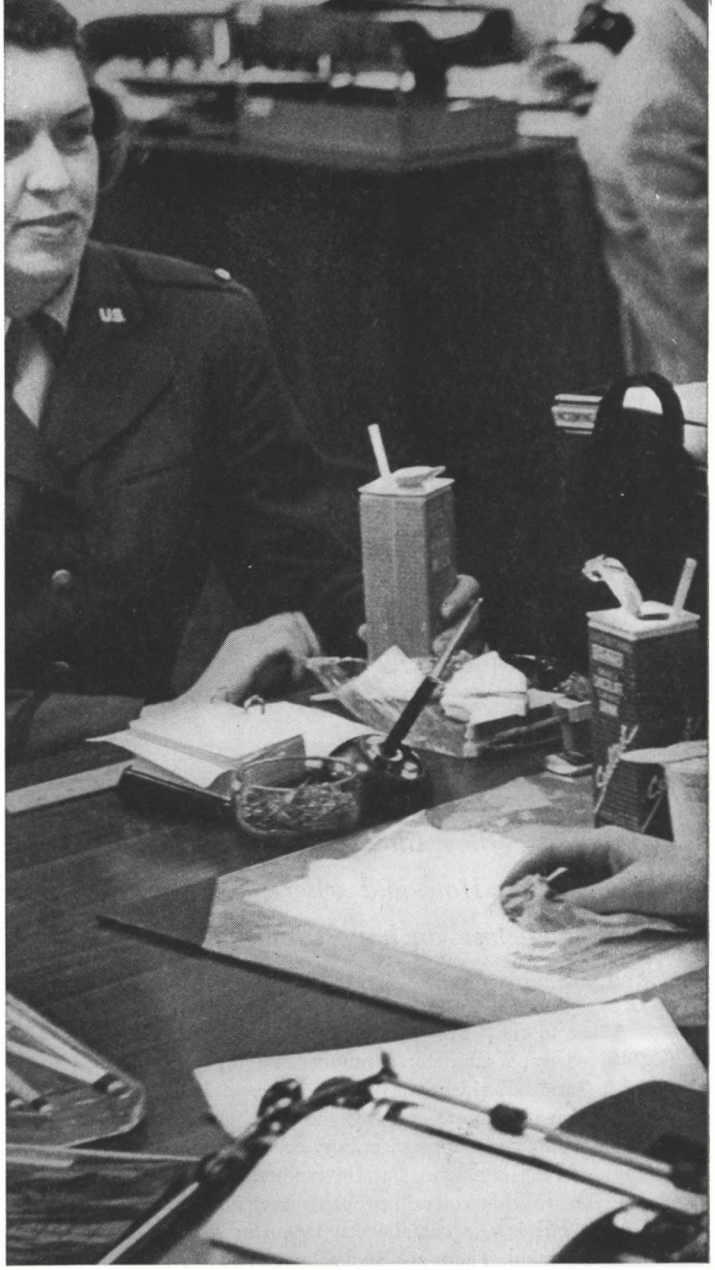
the Pentagon Building, down a corridor—marked, like all the others, by a combination of letters and numerals alleged to give you your bearings and painted green so you can at least tell which floor it is—Sandra shares an office with six or eight other people, some military, some civilian. The chief complication in her office life is that the Pentagon never quite seems to get built. Many of its offices, like the rooms in a Japanese house, are created out of screenlike arrangements that can be put up or taken down, and even solid walls are continually being bricked and unbricked.

Sandra is twenty-two, blonde, and possessed of a voice like a meadow lark's. One Saturday she was putting in some overtime in what she presumed was an empty office, drowning out the clatter of her typewriter with the "Bell Song" from "Lakme," when a colonel, the boss of her section, walked out from behind a partition and applauded. She nearly dropped her lovely white teeth.

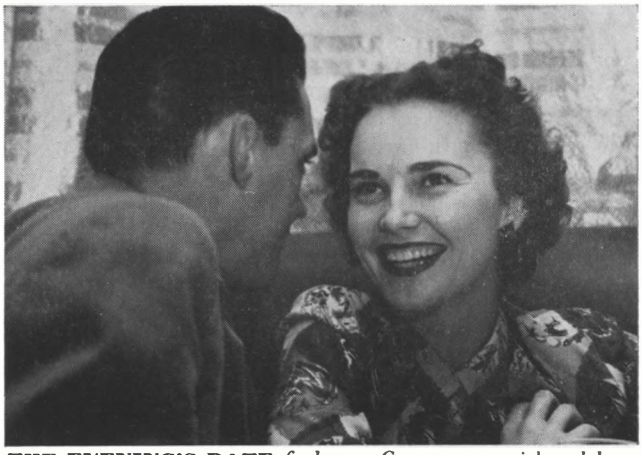
She has worked for Uncle Sam, off and on in about equal portions, since 1949 when she arrived from her home in Lynwood, California, one of those numerous small towns forming scallops on the outskirts of Los Angeles, where her father runs a service station. She has one brother, Jack, who is currently on duty in Korea with Company H of the 27th Infantry Regiment. Like most Washington girls, Sandra has no special reason for having come to work for the Government.

"I'd tried everything else," she says in a soft, rapid voice that sounds like a throttled-down machine gun. "I jerked sodas at a lunch counter, sold ready-to-wear, was a lifeguard at a swimming pool, and a cashier in a supermarket. I just decided I'd try the Government. Then, too, my father said I could go only where there was a relative to keep an eye on me, and I have an aunt here, Helen Lewis. She works in the Pentagon, too, and helped me get a job."

On the same floor is Joan Ackley, who tucks her triple-A pumps under a desk in what is titled the Materiel Branch in the Office of the Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps for Air. But Joan, and everyone else, calls it Marine Aviation. Here the floor is called a deck and walls are bulkheads and everyone works on a Navy eight-bells shift, which results in the Washington wonder of getting off at four-thirty in the afternoon. The color of the corridors didn't help twenty-year-old Joan much; it took her *(Continued on page 144)*



LUNCH AT SANDRA'S DESK *may be less sumptuous than at*



THE EVENING'S DATE *finds our Government girl and her escort, a young Government man, in a Washington night club.*

the Mayflower, but it is certainly as chatty. Sandra's aunt, who also works in the Pentagon, beams in the background.

A NEW GOWN *for Sandra is occasion for celebration, even solitary celebration. But it won't be solitary long.*

22-YEAR-OLD *Sandra has a figure that is the pride of the Pentagon. Vigilant exercise keeps it prideworthy.*

One Sinner

He always got what he wanted—money, an exquisitely beautiful wife, a jury's nod. Why, then, on this particular midnight, was he suddenly terrified?

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

The Quesadas dined late. Dinner was not yet over when the bell rang and they heard Fennell's voice at the door, asking for the boss.

There was something furtive about Fennell's footsteps crossing the hall. With a flash of annoyance, Brandon Quesada felt that this furtiveness was not only ridiculous, but that it might, right now, be dangerous. Fennell was a member in good standing of the staff of East and Quesada, and had been since long before Jeremiah East died. There was every reason for him to report at Brandon Quesada's house on a night when a murder jury was out. But his air of furtiveness always suggested that there might be something to be furtive about.

The colored boy, in immaculate white, came back into the dining room. "Mr. Fennell," he said. "I tell him, wait in the library and get hisself dry. It's raining quite some."

Brandon Quesada went on to finish the mound of superlative out-of-season strawberry shortcake. His wife, lush and lovely—a little lusher and even lovelier than she had been when she was Jeremiah East's young wife and widow—gazed at him with admiration. "You'll get fat," she said. "Only you never do."

"I'm not the fat type," Brandon Quesada told her.

"Fennell," his wife said, "—*he's* the fat type. Jolly. I always wonder why I simply can't *abide* him."

"You don't have to," Brandon Quesada said. "Very valuable man, however."

"I suppose so," Joy murmured.

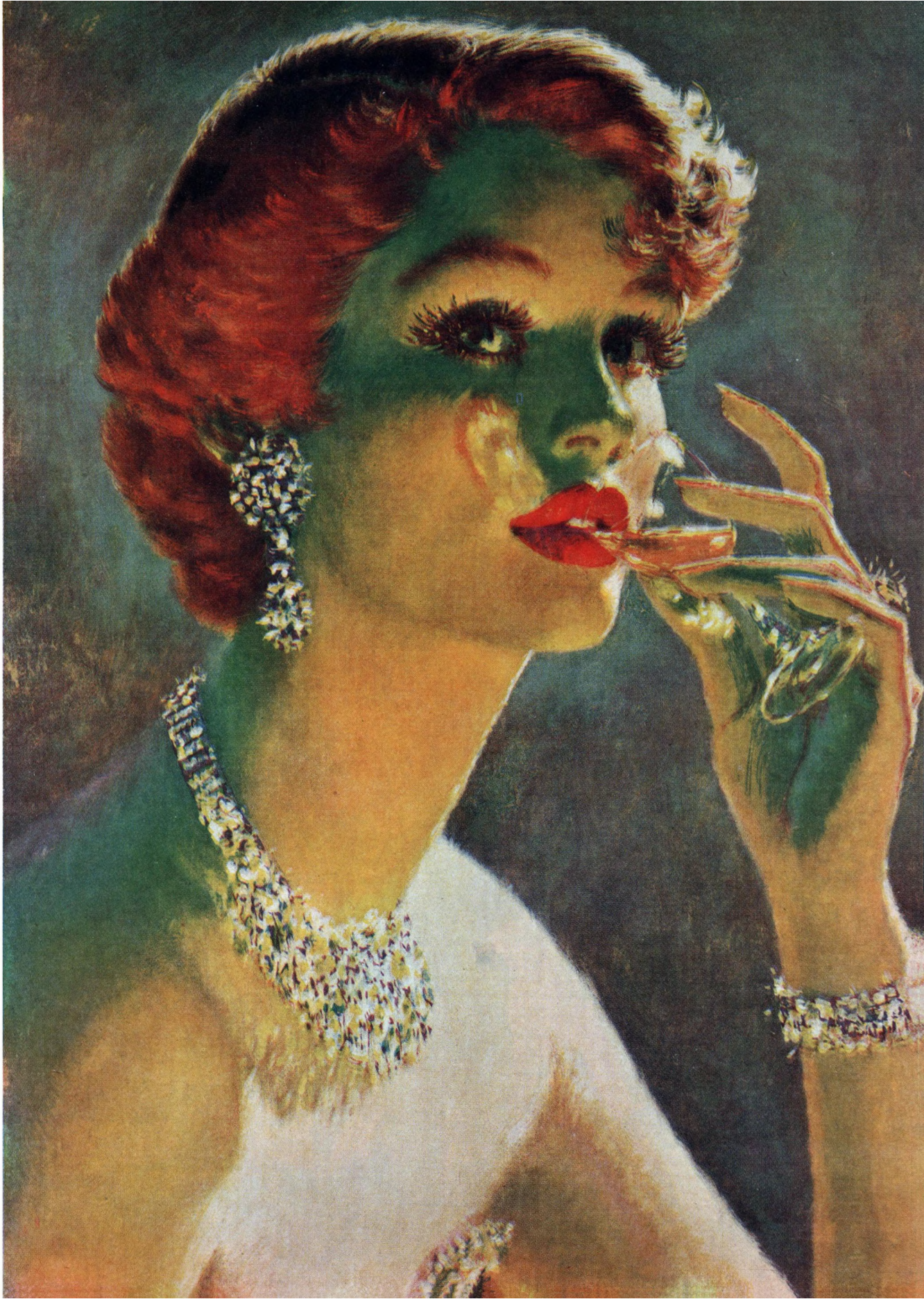
Her voice could still stir him. She still had the habit of murmuring to herself, as though she didn't expect him to hear her or pay any attention to her thoughts. He heard. He always heard everything. He paid attention to everything. A top-level power behind the scenes who operated the way he did had to hear everything, pay attention to everything, or he wouldn't last long.

"Lawyers are never through," Joy said. "Like doctors—and dishwashing."

Her dark eyes on him were adoring, and a little puzzled, as though even after three years she couldn't believe her luck. Their marriage, she often told him, had surprised her. Never, while Jerry East was alive, had it occurred to her that Brandon Quesada was in love with her. "You never showed it once," she said. Her wonder, her adoration, filled him with elation. Nobody, nothing, gave him the thrill of triumph that Joy did. He smiled at her, and his smile was the banner

(Continued on next page)

Her face was beautiful, dark and passionate. It was fitting that her name was Joy.



One Sinner (continued)

of that triumphant possession. All his smiles were poignant. Juries and witnesses melted under them, opposing witnesses all too often forgot they were opposing. Recalcitrant judges, who should have known better, yielded. Brandon Quesada had the right face for smiles, a fine, broad face, with a strong jaw, wide, honest blue eyes, and a good, straight nose.

"Have to sit up with juries," he said lightly to his wife. "This has been a ticklish case." And that, he thought, is an understatement!

He got up and went around the shining table to her.

The Venetian mirrors multiplied a man who looked younger than his forty years because of an appealing boyishness that remained upon him. A big man, extraordinarily handsome—his worst enemies never denied him that, and his worst enemies were the kind who would have denied him anything they could. In his wine-red-velvet dinner coat, he had a theatrical, toreador quality. It would take a brave bull to stand against his fine, broad shoulders, his long, straight limbs, his alert grace.

"Distinguished," the newspapers called him. "The distinguished counsel for the defense, Mr. Brandon Quesada." An ornament of the bar. Wizard of the courtroom. Only occasionally did the press refer to him as a political boss; more often they said simply that Mr. Quesada was becoming a power in the city, in the state; a gentleman to be reckoned with.

If Jimmy Robertson of *The Call* sometimes shrieked to high heaven in the press room after court, that for his dough Quesada was a slimy shyster behind that brilliant front, the rest of the boys shut him up if they could, or pretended not to hear if they couldn't. The press had to get along with Brandy Quesada. He was news.

The trouble with Jimmy Robertson, he was old, for a reporter, and old-fashioned—always talking about the days when Stephen Ashe and Earl Garrett and Vincent Mullaly practiced in those same courtrooms, when a trial lawyer was something more than a fixer, a power with tentacles in the D.A.'s office, the sheriff's office, even the judiciary. Things, the boys told Jimmy soothingly, were different now. District attorneys and sheriffs and even judges had to get elected, didn't they?

In the candlelight, Brandon Quesada bent to kiss his wife's hair. Vivid red hair, with dark mahogany lights in it. An exciting color for a woman's hair to be. Her hand came up and patted his cheek. The glitter of great white stones pleased him. Diamonds became Joy, as she became diamonds.

"I must see Fennell," he said. "It's after nine; the jury must have *(Continued on page 106)*

She was crying, too, and she was white with fear, but he felt her hands trying to pull his head against her breast.

The Hardest Lesson

BY FULTON OURSLER

"You are not one person but three—the one you think you are, the one other people think you are, and the person you really are. If you ever summon the nerve to meet that last one, you may change your whole life"

Some psychologists believe that character is fixed in childhood and can never be changed. But my friend Dr. Edwin declared that anyone who wants to change himself can do so at any age, if he has the courage.

Dr. Edwin was that rare combination, a thorough scientist and a deeply religious man. His friends called him a "doctor of heartache." As a prize example of what a man could do for himself, he liked to tell the story of Frank Dudley.

When, in the middle of his life, Dudley sustained a great hurt, he did not feel that any part of his character was in need of repair. He had been born poor, had put himself and his younger brother through college, and then, on sheer nerve, had formed his own advertising agency in New York and earned a modest fortune.

One autumn afternoon Dudley checked in at a Boston hotel, never dreaming that three

brief telephone calls were about to change his life. First he called his brother's home and when his sister-in-law answered, he said, "Agnes, how would you and Eddie like to run down here and have dinner with me?"

"No, thanks," Agnes said in the brisk tone that often nettled him. "Eddie has a business appointment tonight, and I'm going to be busy, too. When he calls, though, I'll tell him to give you a ring."

as there a faintly acrid undertone in her voice? Shrugging off the suspicion, Dudley called an old college friend and asked him to join him at dinner. His friend's answer made Dudley reel: "We're going to the big party Agnes is giving tonight for your brother, Eddie. We'll see you there!"

Bewildered, Dudley replaced the receiver. Something terrible must be going on. He would soon find out. But the tinkle of the telephone bell forestalled him.

"Frank? This is Eddie. How are you, fellow? Sorry I'm tied up tonight. But how about our having lunch together tomorrow?"

Scarcely knowing what he said, the older man mumbled assent. In lonely consternation, he looked down at the street as if the world were rolling another way.

No two men had ever been closer than he and Eddie, especially since, during one winter of their high-school days, both their parents had died. He had been father and brother to Eddie. Naturally they had not been so close since Eddie's marriage. But not by the smallest sign had the older brother betrayed his disappointment in the match. Agnes could never make herself an intellectual companion for Eddie, who was a scholar, a teacher of history. With the right background and influence, he might have become president of a college.

Still, Frank had treated his sister-in-law with tender gusto, saluting her with a ceremonious kiss when they met. But not once had Agnes kissed him first.

Why had they lied to him? After a sleepless, brooding night and a frazzled breakfast, he could stand it no longer; he drove out to his brother's house.

gnes opened the door. She was small and dark and quick in her movements. She was plainly in the midst of cleaning the house after a festive evening.

"Eddie's left already," she announced. "He had some class papers—"

"Agnes! Why didn't you and Eddie invite me last night?" To his chagrin, there was a catch in his voice.

"Frank, I'm terribly sorry. It just couldn't be helped. Eddie *(Continued on page 128)*

CLEOPATRA AND MARK ANTONY NEVER CARRIED ON LIKE THEY DID IN

Siren . . . for a Day

HOTEL SHABOORA
CAIRO, EGYPT
November 2, 1951

DEAR HARRY:

Take a quick blick at this address and notify yourself how far I have strayed from Hollywood Blvd. In case any of the hired help at the studio still remember me, I wish to inform one and all that I am no longer an assistant director, like in the old days when we got paid in *money*. I am now a big European director, so I get paid in cigar coupons, beads, or Italian lire—which I hear is money, but only in Italy, and I am not in Italy.

I might state here and now that being a European film personality has its drawbacks. One drawback is you are dealing with other European film personalities, and quite a few of these boys will remove your cuff links while you are shaking hands. Anyhow, what I am doing in Cairo Egypt is as follows.

I finally wrapped up that epic in Vienna (all-Austrian cast and crew), which convinced me of 2 things: (a) the human nervous system can stand only so much; and (b) it is very hard to make a Western out of the life of Emperor Franz Joseph. Confidentially, you are not likely to get a look at this little classic because if and when it is released on the home front it will be shown only in shooting galleries and *(Continued on page 82)*

THIS MOVIE SCRIPT—ON LOCATION IN EGYPT, YET • BY GENE MARKEY

European Trips Anyone can Afford

Shantung dress, Hannah Troy. Mink cape, Frederica.

See Paris and live! Tour London and Rome! Bask in the Riviera sun! These enlightening, firsthand facts and figures will show you how—and how much! • **BY DON SHORT**

COLOR PHOTO BY EDGAR de EVIA • BLACK & WHITE PHOTOS BY STEPHEN COLHOUN

Now anyone can take a trip to Europe. Going abroad stepped out of the mink-and-lorgnette class recently when the air lines announced new transatlantic air-tourist fares that will go into effect May 1, 1952. Under these new low rates, the off-season round-trip fare from New York to London will be only $417, and the in-season fare will be $486. There is no tax on these fares.

Detailed planning is the key to economical travel in Europe. Willy-nilly wandering on the Continent is only for those with lots of loose cash to pay for the mistakes they are sure to make.

Begin your "Operation Europe" with a little personal score sheet. Write down how much time and money you have; where you want to go; what you want to see; what you want to do. Obviously your desires, your budget, and your timetable must be brought into balance before you begin making arrangements.

If you need more cash, banks and finance companies will make personal loans that may be repaid in monthly installments. Thus you will buy your trip as you would buy an automobile or radio. The banks also operate vacation-club savings plans, under which depositors accumulate travel funds by making weekly deposits for a year in advance.

Be sure you have enough money with you to take care of all emergencies. Figure out the extras as closely as possible and then add about twenty-five per cent as a cushion against worry, unless you have a wealthy

(Continued on next page)

Prescription for that restless and vaguely discontented feeling: a trip to Europe this summer.

Paris

As little as $521.50 buys five days in the French capital, two days in Brussels, and five in London. This price covers reasonably good transportation (including transatlantic steamer), adequate tips, sightseeing, and meals*

Taffeta-shantung dancing dress, Martini. Gloves, Bacmo.

relative who will respond instantly to a cabled S O S. The bargain countries of Europe, from the tourist standpoint, are Denmark, Spain, and Austria. Everything—lodging, food, entertainment, and sightseeing—costs less in these three. In other countries you will find prices no higher than in the United States and in many cases considerably lower. Exchange rates vary. The banks, exchange offices in railway stations and airports, and the American Express and Thos. Cook & Son offices will pay you the official rate, which is set by each government.

The sensible way to carry money on a trip is in the form of traveler's checks. These are as good as United States dollars anywhere. You may run into some money-exchange offices that will give you more local currency for greenbacks than for traveler's checks, but the slight difference isn't worth the risk. The checks cost little, and the protection they afford is essential.

Make sure you have all the necessary documents. You must have a valid United States passport. Only Spain and Western Germany require visas, but if you are going to Vienna you will need a gray transit card to pass through the Russian occupation zone. In order to re-enter the United States, you must have a certificate showing that you have been vaccinated against smallpox within three years of the date of your return. The State Department will send you a blank International Health Certificate along with your passport. It has spaces for an official record of your vaccination and inoculations. (It is advisable to be inoculated against typhoid if you are visiting southern Europe or North Africa.) These records may be filled in by your own doctor or by a Health Department official in your home town.

Each Western European nation maintains in the United States an office that will gladly give you all the general information you will need. (A list of such offices, with addresses, will be sent free of charge to COSMOPOLITAN readers upon request to Cosmopolitan's Travel Bureau, Eighth Avenue at Fifty-seventh Street, New York 19, New York, or ask your travel agent.) Their material will be helpful in planning what you want to see and do in each country, and how much time you wish to allot to it.

Give yourself *more* time than seems necessary. Europe moves slowly. Its working days, shopping hours, meal hours, and hours for starting the day are totally different from anything you have experienced in the United States. Don't plan on fast appointments with Europeans, or on having a quick lunch and getting in a few hours of shopping. It won't work. Stores and offices close for several hours at midday in all European countries. Full meals in restaurants take about two hours, sometimes longer. Don't jam that schedule or you'll be sorry.

(Continued on next page)

*Details of this and all other trips can be obtained from your travel agent—or write Cosmopolitan's Travel Bureau. Air fares quoted are current thrift-season round-trip rates. The new tourist fares, effective May 1, 1952, will be slightly lower.

The Left Bank, the Eiffel Tower, the Champs Elysées—and who knows what else?—await you in Paris.

London

$551 pays for two weeks abroad—starting in Britain's capital city. See the Tower of London, Piccadilly Circus, and Windsor Castle! Then go to Holland and France. Flying the Atlantic raises the cost to about $755, but in either case the price includes almost all your expenses

Suit, Lady Northcool. Hat, Madcaps. Bag, Coblentz.

Emphasis on tourist-class travel by both sea and air is the major innovation of 1952. It opens the door to Europe for millions of Americans. Tourist class means fast, comfortable, modern transportation with the luxury frills removed. Aboard ship, tourist accommodations are now generally in private rooms, although a few ships still have dormitories. A husband and wife traveling together can get a private room, although few tourist-class rooms have a private bath.

Following is a quick summary of some of the best-known ships in transatlantic service, with "in-season" and "off-season" tourist fares and capsule descriptions of tourist accommodations. (The off-season dates vary slightly according to the steamship line. Write to the lines for their exact dates or ask your local travel agent. Generally, the off season on travel to Europe is from August first to April thirtieth; on travel from Europe, from October fifteenth to July fourteenth.)

***Queen Elizabeth* and *Queen Mary*. New York to Southampton—5 days.** In season, $170; off season, $165. (To Cherbourg, France, $5 more.) Two to four people in a room, no private baths. An additional charge of $7.50 per person is made for a tourist cabin on A or B deck.

***Empress of Canada*. Montreal to Liverpool—7 days.** $152 all year. A few rooms for two with private bath.

***Liberté* or *Île de France*. New York to Plymouth or Southampton—6 days.** In season, $170; off season, $165. (To Le Havre, France, $5 more.) One to four in a room. Rates given are minimum, with sliding scale for outside cabins. *Île de France* has a few tourist cabins with private bath.

***Neptunia*, *Columbia*, or *Canberra*. New York, Boston, or Montreal to Cobh, Ireland, Cherbourg, or Bremerhaven, Germany—13 days.** To Bremerhaven, in season, $150–$264; off season, $150–$240. To other ports, in season, $140–$248; off

(Continued on next page)

Big Ben and the other famous landmarks make walking a thrill for sightseers.

Rome

About $580 traveling tourist, by ship, or $814 if you fly, will finance a two-week (not including transatlantic travel time) tour to Rome, the French Riviera, and Paris. All roads now lead to Rome—as southern Europe recovers its prewar beauty and tranquillity

Linen suit, David Crystal. Gloves, Superb.

season, $140–$225. Both inside and outside cabins. Two to twelve in a room; families kept together if possible. A few rooms with private bath on the *Neptunia.*

Nieuw Amsterdam. **New York to Southampton—7 days.** In season, $167; off season, $160. (To Le Havre or Rotterdam, Holland, $7.50 more.) One to four in a room, no private baths.

Ryndam. **New York to Southampton—9 days.** In season, $167; off season, $160. (To Le Havre or Rotterdam, $7.50 more.) Almost exclusively tourist class. Two-thirds of cabins are for two people, no private baths.

Veendam. **New York to Southampton—9 days.** In season, $160; off season, $155. (To Rotterdam, $7.50 more.) Two to four in a cabin, no private baths.

Italia. **New York to Southampton—9 days.** In season, $155; off season, $150. (To Le Havre, $5 more.) Six to twelve people in a room, no private baths.

Oslofjord. **New York to Oslo—9 days.** $190 all year. (Rail transportation to Copenhagen, $9.) One to four in a cabin, no private baths.

Mauretania. **New York to Cobh or Southampton—7 days.** In season, $165; off season, $160. (To Le Havre, $5 more.) Two to four people in a room, no private baths.

Britannic. **New York to Cobh or Liverpool —8 days.** In season, $165; off season, $160. Two to four in a room, few rooms with bath.

Empress of Scotland. **Quebec to Glasgow or Liverpool—6 days.** $156 all year. All outside cabins, no *(Continued on page 120)*

There is no experience in all the world to compare with seeing the hallowed shrines of Rome.

Are Wonder Drugs Losing Their Punch ?

THE STARTLING ANSWER

TO AN IMPORTANT QUESTION ABOUT

WHICH THERE IS MUCH

DANGEROUS MISINFORMATION

What's all this talk about the miracle drugs?
Penicillin is losing its power?
Disease germs are growing stronger?
The hormone drugs aren't worth the money?
The antibiotics won't work on you if you use them too often?
Who is saying all this? Not medical authorities.
Maybe *you* are.

It appears that everyone and his cousin have suddenly become experts on the new medicines. Wherever you are these days—at smart luncheon spots, in cocktail lounges, on telephones, and over back fences—you can pick up stray bits of misinformation about the wonder drugs. Already a folklore has arisen.

Take this conversation, for example. Could this be you?

"Hello, Stella, this is Marge. I won't be able to meet you for luncheon today. I'm laid up with a cold."

"What a shame, dear. Why don't you call the doctor and get a shot of penicillin?"

"Oh, I'll be all right by tomorrow. I've got some aureomycin capsules here left over from Bob's prescription, and I'm taking them. Besides, penicillin won't work on me anymore. I've had it too many times. Bob says I've grown resistant to it."

"I know. That's the trouble with all those newfangled medicines. I met a girl at a party the other night whose brother-in-law is a doctor, and *she* said that after you use the antibiotics a while, your body gets used to them. As far as I'm concerned, it's just as well, too. The way they charge you for them, I simply can't afford to get sick anymore. Illness has become too darned expensive. Fifty cents for one little capsule. It's ridiculous!"

"You're absolutely right. And sometimes I think these miracle drugs make you sicker than you were in the first place. Did I tell you about Grace? The doctor gave her some of that ACTH for her arthritis and she had a headache for *days*. Saw her downtown the other afternoon, and she told me all about it."

"It must be awful for her, being pushed through all those crowds in a wheelchair."

"Wheelchair, nothing. She was on her own two feet. First time in a year, too."

"Isn't that remarkable? I wonder what did it."

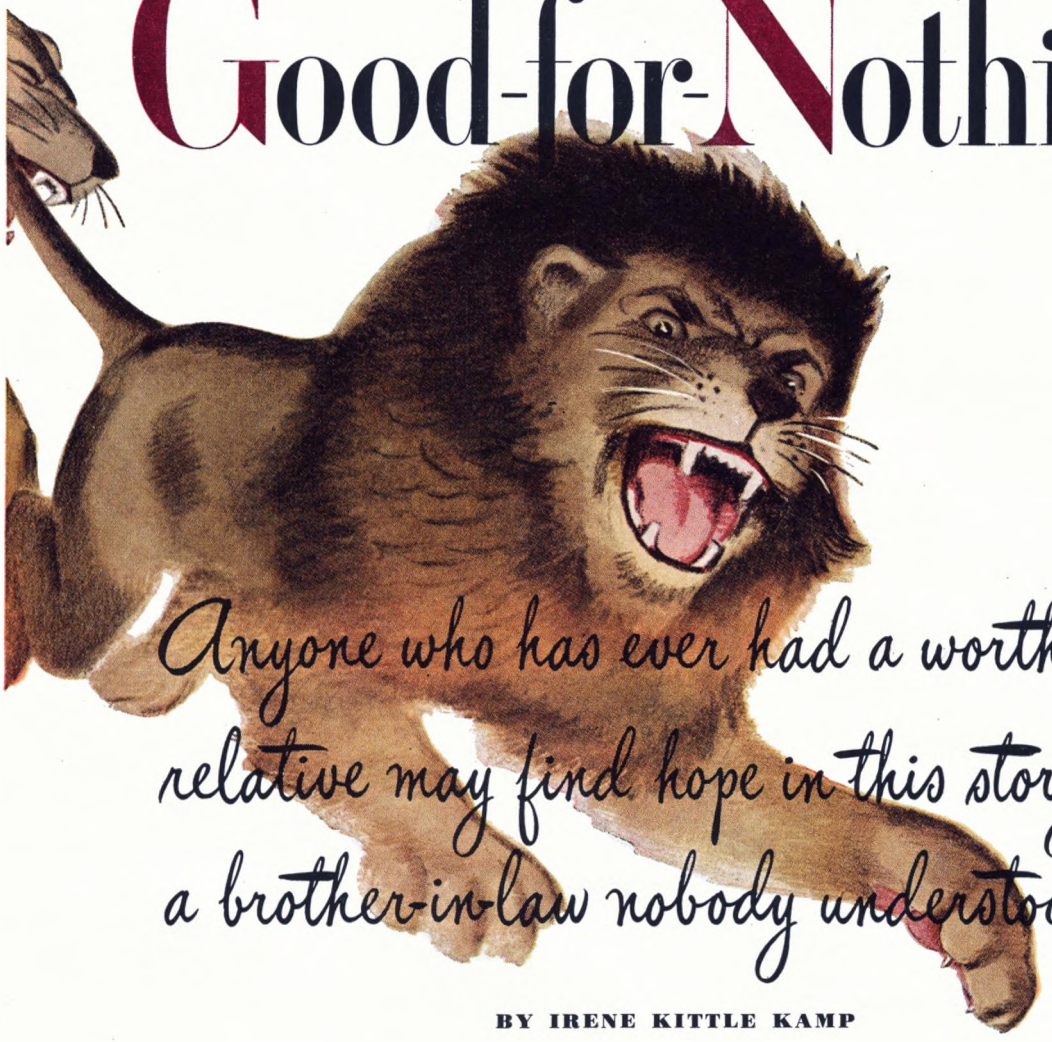
"What do you *think* did it? Haven't I told *(Continued on page 93)*

By Ernest Lehman

ILLUSTRATED BY Alex Ross

"It was absolutely the most terrible thing," the boy exclaimed, "—like being in a den of

Good-for-Nothing



Anyone who has ever had a worthless relative may find hope in this story of a brother-in-law nobody understood

BY IRENE KITTLE KAMP

It was one of those evenings that descend on all fathers at some time or other. One of those evenings when every child in the family seems to be heading straight for either the hoosegow or the head doctor. A twelve year old who had, only the week before, seemed but mildly crazy, suddenly became unbearable. A small boy whose naughtiness had always been of the amusing kind took a turn for the worse and became, quite openly, a PROBLEM CHILD. Not to mention what came over the Lady of the House.

Sweeney looked the length of the silent, sullen dinner table and sighed aloud. Connie, the wife of his bosom (on good days), heard the sigh and shot him a glance like a bolt of blue fire.

" 'Oh, when Irish eyes are smiling,' " Sweeney sang softly, as though to himself, " 'sure, it's all the world to me—' " Usually something as ridiculous as that would topple Connie from her throne of thunderous anger. But not tonight.

" 'In the lilt of Irish laughter,' " Sweeney sang on, " 'you can hear the angels sing. . . .' "

"How corny can you get?" Ax Sweeney—who had been christened Francis X. Sweeney but whose prowess on the high-school football team had won him the name of Ax—nudged his twelve-year-old sister, Celia.

"Pater," Celia Sweeney said in the lofty manner and language she had picked up from an English novel she was reading, *(Continued on page 88)*

tigers and lions, all coughing and growling and roaring."

I.N.P.

What was he like as president of Columbia—the only civilian job he ever held? How did he

WHEN EISENHOWER WAS PRESIDENT

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

For those Americans who are weighing the fitness of Dwight D. Eisenhower for the Presidency of the United States, an appraisal of his performance at Columbia University may be useful. At Columbia, one of the nation's largest educational institutions, Eisenhower *was* a civilian president. For two and a half years he filled what, in the opinion of the late Nicholas Murray Butler, is the second most important presidency in the country. From July of 1948, until December of 1950, when he was given leave of absence, the general was chief executive of a vast and complex organization. He had to deal with a "congress"—the trustees—who did not always have the sympathy of the "bureaucrats"—the professors. He received a delegation who wanted him to resign; he was criticized by a hostile student press. He planned, organized, initiated, raised money, spent money, and made decisions. In handling a community of thirty-four thousand individuals and spending nineteen million dollars a year, did he show promise of being able to guide a nation?

The judgments here were formed after conversations with both critics and partisans of the general.

At the outset the general seems to have realized that he was handicapped in handling a job like Columbia's presidency, but he resolved to overcome his handicaps. (However, there was one overriding problem that he never seemed aware of and that was a constant deterrent to any real success on his part: He was surrounded and insulated from all petitioners and visitors by too large and too vigilant a staff, some of whom were military and impatient of civilian procedure.) During his second week he telephoned a dean one morning and told him he didn't want to disturb his work but, at his convenience, would he come over to see him. The dean went immediately, and Eisenhower flashed his smile and opened with this statement:

"Dean, I don't know a damn thing about this place, and I want to tell you how I got here. I didn't want to be an idler when the war was over, and I'm interested in young people, so I thought I'd like to become a *(Continued on page 122)*

deal with people, crises? What do those who were closest think of him as a man and leader?

HOW TRANSPARENT ARE

THESE GLITTER GIRLS!

IF YOU LOOK SHARPLY, SOMETIMES

YOU CAN SEE THEIR HEARTS.

BY LOUISE LEE OUTLAW

Crazy

"Please—*not* pantaloons," Kim Endicott said, slipping off one velvet pump under the table.

"Well, something along that line, some gimmick," Neil said. "Darling, you know you can't let your audience down. They expect something different from you." He patted his mouth gently with the linen napkin. He owned four television shows, including Kim's, and his white-gold cuff links glinted quietly. "By the way, Lite-weight Luggage called today, and if you want that cruise to Bermuda . . ."

Kim glanced down at the velvet pump and saw her name in gold letters staring at her from the insole. The manufacturer

She leaned back, somehow satisfied, while Mitchell gave her the beauty she desperately needed.

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

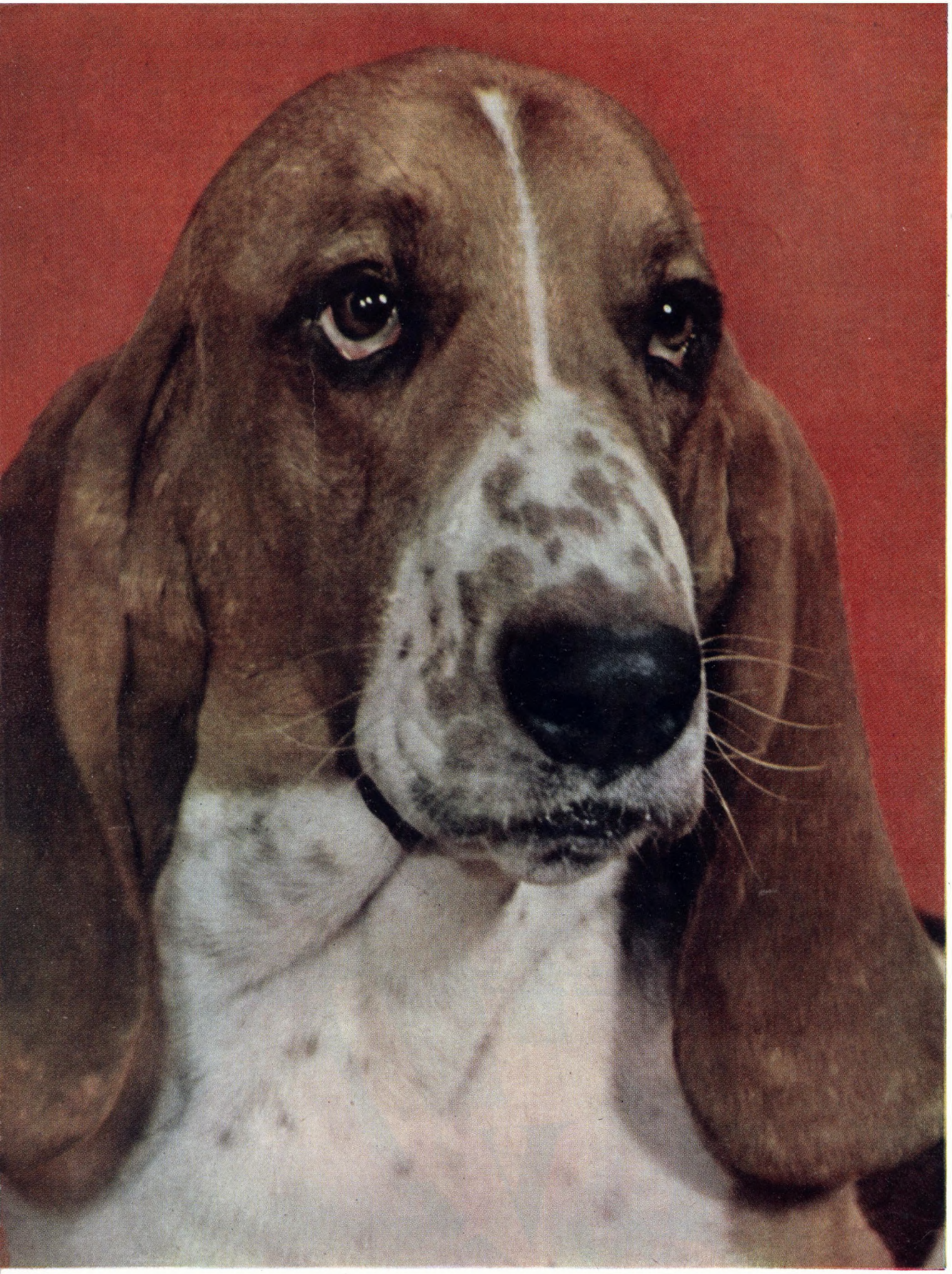
had sent her the shoes—a dozen pairs of them—as a gift. Two weeks later her name was decorating his advertisements: *Kim Endicott, lovely television star, wears True-last Shoes.*

"No, thanks, Neil. No more sponsors' presents with strings attached. Not for a while, anyway. Mind?"

"You know better than that." His long. pale fingers closed around hers. "I just thought you'd want to get away for a few weeks. But if you don't, that's a good sign." He held her eyes. "Isn't it?"

"Let's get back to the pantaloons," Kim said, and then, seeing his hurt eyes, immediately regretted *(Continued on page 147)*

in Love



"Mac"

Some dogs are like people and some people are like dogs. Mac was like no dog and no person who ever lived ★ BY W. L. HEATH

The day after my wife and I moved to Morgan I met Mac, and if I live a hundred years I'll never forget him.

Mac was a dog. I won't endeavor to say what kind of dog. He was colored like a foxhound, brown and black and white, but he had stubby legs, ears like canoe paddles, and the lugubrious expression of a bloodhound. There may have been a beagle among Mac's ancestors, but he obviously had some less aristocratic ones, too.

His eyes had a white streak between them, the way clowns sometimes paint their faces, and nature had supplied him with a good two inches more of tail than was commensurate with the rest of him.

But the funniest thing about him was his gait. He was out of line. When he ran, he went slightly sidewise, crossing his right hind foot in front of his left in a way reminiscent of a vaudeville comedian shuffling off stage.

The first time I saw Mac he was sitting on the corner where Highway Eleven cuts through town, waiting for Morgan's only traffic light to turn green so he could cross the street. It didn't occur to me right away that he was actually waiting for the light to change, but then I noticed that he was staring at the signal. When it turned yellow he got up off his haunches, and the moment it flashed green he ambled loosely across the street. On the opposite corner he made an emergency stop to scratch.

When I came up beside him he interrupted his scratching, gazed up at me with big, liquid-brown eyes, and lifted his paw to shake hands. I took it solemnly and introduced myself. He looked me over, sniffed delicately at my trouser leg, and continued on his way.

I watched him till he was out of sight, and when I turned I saw a man in a white apron smiling at me from the doorway of a grocery store.

"Know who that was?" he asked.

"No. Who?" I said, laughing.

"That was Mac. He's a famous character around town. You're new here, aren't you?"

I told him I was, and explained that I had just been transferred there by the highway department.

"My name is Sid Allison," he said. "Welcome to Morgan."

We chatted for a few minutes, then returned to the subject of Mac.

"Who does he belong to?" I asked.

"Well, he don't belong to anyone exactly. But in a way, he belongs to everybody. He's just sorta the town dog, if you know what I mean. They call him the dog mayor. Every time we have a city election he gets a hundred or so write-in votes."

I laughed. "He's a politician, all right. Did you see him shake hands with me?"

"He always does that," the grocer said. "He likes to hang out in the store here, and whenever he comes in he always shakes hands. If he hasn't got the headache he'll usually go around and shake hands with the customers."

"Is he troubled with headaches?"

"Has them right often," the *(Continued on page 117)*

He was a hero—until the monkey came to town.

Photo by G. & M. Hellman-Shostal

Photos by Penguin, Wide World, I.N.P.

MISS DENISE DARCEL *is buxom and brash, and it is difficult to know whether she is acting or living a part. Jaded Hollywood finds her an exciting addition to its roster of new screen personalities.*

Delicious, Delovely Denise

BY RICHARD B. GEHMAN

Last fall Denise Darcel, a French import whose mere presence, like the perfume of her native land, frequently creates a drumming in strong men's ears, announced that she wanted to buy a poodle. She was then living, when in Hollywood, in the Beverly-Carlton, and when in New York, in a penthouse at Sixty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. Neither place could be described as a hound run. "Why do you want a dog?" she was asked.

"Becos," said La Darcel, whose accent has remained despite efforts of droves of volunteer instructors, "I need zomebody to lahv—and zomebody to lahv me. When I get home at night, I want zomebody to hog and kees! I want to geev, geev, geev!"

Coming from Denise, who attracts men like the draft, this statement sounds rather odd. If there is one thing she does not seem to lack, it is zomebody to lahv, and if there is another, it is zomebody to lahv her; there certainly must be hundreds of able-bodied, and not-so-able-bodied, men in this country who would leap at the chance of being hogged and keesed by her.

The fact is that the dynamic, flashing-eyed, high-strung Darcel, whose bubbling makes vintage champagne seem flat, is lonely—lonely to a degree that even she will not admit. And she is confused. She declares that there is nothing she would like better than a home and babies, and in the same breath she declares that she wants to be a "beeg star." On two occasions she has flung herself impulsively into marriage, only to be bitterly disappointed. She admits that either of her marriages might conceivably have endured if she had not been driven so toward fame and success.

Today, at twenty-six (she usually gives her age as twenty-four), with her popularity rising and with her work taking more and more out of her, she needs more than ever the warmth and understanding that a husband might provide. Inwardly, she is afraid of making a permanent attachment. Consequently her datebook is crammed with a variety of names. Within a week last fall, she dated Ralph Meeker, Chick Isaacs, Hugh O'Brien, Russell Nype, and an unidentified air-line pilot.

"I lahv people," she says, by way of explanation. This is true, but it is also true that she hates to be alone.

Darcel seems never to sleep. It is not unusual for her to go to bed around four or five A.M. and get up again at six for a day on the movie lot. In the morning she bounces out of bed singing the instant she opens her eyes, streaks for the shower, gulps down fruit juice, and is ready for another day.

Darcel's animation, which would make a whirling dervish seem relatively sedate, is compounded of her love for people and of her *(Continued on page 116)*

MANHATTAN'S MR. JOHN *with Denise. Problem: a hat that will distract people from the rest of her.*

How to Write a Hit Song

If you can carry a tune, you can probably write one. But don't count on selling it—unless you observe these important rules BY ALBERT MOREHEAD

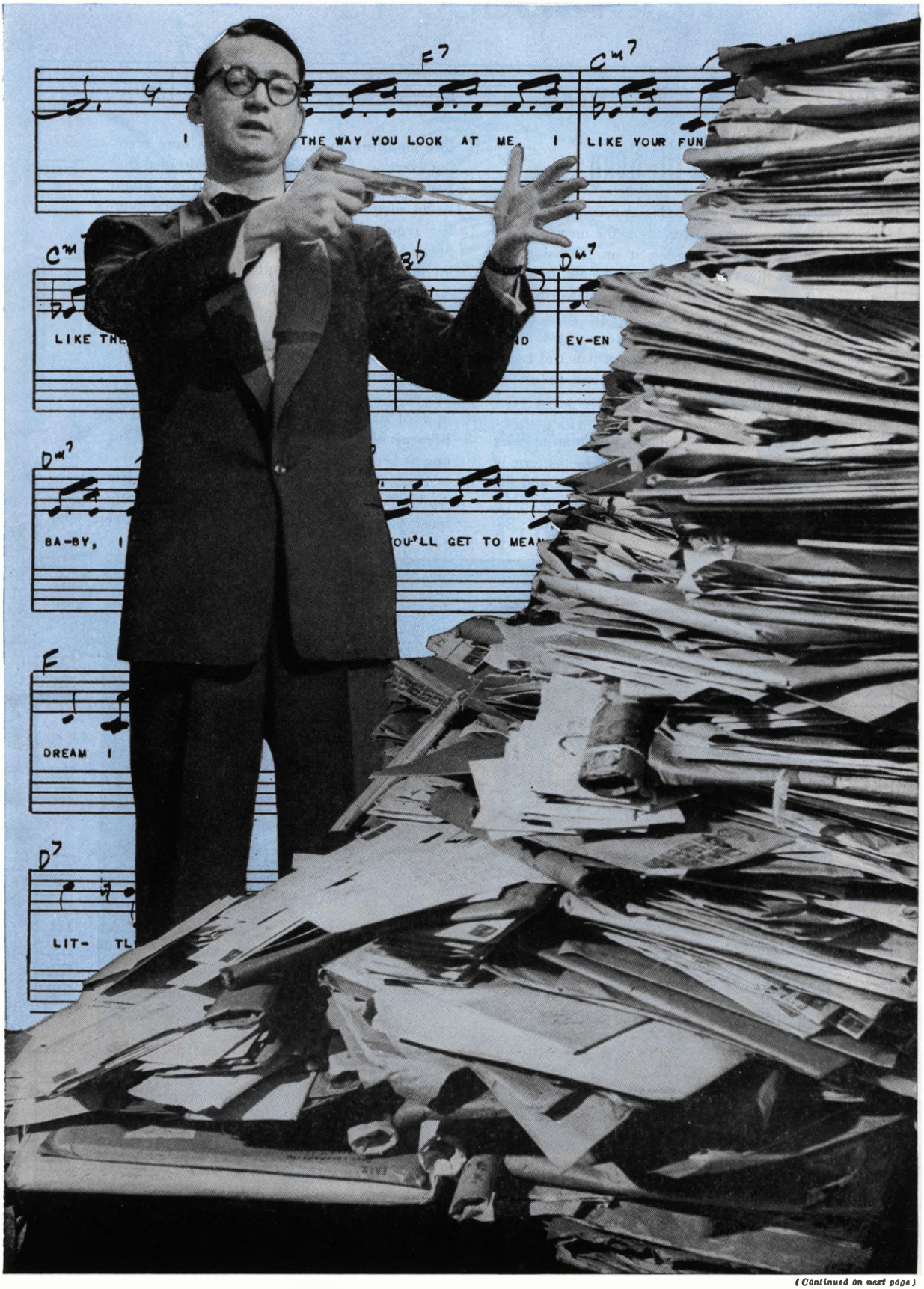
Nearly anyone who can carry a tune can write one, and usually does, sooner or later. There are untold millions of original songs lying around the country—unpublished, unhonored, and unsung.

Meanwhile some ten thousand new "popular" songs are published in the average year, all written by a relative handful of professionals; exceptions are too rare to be worth mentioning. The amateur can write them, but he can't sell them.

What's wrong with the amateur's song? Out of all those millions, you'd expect a few hits just on the law of averages. Is Tin Pan Alley a conspiracy, a nefarious monopoly on behalf of the few? Or is there some secret formula the professional songwriter knows and the amateur doesn't?

There was no reliable evidence one way or the other until last year. Then CBS inaugurated a network show called "Songs for Sale." The idea of the show was to select four amateur songs each week and give them professional performance —the kind of performance a song by Irving

Four thousand manuscripts *a week flood "Songs for Sale," a TV program for aspiring tunesmiths that features Steve Allen (right). Top performers like Eddie Fisher (above) deliver the new songs.*



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How to Write a Hit Song *(continued)*

Berlin or Rodgers and Hammerstein would get.

You may have heard the show on radio, on which it started, or seen it on television, to which medium it moved last summer. It was a quick success—which isn't at all noteworthy, for the idea was a cute one and CBS gave it the most elaborate and expensive treatment. It has a popular master of ceremonies, a panel of ranking songwriters to comment on and judge the songs, topflight artists to sing them, a big band to play them, and the whole thing is glamorized by lavish settings and a dance team that includes the prettiest girl on television. The pattern is one that is known to attract audiences, and the audiences duly responded.

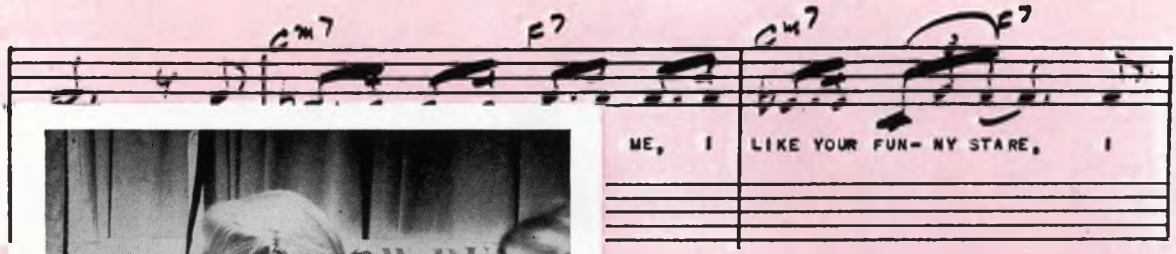
The amateur songwriters responded, too. Before long, two thousand new songs were arriving every week, and the post office decided that a mere "Songs for Sale, New York City" would be an adequate address—not even a zone number required. On those rare occasions when Steve Allen, the master of ceremonies, actually invites the amateurs to submit their songs, the crop rises to five thousand a week.

It is safe to assume that the amateurs send in only their best songs. The ones selected for airing are obviously the best of these and, in addition, a team of professional songwriters is employed to smooth out rough spots. Yet, although upward of two hundred amateur songs have been performed, it took a year and a half for one to become a commercial success.

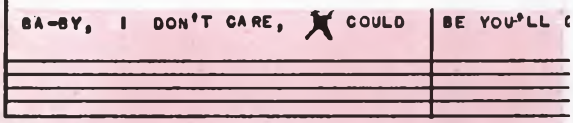
The trade journals of show business publish weekly lists of the new songs that are currently most popular—on *(Continued on page 113)*

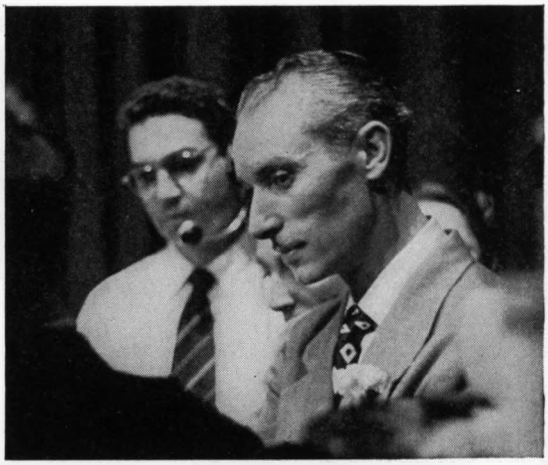
Photos by Charles Peterson

Pearl Bailey *introduces "This I Like." It is a novelty number, as are nearly half of the entries.*



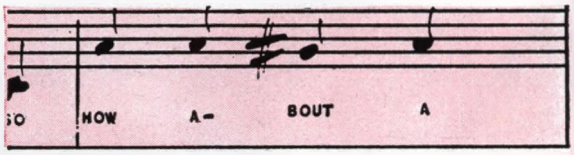
Amateur songwriters *anxiously look on while their tunes are given a five-thousand-dollar production.*



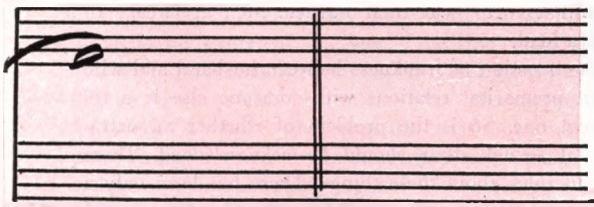


Hearing *his song put over by professionals is the biggest satisfaction the amateur can experience.*

Nine-year-old *Marjory Kurtz, a Brooklyn schoolgirl, wrote "Snowflakes," and stands to earn $50,000 from it.*



Steve Allen, *who is a songwriter himself, emcees the show, and a panel of experts chooses the best song.*



The woman who has no emotional secret in her past or present life may think she needs give no consideration to what *not* to tell her husband. But if she is a successful wife, she almost certainly does not tell him all that she does or thinks. If her marriage is an open or concealed failure, there is always a good chance that she has created her own unhappiness with her tongue. Divorce can be the result of words as well as of infidelity.

When a man says that he never wants to see a woman again, he often means that he never wants to hear her again. It may not be that she is an accredited nagger. Sometimes a woman says something to her husband quite sweetly for, she thinks, his own good, that hurts and humiliates him so deeply he wants only to get out of hearing of her tactlessness and lack of sympathy. Sometimes a wife has a habit of clearing her conscience by relating her mistakes and faults to her husband so he will have to bear their burden. Men get weary of such a load.

The question of frankness between husband and wife about premarital relations with someone else is a recurrent one. So is the problem of whether an extramarital sexual affair should be acknowledged. There are no rules about these things. There has been only a great deal of trial and probably more error than would have been necessary if imagination had gone along with honesty.

A case in point concerns a young woman who married

What not to tell your Husband

A most serious and important article (and shocking, too) for those misguided people who believe there ought to be no secrets between man and wife. There should be. Here are some of them

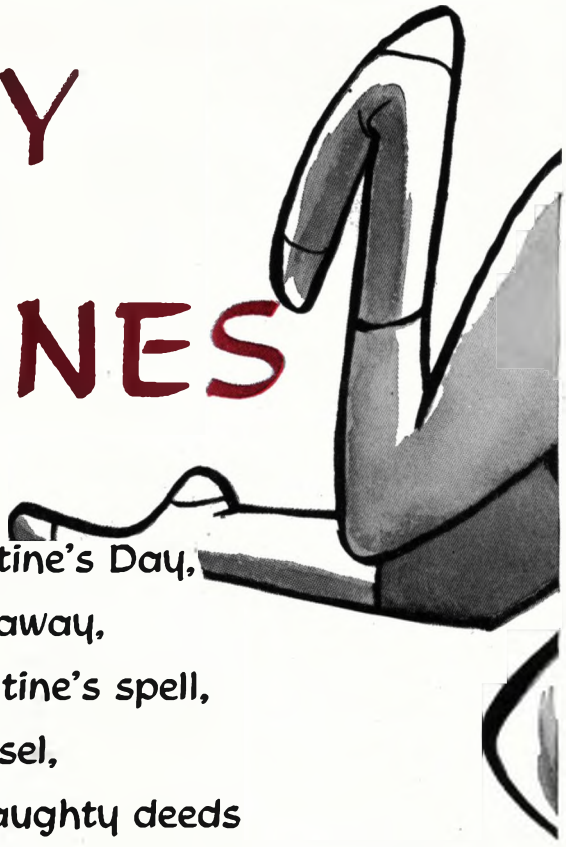
BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

a man who was deeply in love with her. He was a sensitive person, and was not too sure of his own attractiveness. The girl was by no means a virgin, and she told her husband, after they were married, about her previous sex experiences. "Now," she said with relief, "there are no secrets between us." But he became a very difficult, unreasonable man to live with. Her revelations had seeded his mind with suspicions that took root and grew, finally forcing the husband and wife apart. The young woman had really wanted her marriage to be happy and had no intention of or desire for infidelity.

There are probably times when such confessions should be made, and there may be men and women who can receive them with equanimity and full forgiveness. But experience has lined up so many cases in which telling guilty secrets has had extremely bad effects on married life that a wife should weigh such confidences very carefully before she makes them. She must understand the temperament of her husband, his tendency to jealousy, and his actual (not his professed) ability to be realistic about sexual temptations and impulses he himself has not excited.

She should also weigh her motives in telling facts that are almost sure to hurt her husband. Is she trying to make herself provocative or to prove that she is irresistible? Those are poor reasons, but they often exist. Has she a sin complex of which she is trying to rid herself by achieving her husband's *(Continued on page 124)*

UNLIKELY VALENTINES



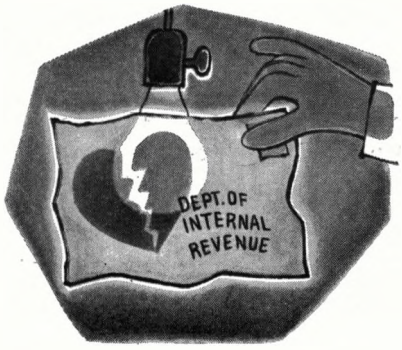
On Valentine's Day, St. Valentine's Day,
The postman tossed his bag away,
The postman, under St. Valentine's spell,
Tossed his bag on the carrousel,
And the letters danced like naughty deeds
Around and around with the painted steeds,
Down, and around, and in between
Like handkerchiefs in a washing machine,
Up, and around, and in betwixt,
Till the loving letters were thoroughly mixed,
Which is why, when they opened their valentine mail,
Some people turned purple and others pale.

The snort at Number Ten Downing Street
Could be heard at Number Eleven
When a billet-doux, all pink and blue,
Arrived from Aneurin Bevan.

BY OGDEN NASH

DRAWINGS BY McKIE

Did Gayelord Hauser's wheat germs seethe
And quiver like a quagmar
When he found that thanks to the postman's pranks
He had sent his love to Dagmar?



The Department of Internal Revenue
Was so thrilled it mislaid a penny
When it opened a secondhand valentine
From its little friend, Jack Benny.

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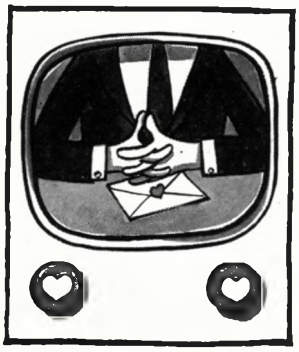
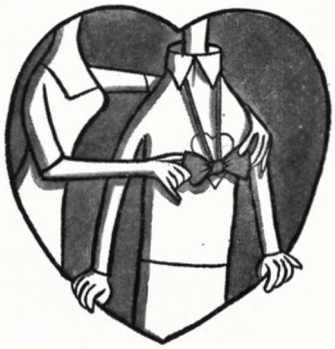


And the modest Mr. Costello
He blushed like a bride all over
When he found in his hall this childish scrawl:
I luv you, E. Kefauver.



For collectors of lovey-doveyness
Two valentines took top rank,
The one from Sinatra to the Press
And the one from the Press to Frank.

They say that the breast of Edgar Guest
Grew soft enough to jelly it
At a valentine which pled, Be mine;
Your admirer, T. S. Eliot.

And King Farouk turned a regal red
And banished a couple of chicks
On receipt of a miss-ive sealed with a kiss
And signed by Dorothy Dix.

If Tallulah lost her Series bets,
Rizzuto must be thanked,
So how did he glove that turtledove
From the Giantific Miss Bankhead?

I have never read a puppet's mind,
Still, I feel that Kukla grew broody
When a floral wreath of hearts entwined
Blew in from Howdy Doody.

But I guess the greatest catastastroke
Since Beatrice stepped on Dante
Was when through the post Noah Webster's ghost
Sent love to the great Durante.

How jolly that on St. Valentine's Day,
The postman delivered the mail astray.
A pretty picture, a tender rhyme,
You can get from your sweetheart any old time,
But a bolt from the blue, a wink from the chasm,
Why, they palpitate your protoplasm,
And therefore, if I were femi-nine,
That postman could be my valentine.

THE END

The NEW 28 DAY

Let us clear away some long-standing misconceptions about reducing. Believe me when I tell you that you don't have to punish yourself; you can reduce simply by eating the right foods, to the satisfaction of your appetite.

First, no alibis! Rare is the individual who cannot reduce his or her weight to normal and keep it there without the need of a single drug or tiring exercise. But for your satisfaction let us discuss the favorite alibis.

There is the alibi of "glands." I'll admit your salivary glands play a part when your mouth waters for fattening foods, but no other gland enters the picture. Medical science says that even hypothyroids do not *have* to be fat. It is eating the *wrong* foods—as well as too much of them—that makes them fat. I stress "wrong" foods because if you select low-calorie foods you can eat to the satisfaction of your appetite.

To maintain normal weight, if you have a particularly good appetite, you must avoid high-calorie, refined, concentrated foods; under such circumstances they are the *wrong* foods to eat. It is a matter of selection as well as of quantity, as you will see when you get to the menus I have prepared.

Another alibi is that your fat is "hereditary." You do not even inherit appetite; appetite is habit, pure and simple. You can control your habits, and you can enjoy doing so. I am going to tell you how you can eat natural health-building foods that satisfy the appetite and take off pounds at the same time. You may inherit your frame or "build," but every frame, no matter how large, can have its own individual, distinctive beauty, if it is covered symmetrically with firm flesh and is free of superfluous fat.

A third alibi is "Everything I eat turns to fat." That is a physiological impossibility. Everyone develops an internal economy that supports the basic requirements of the body, and calories beyond these requirements are converted to fat. For the average individual engaged in average activities, two-thirds of the required calories provide the energy for those activities of the body that function solely to sustain life. Only about one-third provide the energy for activities such as work or exercise. A very few calories support a very great deal of exercise. For instance, you would have to walk up sixty-two flights of average household stairs to burn up all the calories supplied by one slice of apple pie (one-sixth of a nine-inch pie).

No, there just are *no* alibis. However, if you are under the care of a physician for an illness like tuberculosis, gastric ulcers, or heart disease you naturally owe it to yourself and to your physician to do nothing affecting your body without consulting him.

Now that we have dispensed with alibis, I must convince you that you *can* reduce your weight. Once you know this, no one can stop you. The results will be so gratifying, the admiration of your friends so flattering, that you will

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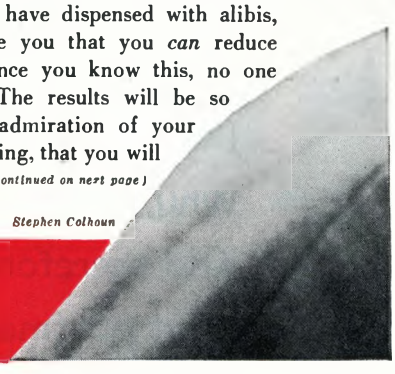


Stephen Colhoun

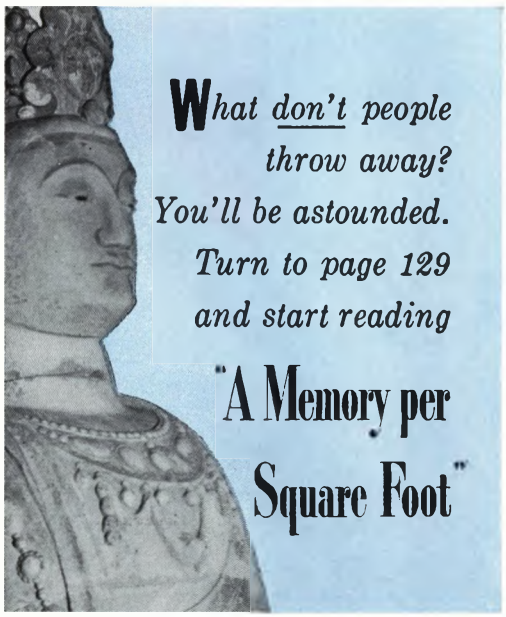
Gayelord Hauser Diet

For the first time in any magazine, the sensational diet for both women and men--to reduce or maintain the best weight for beauty and good health

consider reducing one of the greatest and most exciting experiences of your life.

Fatness is due to dietary deficiency—deficiency in natural, body-building, appetite-satisfying foods that are crowded out of your diet by grossly refined, concentrated foods that supply you with surplus calories and too few of the factors vital to health.

Why do people indulge in high-calorie, concentrated foods? Sometimes they eat as a means of escape from frustration, and sometimes in an effort to pacify a nervousness born of uncertainty and insecurity. It is not within the province of the nutritionist to deal with psychologic or psychiatric problems. Good, sound, health-building natural foods contribute much to the relief of such cases, but associated conditions have frequently progressed so far that there is a need for the professional help of the psychologist or psychiatrist.



Overindulgence in high-calorie foods stems largely from a lack of realization of the damage they can do to health. Nothing runs up a daily calorie count like the little "tidbits" for the "sweet tooth." They look so small you think they do not count! Well, let us count their calories:

Just one piece of chocolate fudge one and a quarter inches square gives you 120 calories. "Oh, I'll walk that off," you say. You can, if you walk an extra one and one-fifth miles! If you eat six cashew nuts (90 calories) you'll have to walk nearly a mile to compensate for them. The average candy bar (170 calories) would need practically a mile and three-quarters; a Manhattan, a mile and three-quarters; a Martini, a mile and a half; a cupcake, two and three-quarter miles; an average slice of an average pie, three and one-half to four miles!

And that is not the whole story. As we burden our bodies, and our metabolism, with these extra calories, we deprive ourselves of vital factors, for most high-calorie foods provide none of the vitamins or minerals needed for the healthful utilization of food. Not only do we add health-destroying fat to our bodies, but at the same time we increase the destructive action by producing a nutritional deficiency.

Never confuse hunger and appetite. They are separate reactions. The feeling of hunger occurs when the empty stomach is in the process of contracting, sometimes so violently that there is actual pain. Appetite is habit, or stems from a mental attitude. We have little control over the pangs of hunger, but without overeating or getting fat we can satisfy that hunger by filling the stomach with the right kind of food. To control appetite, moral effort is required—but that effort can be a source of gratifying pleasure.

First, you must really and truly want to reduce your weight to the ideal figure. That desire is not based on vanity. Nothing is more natural than a healthy body that makes a person look his or her best. You, my good reader, want to look your best for your own sake, to get the greatest enjoyment out of life. And you owe it to those around you, your family, friends, and loved ones.

Vanity is the least important reason. Your health and a long life filled with youthful years are the real stake.

Medical science is emphatic in its statement that obesity *does* shorten life. Statistics prove it. Moreover, with every extra pound you add, you subtract from sound health and your capacity for zestful, youthful living. You advance closer and closer to the organic breakdown that hastens old age.

Statistics in themselves provide dry reading, but when they tell a story like the one that follows they are as absorbing as a fast-paced thriller. In a group of 192,304 men aged twenty-one or over, those slightly overweight had an increased death rate of 22 per cent; moderately overweight, 44 per cent. And for those 25 per cent or more overweight, the mortality rate was increased by 74 per cent! Once you have reached the age of forty-five, overweight becomes a hazard greater than going to war as an infantryman. Every pound increases that hazard at an alarming rate. These figures are from the records of one of America's largest life-insurance companies.

Overweight is either a causative or complicating factor in hardening of the arteries, high blood pressure, heart, kidney, and gall-bladder diseases, diabetes (in which obesity has been shown to have existed in 90 per cent of all adult cases *before* the development of the disease), arthritis, rheumatoid diseases, and a host of lesser complaints that rob life of its zest, years of their youthfulness, and give us a shorter life span.

From an economic point of view, obesity is a miserable handicap. It limits opportunity for advancement and increases the cost of most of the basic essentials of life. Just why fat people pay their food bills to maintain their misery remains a mystery, tied in with some odd quirk of individual psychology. It is within their power to rid themselves of the needless expense and the needless handicap.

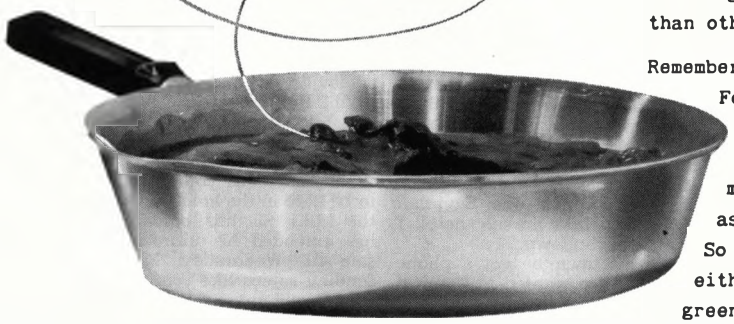
"Nobody loves a fat man"—and fewer love a fat woman! She is an unwanted *(Continued on page 98)*

air-wick

now proved

3 times

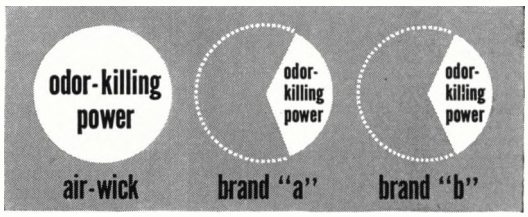
as effective* as other deodorizers!



*(authenticated by laboratory tests)

If you could picture the odor-killing powers of household deodorizers, you would see for yourself how much more effectiveness you get from **air-wick** than from other deodorizers.

Recently, a leading laboratory conducted a series of rigid scientific odor tests. Here are the results:



***science proved air-wick has 3 times the odor-killing power of other deodorizers tested.**

Of 3 brands laboratory-tested against typical kitchen odors, **air-wick**, and only **air-wick, effectively killed the odor.**

Even when 3 times as much of Brand "A" and Brand "B" was used, some of the kitchen odor remained. In short, **air-wick** proved to have 3 times as much odor-killing power as the other deodorizers!

What does this mean to you? It means that **air-wick** does the job of killing odors the way you want it done. In your bathroom, in your kitchen, in your living room, **air-wick** rids your home of lingering, annoying indoor odors, quickly, effectively, economically!

That's why more women have discovered that **air-wick** gives them more for their money than other deodorizers!

Remember, **air-wick** cannot be duplicated! For **air-wick** is the only deodorizer of its kind that contains **chlorophyll**...plus more than 125 compounds as found in nature! So get **air-wick** today, either in the familiar green wick bottle, or **air-wick mist** in the new aerosol bomb.

Siren . . . for a Day *(Continued from page 47)*

comfort stations. *(If and when*—the three loving words all these international movie companies operate on! Also, that's the way they pay you.)

Anyhow, my agent, Reeber, talked me into signing with a German producer by the name of Ludwig Sprüdelschottzen (head of Sprüdelschottzenfilm) to make a wild-animal picture in Africa, and I am now in Cairo Egypt waiting for this Sprüdelschottzen to arrive. We are going to Tanganyika or some such place, where they tell me giraffes and zebras run around like agents on Vine Street.

The animals in our picture will have to share the billing with a Hollywood star—none other than Hilliard Hotchkiss, who is here in person with me. Just in case you have not heard of this Thespian, I might state he is not listed among the first ten box-office stars—or even the first ten hundred. And while I do not care to comment unfavorably on any artist in our great industry, I will go so far as to say there are several million people, including Chinese, I would rather talk to than Hilliard Hotchkiss. He is one of those strong, silent actors, with a head like a cantaloupe and shoulders so wide he can't get through a revolving door. He has made a career of playing cavalry officers in Indian pictures. When he told me he starred in "The Apaches Are Coming," "The Arapaho Are Coming," "The Cheyennes Are Coming," etc., I asked him if he was in "Sweet Sioux—Just You." He said no, he wasn't in that one. The sense of humor of a credit manager.

FOR YOUR information, this Cairo Egypt is quite a thriving community. I won't mention the Shriners' convention, but everybody goes around in a red fez (only they call it a tarboosh), and on a cool day the thermometer may drop to 120°. But no matter how hot it is, this Hilliard Hotchkiss always wears his coat. I told you about him having wide shoulders—well, the other morning I walked in on him when he had his coat off, shaving, and so help me, the guy has shoulders like a benedictine bottle! But those Hollywood tailors fixed him up good, and that is why he will never appear without his coat. So in this heat he walks around looking wetter than a trained seal. I forgot to mention he is on something they call the howzer diet, and I give you my personal guarantee he eats more carrots than all the horses at Santa Anita.

What worries me is, who will want to see an African picture starring Hilliard Hotchkiss and a few zebras? As for box-office appeal, this Hotchkiss will drive people out of the theatre faster than a bomb in the balcony. However, it turns out he has got one fan—the Egyptian telephone operator here in our hotel. I will give you the rundown.

The day he hit town he got a phone call. A musical voice wanted to know if this is really the great American film star, Hilliard Hotchkiss, in person. She's the operator, Miss Mazhmak, and could she have his autograph? Well, our boy sent down the autograph, and then, an hour later, Miss Mazhmak rang again and asked him for his photograph. This time she bounced up to get it—and I have to admit she is quite a tidy item. Wavy black hair, big black eyes, and a Technicolor smile featuring her own teeth. In addition, a nice construction job.

Already Hotchkiss was autographing the picture. (He is very quick on the draw and will whip out a fountain pen if anybody even asks him what time it is. Also, he does not merely sign his signature—he goes at it with a big flourish like he is going to carve a duck.)

"Please write my whole name on it, Toffaah Mazhmak," she told him. Now, Hotchkiss would have trouble spelling "cat," and he made so many blots spelling "Toffaah Mazhmak" that it might as well've been "Major General Harry Vaughn." Anyhow, Miss Mazhmak hugged the photograph to her bosom, if you will pardon the expression, and stated that it meant more to her than a string of real pearls. Hotchkiss was so touched he autographed another one to her cousin, Batteekha Gamooz, and escorted her to the door like Randolph Scott as the frontier marshal. At the door she gave him the big eye. "Mr. Hotchkiss," she said, "yesterday I went to a fortuneteller, and he told me I am going to be involved in your destiny."

That shook me. I have seen too many little kumquats involved in a movie actor's destiny—and he winds up getting sued for everything he's got including his 1936 electric razor! But Hotchkiss was giving her the old No. 2 smile. He had never heard the word except in the title of "Destiny Rides Again," for Monogram.

To tell you the truth, I am worried about this situation because a little kumquat like her can cause plenty of trouble. Another thing that worries me is, the producer of our African picture, Ludwig Sprüdelschottzen, was due three weeks ago, and I have heard nothing from him. And the manager of this hotel, Mr. Azeez, is not anybody I would enjoy having a financial discussion with. I have seen kinder faces on crocodiles up the Nile.

Things may be tough in Hollywood, but at least you have not got Hilliard Hotchkiss and Miss Mazhmak!

Regards,
BILL

P.S. Speaking of Hilliard Hotchkiss, Dream Boy just stuck his profile in and threw me an ultimatum. He is owed three weeks' salary (as Sprüdelschottzen hasn't showed up with the checkbook), and if he does not get his money by Tuesday he threatens to walk out of our picture and leave on the first plane! It certainly put *me* in the old waffle iron. Suddenly I thought of Miss Mazhmak, and I grabbed the phone. Well, I will file an affidavit that that little kumquat has a brain! Right away she buzzed Hotchkiss and told him she is organizing a Cairo chapter of the Hilliard Hotchkiss Fan Club, and they are giving him a banquet Wednesday! (Of course the banquet has to be here in the hotel so we can put it on the bill.) So this onionhead Hotchkiss has extended his ultimatum, and I am safe till Wednesday. Meanwhile I am sending cables like confetti, trying to locate Sprüdelschottzen. (Why did I have to go in *this* business, when I could pick some nice soft job such as diving for pennies off Brooklyn Bridge?)

CAIRO, EGYPT
November 9, 1951

DEAR HARRY:

Since my last bulletin the situation has gone from bad to horrible—and though I am sending cables with both hands, trying to dig Sprüdelschottzen, so far no answer. Also no funds. And Azeez the

manager must be reading my mail—he keeps putting the bite on me for our hotel bill until I have got so I come and go via the coalhole. Every day Hotchkiss jabs me with a new ultimatum about quitting the picture, and I am only holding on to him by Miss Mazhmak's organizing more chapters of his fan club. They are giving him another banquet Monday, where he will sign autographs to all members that paid their dues. To show you what an operator Miss Mazhmak is, she made herself treasurer—and not only that, she nicks me for a commission on every new member she signs up! Strictly unethical!

ANYHOW, I pitched my wigwam outside the cable office, waiting for word on our picture—and my opinion of Sprüdelschottzen you could not print even in Arabic. Then just when I am telling myself that if I ever get out of this hassle I will only work for Hollywood producers, *who should turn up but 2 Hollywood producers!* None other than the Pafoobian Bros. Now, back home I would as soon meet a couple of cobras as the Pafoobian Bros., but to give you an idea how low I am feeling, I was glad to see them. (You have heard of these boys. "When quicker quickies are made, Pafoobian Bros. will make them.")

Doghran Pafoobian is an Armenian or something and came from this neck of the woods, but his young brother Joe was born in the U.S. Doghran is not handsome. In fact, around the studio the hired help refer to him as Dogface. He is tanned so dark they also call him Pafoobian the Nubian. But I will say this for him, he has a fine display of gold teeth, and when he smiles you think you are in Fort Knox. Only he does not smile often. His brother Joe is not going to win any beauty contests either. Joe resembles a nearsighted herring.

While we congregated there in the lobby—with Pafoobian the Nubian giving me the blow-by-blow on their European trip—a terrible thing happened. Azeez rubbed up and asked them if their rooms were comfortable. Joe told him the rooms must be comfortable, the cockroaches seemed so happy. (He is full of jokes like that.) Then he turned to me. "Speaking of cockroaches," Joe said, "when we were in Munich we saw Sprüdelschottzen, the producer of your picture. That is, the ex-producer. Too bad he had to change his plans."

Well, I stayed on my feet only by force of habit. "*Change his plans?*" I repeated. I didn't recognize my own voice.

"Oh, haven't you heard?" Joe said. "He's not going to make the picture."

That was the old one-two. I didn't know whether I was standing in the lobby or waltzing with Fred Astaire! Far away I seemed to hear the Pafoobian Bros. say they were going out to take a quick blick at the Pyramids, and nice to have seen me. I was alone with Azeez.

For your information, at no time is this Azeez what anybody would call a happy chappy, and right now he was foaming at the mouth. I will not attempt to repeat the conversation, but it was not friendly, by any manner or means. He stated in no uncertain terms that I had by false pretenses run up a bill for myself as director, and Hilliard Hotchkiss as star, of a picture nobody intended to make, said bill amounting to the amount of 180 pounds, 36 piasters, not including phone calls I might have had in the last

10 minutes. And if I do not pay said bill in full by noon tomorrow he will turn me over to the gendarmes.

Well, as I staggered over to the elevator, who should I run into but Miss Mazhmak? "Oh," she yapped, "I been trying to get you on the phone. Isn't it awful about Mr. Hotchkiss?"

"Anything about him is awful," I said. "What is it this time?"

"Just as I inaugurate Hilliard Hotchkiss fan clubs in Khartoum and Suez, he is going to leave town," the little kumquat yapped. "He has his ticket for the 1 o'clock plane tomorrow. He flies home!"

"I don't care if he *swims* home," I said, "underwater!"

Well, my friend, this may be the last you hear from me in quite a while. Of course, I could pay the hotel bill—180 pounds, 36 piasters—except for a slight discrepancy of having less than 6 piasters in my kick. So I will be tossed in the hoosegow, and I do not figure an Egyptian hoosegow is swept by ocean breezes. But grim though prison life may be, at least I will not have to share a cell with Hilliard Hotchkiss!

Regards,
BILL

P.S. I read where M-G-M is making a prison musical, "Sing a Song of Sing Sing." Maybe when I get out they will sign me as technical adviser. Yah hoo!

P.P.S. The above might sound like I have plenty of moxie and am keeping a stiff upper lip without a mustache. But to tell you the truth, I am really worried. There is no chance whatever of me raising the money by noon tomorrow so I am sure to get thrown in the bastille. And maybe worse. You may read where they found my body floating in the Nile.

HOTEL AKALAAN
CAIRO, EGYPT
November 15, 1951

DEAR HARRY:

This address will notify you that I did not go to the hoosegow after all, but have moved to another hotel. And though a hoosegow might be more comfortable than this four-story mousetrap I am in, at least the law is not breathing on the back of my neck. Hang onto your chair while I give you the rundown.

The day I was to get the legal treatment at 12 noon, a call came at 11:30, saying the Pafoobian Bros. wanted to see me. Well, I shinnied up to their room, thinking they only wanted to make conversation, such as, did I have any interesting Egyptian telephone numbers, so on and so forth. But not at all. They wanted to talk business! And what happened was like that old picture "The Governor's Pardon"!

Pafoobian the Nubian led off. "Adams," he said, "you probably know we own Global Pictures Corporation, also Pafoobian Enterprises, etc. Tomorrow Louella Parsons will announce the formation of a *new* Pafoobian company—Global Television, Inc.; we are convinced that TV, like the automobile, is here to stay."

He went on gabbing and I went on nodding—because Pafoobian is a guy used to people nodding when he says anything. But frankly, I did not see how all this gab about television could affect me, as Egyptian jails are not equipped with television. Then he got to the point.

"Adams," he stated, "we are here in Cairo to produce our first TV feature, and we have signed Egypt's greatest female star, Balaha Kharoof. As your film has been canceled, we might consider making a deal—for Hilliard Hotchkiss to co-star and yourself to direct. What do you say?"

Well, by the time I got my mouth open I could not get any words out, even such a short word as yes. Then suddenly it hit me that I am sunk—as Hotchkiss was already on his way to the airport, leaving town. By now, I had got my voice back, and I was so burned at Hotchkiss that I sneered at the Pafoobian Bros. "How much will you pay?" I sneered.

Joe Pafoobian said, "We can't pay much because television is only in its infancy."

"Television may be in its infancy, but I am out of mine!" I told him.

"Look," Joe said, "I happen to know about this hassle over your hotel bill. I think you will listen to reason."

"We can discuss terms later," Dogface put in. "Are you and Hotchkiss interested in a television deal or not?"

I took a quick blick at my watch. It was 10 minutes to 12. Downstairs the gendarmes would be backing up the wagon for me—and Hotchkiss was already going through Emigration at the airport. But there was 1 chance in 3 million, and I grabbed at it. "I will have to talk to my star," I said. I tottered into Joe's room, closed the door, and fell on

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

CONNUBIAL CONFLICT

S. Omar Barker

Across the skies of wedded bliss,
One rocket daily whizzes—
If he implies the job that's hers
Is easier than his is!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

the phone. Miss Mazhmak answered.

"Listen," I hissed, "this is a matter of life and death! Can you get ahold of Hilliard Hotchkiss at the airport?"

"He is not there," Miss Mazhmak said.

"Not there?" My last hope blew. "You mean his plane has left?"

"No," she said. "I mean he is just outside the door, signing autographs for a crowd of Egyptian girls!"

I had to sit down.

"When I heard the Pafoobian Bros. ask you to a conference I thought you might need Mr. Hotchkiss," she went on. "So I rounded up 3 dozen girls to detain Mr. Hotchkiss outside, signing autographs."

"Honey," I said, *"I could kiss you!"*

The little kumquat gave a musical laugh. "Business before pleasure," she said. "There will be a small commission on the girls who are detaining Mr. Hotchkiss with the autographs—36 girls at 20 piasters a head. I knew you would reimburse me."

"Consider yourself reimbursed," I told her, "and put Dream Boy on the phone!"

Well, to give it to you fast, Hotchkiss had been writing so many autographs he signed the Pafoobian Bros. contract without looking at it. They paid my bill and I gave a good blast to Azeez the manager, notifying him I would no longer remain in his 3rd-rate hotel. So I am now in a 4th-rate hotel—where the Pafoobians moved me. We are to start shooting day after tomorrow, as the Pafoobians do not believe in wasting time. (In fact the Pafoobians do not believe in wasting anything except the blood of people that work for them!)

Anyhow, I have become a television director and am already on the bicarbonate of soda. In the 1st place, we have a left-handed script. That is, you read the script while holding it in your left hand—using the other hand to hold your nose. Also, aside from the Pafoobian Bros. and Hilliard Hotchkiss, we have two members of the cast that I can see right now I am going to have trouble with. One is our female star, Balaha Kharoof, and the other is a camel by the name of Peaches. I will pencil in a few of my struggles with television when I write you the next time. If I live that long!

Regards,
BILL

STUDIOS MOZ
CAIRO, EGYPT
November 21, 1951

DEAR HARRY:

After what I been going through it is a miracle I have the strength to lift a pencil. However, I want to file an affidavit that television is 100% obnoxious. Whereas looking at television only makes your eyeballs ache, working at it makes you ache all over!

The title of Pafoobian Bros. TV serial is "The Siren of the Nile," so you do not need a guessing contest to figure what it is about. It is about Cleopatra and a Roman GI by the name of Mark Anthony. The "original" story was cooked up by the Pafoobians theirself, with very little help from Egyptian history. In fact, if Cleopatra and this Mark Anthony had carried on like the Pafoobians want them to there would *be* no Egyptian history.

Also, the situation was not improved by the writer they put on our script, Apollo Mitokis. Apollo is not an Egyptian. He is not a writer, either, but the Pafoobians hired him in Cairo at reduced rates, and anything they get at reduced rates makes them happy. But suppose they got Apollo for nothing, they were shortchanged! Nobody could read his dialogue, even on a greeting card, and the script contains 100 pages of descriptions, like descriptions of sunsets, Cleopatra's eyelashes, etc.

At our first conference I registered a squawk. "Look," I stated, "a television screen is so small, how can you see eyelashes? You can hardly see an elephant!"

"There are no elephants in this story," Apollo said coldly.

"But we got camels!" Dogface Pafoobian spoke up. "I just made a deal for 3 camels at a very good price."

"Camels?" I asked. *"Why?"*

"What have *you* got against camels?" Joe Pafoobian jabbed.

"Nothing personal," I said, "but who rides these camels where?"

"Mark Anthony and his 2 accomplices," Dogface said.

"But these guys are Roman soldiers," I pointed out, "and Roman soldiers rode horses. Look at the pictures in that history book."

"To the public, Egypt means camels," Dogface stated. "We will give them camels in every scene. Say," he said, "speaking of Roman soldiers, we must hire 3 more, because I got 6 suits of armor. How I obtained them—M-G-M used a lot of Roman soldiers shooting 'Quo Vadis' in Rome—and the costumes

are now surplus. In Rome you can buy a suit of armor cheaper than a suit of underwear. I picked up 6 at a very nice price—so we need 5 extras."

"No," Joe argued, "extras cost $2.50 a day. 3 soldiers is plenty."

"We need 6 soldiers!" Dogface yelled. "This production has got to be a *spectacle!*"

Well, the story conference was called on account of darkness, and I tagged Hilliard Hotchkiss, to see how he liked the script. "I never read a script," he informed me. "All I am interested in is, do I get the girl in the end?"

"Speaking of Balaha Kharoof, I have not met her yet," I said. "It looks like she is avoiding me."

As we gabbed, here at Studios Moz where the Pafoobians have hired space (at a very nice price), who should walk in but Miss Mazhmak—wearing, so help me, a slave-girl costume! I did a take, and she flashed that Oriental smile. "Oh, hadn't you heard?" she asked. "I quit my job at the hotel, as I intend making this my career, and Mr. Hotchkiss got me in as an extra. I am one of Cleopatra's handmaidens."

I said, "We should change the title to 'Hand Me Another Handmaiden.'"

"I take my work seriously," Miss Mazhmak stated.

The little kumquat was not kidding. What an operator! Right away she went to Apollo Mitokis and persuaded him to give her a line to speak. He wrote her a line, "Good morning, O Queen." Then she came to me and said, "But doesn't that sound too abrupt—just 'Good morning, O Queen'? Wouldn't it be more polite if I also asked Cleopatra did she sleep well last night?"

"Considering she is having a big romance with Mark Anthony, that might be censorable," I pointed out. "But look, honey—even if you recite Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, the Pafoobian Bros. are only interested in listening to the star they hired to play Cleopatra, Balaha Kharoof."

"Oh, is that so?" the little kumquat said. I noticed a strange look in her eye, but thought nothing of it at the time.

Next she went to work on Omar Yuzbashee, our wardrobe department, and talked him into whipping up a special costume for her. This flamingo has had to fit so many fat actresses, they call him Omar the Tentmaker. But Miss Mazhmak is put together in the happiest way possible, and if you could see her in Omar's Oriental costume you would never want to live west of the East! I don't mind telling you, I am getting interested in the kid, myself.

To get back to business— Nobody knows *why* television features are made —but *how* they are made is as follows. You boil up an action serial that can be shot in a hurry for around $1.75—and slice it into 13 episodes to run 13 weeks on TV—or maybe longer, if your sponsors are away on their vacation. With the Pafoobian Bros., it is just a big picnic. They do not ask any employee to put in more than a 25-hour day.

Our schedule on "The Siren of the Nile" must have been worked out by that guy that engraves the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin. Everything was cut down very fine, including salaries—and to shoot the whole 1st episode, they allowed me exactly 1 day! (Why, in Hollywood, on a Crosby picture, it would take 4 days to shoot Bing tipping his hat!)

Well, the 1st morning we were all lined up before daylight on location, a canal out toward the Pyramids. I will not mention minor difficulties such as my cameraman being named Hassan and my assistant being named Hussein, so that every time I yell "Hassan," Hussein runs over, and vice versa. As for Pafoobian trouble, I had plenty. The Bros. were galloping around with stop watches in both hands, yelling for everybody to be on their toes—time is money, so on and so forth.

The scene we were about to shoot is where Cleopatra is in swimming with 3 handmaidens, when who should happen along but Mark Anthony? (This is the Pafoobian version of how these Great Lovers met. Also, it is the way all Pafoobian pictures begin. No comment. I have to eat.) Anyhow everything was all set to go. I had not been introduced to Balaha Kharoof, the star, but there she was, squatting in the canal with 3 handmaidens, all ready. Hilliard Hotchkiss was waiting behind a palm tree, in the surplus helmet and armor. The big TV spectacle was about to roll!

"Camera," I yelled.

Nothing happened.

"Camera! Action!" I yelled. "Why don't those dames start splashing!"

Hassan and Hussein both ran up to me. "You have to say it in Arabic," they told me. "Miss Balaha Kharoof does not speak English!"

Well, the Pafoobian Bros. began screaming so you could hear them as far as Hamburg, Germany. Here they are making a TV feature for the American public—and what do they do but hire a star speaking nothing but Arabic! Dogface blamed Joe, Joe blamed Dogface, and they both blamed me at the top of their voice. Just then Miss Mazhmak strolled up in that Oriental costume, giving them the full treatment. Both Pafoobians stopped their howling and stared at her.

"I was afraid something unforeseen might happen," the little kumquat said in a musical voice, "so I took the precaution of learning Cleopatra's lines. I am ready to play the part—if, of course, the price is right."

What an operator!

"Saved by the bell!" gasped Joe Pafoobian, mopping his brow.

"Wait a minute!" Dogface yelped. "Who is she?"

"The telephone operator at the hotel," explained Hilliard Hotchkiss. (He had trouble explaining anything, because that brass helmet kept slipping down over his nose.)

"But how do we know she can *do* it?" Dogface argued.

"Look," I said, "she's a telephone operator, so at least she can say 'hello.' That's more than the actress *you* hired can say."

"Make a deal with her," Joe told Dogface.

"I will make a deal with her later," Dogface said. "The sun has been up nearly 6 minutes—and time is money. Start shooting, Adams."

Well, I started shooting, with Miss Mazhmak as Cleopatra. I would not certify she will win any Academy awards, but all she had to do was sit in the canal —and that does not require any Esther Williams.

Anyhow, we knocked off the bathing sequence fast, and then moved to our next location, the Pyramids. (All pictures shot in Egypt must show a Pyramids sequence so the audience will not think you are in Scranton, Pa.) There was where I began having camel trouble. We had 6 Roman soldiers, but only 3 camels. The Pafoobian Bros. hired these camels at special reduced rates, and it turned out these camels had never carried any Roman soldiers before—in fact they had never carried anything before but crates of melons. So there was a good deal of arguing back and forth between the camels and everybody else—with Pafoobian the Nubian running around yelling for me to hurry up, as the picture is 20 minutes behind schedule. Also, Hilliard Hotchkiss started telling me how to direct the scene. This burned me to a crisp.

"Listen, gourd-skull," I informed him, "you stick to acting, and I will do the directing. But while you are acting be careful not to face the camera, as I notice you are very bowlegged."

He gave me some more debate, and all the time that helmet kept slipping down over his nose. I said, "If you do not push that helmet off your puss people will think you are playing a deep-sea diver. Now get going and climb on top of that camel."

Well, the camel was a 2-hump job by the name of Khokh, which is Arabic for "Peaches," and at this point Peaches took a strong dislike to Hilliard Hotchkiss. Every time he went near her she tried to take off his arm at the elbow. Her driver, an Arab with a size 13 neck, finally convinced her to kneel down, but she seemed very prejudiced, and whenever Hotchkiss sneaked up she would bellow and spit at him with mayhem on her mind.

Hotchkiss got quite upset. "This camel does not take to me," he complained nervously.

I did not answer, Maybe she has seen you on the screen. All I said was "Show her you are a masterful man—like when you rode wild horses in those redskin epics."

"But in those pictures I always had a double," he told me.

Well, the Pafoobian Bros. were yelling that the sun was going under a cloud and we are losing time—a desperate situation, because we had no double for Hotchkiss. Not a single double could be found, so I said I would do it myself. "Impossible!" Dogface objected. "You do not look like Hotchkiss!"

"On television," I told him, "nobody will be able to see whether it is me or Senator Taft!"

I went back of a Pyramid, took off my threads and put on Hotchkiss' armor and helmet to double for him. For your information, I felt far from happy about that man-eating camel, but a crowd had gathered and I saw Miss Mazhmak watching me. The little kumquat's smile is what did it! I walked up to our camel and looked her straight in the eye. She started snarling and giving me a lot of back talk. I said, "Listen, you knock-kneed bag of dandruff, who is running this show, you or me?" And with that I punched her right in the nose!

Well, Peaches was a very surprised camel indeed, and before she had time to think the thing over I jumped up into the saddle. She stood up, making with the grunts and groans. I yelled to Hassan the cameraman, and he started grinding. Then I and the other 2 camels and the 5 Roman soldiers paraded back and forth 1 doz. times. We shot so much footage that when it would be cut you'd think you are seeing an entire army of Roman soldiers on camels!

Just then disaster struck!—as Apollo Mitokis would say. The wind started blowing hard, and you could feel it sting like there was sand in it. Well, there *was* sand in it. We were right in the middle of a large-economy-size package of sandstorm—the kind you read about—with a whole Egyptian desert blowing on top of us! The wind was screaming, extras were screaming, camels were screaming—but the Pafoobian Bros. outscreamed them all! They were denouncing each other as loud as a man can denounce with his mouth full of sand. They were blaming everybody—me, fate, the weather, and the Administration in the White House! They said this whole project is a jinx, and they refuse to throw away any more money on it! They will call off the picture! They are through with television! Etc., etc.

Well, that's it, brother. Our TV classic is canceled, and the Pafoobian Bros. are leaving town tomorrow. Also, Hilliard Hotchkiss is leaving town. Everything is washed up, and I am right back where I started—*nowhere*. In fact, I am worse off as I have to walk around in Mark Anthony's Roman armor, and the pants are practically nothing. If this sandstorm stops I am going out to the Pyramids tomorrow to try and find my clothes!

Regards,
BILL

P.S. There are only 28 shopping days left before Xmas, but I already have a present picked out for Hilliard Hotchkiss. I am going to give him the Pafoobian Bros.

HOTEL DAFYA
CAIRO, EGYPT
November 23, 1951

DEAR HARRY:

Well, I couldn't find my clothes in the sand, but it don't matter, as a couple of tailors are whipping me up 6 new suits. Also, I am now living in Cairo's No. 1 hotel, right on the Nile. And who is paying for all this? None other than the Pafoobian Bros. Quite a lot has happened. I will give it to you fast.

The 1st big event was I discovered the sandstorm did not wreck our camera. In fact, Hassan my cameraman kept grinding right through it till he ran out of film!

So I had all the film developed and printed. The Pafoobian Bros. stopped at the studio on their way to the airport, and I needled Mr. Moz to run our stuff for them. The projection room was full of people, and when that sandstorm flashed on the screen everybody cheered and applauded! It was strictly sensational! I jumped in and told the Pafoobians how the sandstorm would make a smash suspense finish for the 1st episode. They both got up and began shaking hands with each other.

"Wonderful!" Dogface announced. "This is what every great picture should have, *a catechism of nature!*"

Well, I am in business again. Everybody got rehired, and Hilliard Hotchkiss unpacked and put on his Mark Anthony tinware, ready to resume shooting. Just then something went *whammo!*

I forgot to mention, Miss Mazhmak came out terrific on the screen. Everybody said next to the sandstorm she is the biggest thing in the picture, and a

sure bet for stardom. *But* the Pafoobians did not care to have this mentioned as they had overlooked the little matter of making a deal with her! And when they called her house to tell her to report for work they got the shock of their life. A dame answered and said it was Miss Mazhmak's secretary and she is very sorry but Miss Mazhmak understood the picture was off so she made other arrangements.

Well, those Pafoobians turned green. Here they are with the 1st part of a TV feature right in their lap—and they can't go ahead without Miss Mazhmak! They called back and pulled the old bluffo, telling the sec'y Miss Mazhmak must come immediately as there is a lot of preparations necessary before she would amount to anything as an actress. The sec'y said don't give her that kazzab, as the projectionist at the studio already reported how good Miss Mazhmak was on the screen. The Pafoobian Bros. went crazy.

Then the sec'y said it is no use as Miss Mazhmak just signed a contract with another producer, Abdul Farkha!

You have my personal guarantee, here were 2 angry Armenians! Nobody at the studio had ever heard of a producer by the name of Abdul Farkha, so they called up the sec'y again and asked her if he was a big enough producer to have a telephone.

The sec'y gave them the number, and Dogface called it. This Abdul Farkha told him yes, he has a contract with Miss Mazhmak, and if they want her services as a star it will cost them $10,000.

Well, I thought both Pafoobians would have a stroke. When they cooled off they decided they have to get ahold of Miss Mazhmak in person, without any more delay, and started out in 2 taxis to look for her, Joe in 1 direction, Dogface in another. But Cairo is a town with a lot of directions, so I went looking for her, too. (Like I told you confidentially, I had a palpitation for the little kumquat myself.)

Anyhow, while I was looking for her, Joe Pafoobian hired a private eye, traced this Abdul Farkha by his phone number—and found he runs a hat-cleaning establishment. Abdul Farkha is not a producer at all, unless it is a producer of hatbands—but he happens to be Miss Mazhmak's uncle! Joe made a deal with him and signed Miss Mazhmak for half price, or $5,000.

Then he raced back to tell Dogface. *But get what happened.* Dogface had located Miss Mazhmak, right where he suspected she would be—at her old job on the hotel switchboard! (She didn't want to lose a day's pay.) Seeing her on the screen this morning had set Dogface afire—as it turns out he was always daffy about movie stars. So, instead of talking business like a producer, he began giving her such a line of schmalz that by the time Joe found them they were practically an engaged couple.

Well, I figure I am just as well off, as directing the picture will be hard enough without having to listen to any little kumquat telling me how to do it. Also I was reading where this Sarnoff got to the top in TV by being 100% on the job at all times—and I am the same way. If your eyes can stand it, there may be something in TV after all!

Regards,
BILL

THE END

Good-for-Nothing (Continued from page 59)

"don't you think that professional Irish character of yours is a little offensive? After all, great-*grand*-*mère* came over during the potato famine, didn't she? And that was a long time ago. Outside of the name Sweeney, I really don't see that you have any claim—"

It was too much. Sweeney felt the color and the choleric rage rising simultaneously in him. Connie's eyes were filled with what to him seemed a most malicious pleasure at his discomfort. It was then that Joseph, child of his heart, baby of the family, beautiful, wise, intelligent, dear ten-year-old Joseph Sweeney, proved that life in the Sweeney family was definitely off its rocker.

"Ralph Fiddle and I found gold on Mrs. Fiddle's property," Joseph said, "and Mr. Appleton next door is taking it to New York to have it amalized for us. Ralph allowed me to stake out a claim in his mother's vegetable garden. It is my candied opinion that the greatest deposit of gold will be found there. We may all be fantasty wealthy. Did you ever hear of the Comstock lode, Mr. Sweeney, father?"

"Did you ever hear of the truth, young man?" Sweeney roared. "It is one thing to be permitted to exaggerate, but it is quite another to be encouraged to weave these fantasty—I mean fantastic . . ." The color rose higher in Sweeney's cheeks as he saw the wicked little smile on Connie's face at the way he had picked up Joseph's word. "I'm afraid you're now getting into the realm of lying," he told the boy.

"I am not lying," Joseph said in his most charming, most reasonable voice.

"Joseph," Sweeney said, trying to sound patient, "I permit you great leeway in your stories because I believe that the life of the imagination is a valuable part of—of—"

"Of *life!*" Celia Sweeney said in the voice of one wearily reciting a too-familiar chapter and verse.

"Thank you," Sweeney said icily to Celia. "Of life!" he repeated firmly, as though it were a new thought. But the idea that he was beginning to repeat himself rankled.

"But how could I have asked your permission?" Joseph asked in the same reasonable voice. "It all came about in the most amazening way. Ralph and I simply found gold—"

"Leave the table!" Sweeney roared.

"Oh, Pater, really," Celia Sweeney cried.

"You leave the table, too, and if you call me Pater again, I'll—I'll—"

"Pop!" Ax Sweeney said loudly.

"And you leave the table, too!" Sweeney bellowed. "Up to bed, every one of you. I'll have no more of this nonsense."

ALL THREE of the children had risen. But something about the cool, resigned look on each face made Sweeney ashamed. He wished he could recall his furious command. He remembered his own father's angry voice and knew this was no way to treat children. He saw that Joseph was looking at Connie. Waiting for something, some indulgence from her. Oh, God, Sweeney cried to himself in genuine anguish, have we, by our loving indulgence, led this child into the path of deliberate lying?

"Sit down, kids," Connie said in the cool, stiff voice she had been using for the last two days. "Sit down and finish your supper."

Sweeney glared at Connie. The children, watching their father warily, edged back into their seats. What had come over Connie, Sweeney couldn't imagine. Hadn't they always agreed that one would never countermand the orders of the other? What was happening to him, to his family?

"It just so happens," Connie was saying, "that the boys did find gold."

Sweeney snorted.

"It just so happens," Connie went on, "that it was Joseph who saw and had the good sense to dig down for this shiny thing, and it turned out to be a huge clump of metal that looked like gold."

Sweeney groaned.

"Pop," Ax Sweeney said in a sort of compassionate, man-to-man way. "Pop, you know Mrs. Fiddle's place is part of what used to be the old Marble estate. Seems there was a fire there forty, maybe fifty years ago. Anyway, Mr. Appleton thinks this is something gold from the old Marble house, something that got melted in the fire. Like a gold picture frame or something. He says it's gold. He's a jeweler—"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

TO A BUSY WIFE

Richard Wheeler

The frequent times I watch you do
The household chores that weary you,
I know that you could use me;
And, sweet, my urge to volunteer
Is stinted only by the fear
That you might not refuse me!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

There was a long silence. Finally Sweeney rose.

"My apologies to you, Joseph, and to all of you. But you'll forgive me if I seem to have lost my appetite." This was very shrewd of him, he thought. Connie usually forgot whatever she was mad about when his appetite became involved. But now Connie just shrugged. Sweeney turned and left the dining room.

In the living room, sprawled out on the sofa, his nose deep in a comic book, lay the cause of all Sweeney's earthly troubles and tribulations—Connie's brother, Eddie Machan.

Twenty years old, fit, black-haired, handsome, and absolutely, without any question whatsoever (in Sweeney's opinion), good-for-nothing. Sweeney had long ago examined his conscience, realizing that it was always possible for a man to underestimate an in-law. But even Eddie's father had washed his hands of his son. Yet, like a woman, Connie sided with Eddie. Always.

Sweeney stared down at the comic book in Eddie Machan's hand.

"Been reading any good books lately?" Sweeney snarled.

Eddie dropped the comic book. "Listen," he said, red flushing his face, "I was coming in to dinner when I heard the row, and I thought I'd better stay out here until it was over. I just happened to pick up this thing to while away the time. It's Joseph's, I suppose."

Sweeney picked up the book. "*Captain Universe*," he sneered. "I suppose that's where you get all these atomic-marvel notions you pass on to Connie."

A patient, withdrawn look came over Eddie's face. It was this ability of Eddie's to withdraw that so infuriated his brother-in-law. "He acts like a martyr," Sweeney had complained to Connie; "like a martyr who can withstand any human pressure if necessary. Just by detaching himself from us common folk and communing with spirits or something."

SWEENEY went out of the house and got into his car and drove down to the village of Whitefields, taking the country-road curves in such a way that his tires made a thin, complaining sound, a sound that, for some obscure reason, soothed Sweeney. In the village, he parked the car in front of a conspicuously new store on which a sign read: SWEENEY AND CARTER, DRUGS. Tonight the sign did not give Sweeney the usual lift. He wondered gloomily if he had taken the big risk, invested his savings and the money he could borrow on his good name and good position (which he still held on to) with McClean and Master, wholesale-drug firm . . . risked all this just to support a bunch of shiftless ingrates. In a kind of nightmare, he saw himself dead at forty-two of heart trouble brought on by overwork and worry over family problems. In this nightmare, Connie was the widow figure handing over the strings of the business to her shiftless brother. Sweeney saw all this and more, and suddenly, because his sense of the ridiculous was as good as the next man's, he laughed, shook himself, and went into the store.

He stood aside for a while as young Frankie Carter, the pharmacist who ran the store for Sweeney on a developing-partnership basis, took care of some customers. Then he went in back with Frankie and went over the store's books. They were in excellent order, as always, and if business kept up like this Sweeney might soon be able to give up his regular job and spend all his time in the store. It was beginning to look as if nobody in Whitefields bothered anymore to go the eight miles to Whitehampton for drugs. Sweeney, listening to Frankie's suggestions, wished again that Connie's brother had some of this boy's solid, substantial qualities. Carter was only two years older than Eddie Machan, but to Sweeney he seemed twice as mature.

"Captain Marvel was in." Frankie said, grinning at Sweeney. He meant Eddie. "He charged some cigarettes and some hair tonic. Said Connie sent him."

Ah, Sweeney thought, remembering the sleek darkness of Eddie's head on the sofa cushion, that's why his hair looked neat for a change. But enough family loyalty persisted in Sweeney, just enough.

"She probably did send him," Sweeney told Frankie Carter. But inside he seethed. His whole world seemed to be falling apart again. Connie up in arms against him because he wouldn't lend Eddie Machan the money to go on that wild-goose chase to Southern California.

"Throwing good money after bad," Sweeney had said of the scheme, recounting all the money he had loaned

Eddie—not counting, but wondering about the money Connie must have given the boy.

Sweeney said good night to Frankie and went out and sat in his car again, brooding about it all.

Eddie Machan, for all his seeming strength, had been judged unfit for the Army. According to Connie it was something to do with his heart. Sweeney was convinced that the Army had deemed Eddie Machan a psychopathic personality who would do more harm than good in any outfit. Something about this rejection had added to the general restless, aimless, no-good air the boy carried about with him. Not, Sweeney supposed, that this was really new in Eddie Machan. Just showing more. As a boy, Eddie had run away from home. As a youth, he had run away from college and taken to bumming around the country, picking up odd jobs here and there, moving on when bored. And then, finally, for no good reason, he had hitch-hiked halfway across the country to visit his sister, and just settled down with her family.

"As though," Sweeney had said the third week of Eddie's stay, "as though he owned the place."

But Sweeney, patient, naturally decent, had let the boy fit up a kind of workshop in the garage, because he seemed to have a scientific bent of some kind. After a week, however, Eddie had deserted the makeshift lab, leaving everything lying around. Joseph and Ralph Fiddle had got into it and might have hurt themselves if Sweeney hadn't happened to hear them at work with a hack saw.

Things like that. Eddie lay around looking at the sky all day. And once, on a family picnic at the beach, Ax had reported that Eddie was lying in the dunes looking at the night stars with Sweeney's sixty-dollar binoculars. Ax had thought it amusing. Sweeney hadn't. In his usual way, Eddie might have put the binoculars down on the sand and forgotten them.

THESE things Sweeney might have borne, might have felt that the griping they caused on his part was rather childish, if Connie hadn't decided that Eddie was a genius. This was too much. It maddened Sweeney. Then, in trying to make Connie see daylight, Sweeney had hurt her deeply. Which, naturally, Sweeney blamed on Eddie.

Even this might have been forgotten, had it not been for the business of the wind tunnel. Sweeney had come home from work one evening to find Eddie in the basement trying to hook up the water pump. Eddie had taken the water pump apart in order to use its motor for this wind-tunnel notion of his. They had been without water for several hours as a result, and it was sheer luck they hadn't had to have a new motor.

And then Eddie had suddenly announced he'd had this letter from a man in San Diego, California. According to Eddie, the man thought that if Eddie would come to San Diego there would be an interesting job for him. On account of some letter Eddie had written the man about his wind-tunnel idea.

About this time, Sweeney was thinking it might be worth the money Eddie would need (for fare and some decent clothes) just to get rid of him. But out of a perfectly natural curiosity, Sweeney had asked to see the letter from the man in San Diego. Eddie had said certainly but, as it turned out, couldn't find the letter.

Finally Sweeney had had enough. He was convinced that there had never been any such letter and he went so far as to say so.

Sweeney's stand on the matter of the letter had completely alienated Connie, and the whole household had become subtly disturbed. Now, tonight, even Joseph seemed infected with the sickness of overexaggeration, the daydreaming miasma Eddie Machan carried about with him like a torch.

DRIVING home slowly, Sweeney thought about all this. In the house he found that the deadlock with Connie had been slightly chipped at.

"Ax is having some of his friends in for records and dancing and such," she said, showing up in the living room in a very dressed-up-to-go-out state. "And since Mrs. Gooding is having a party for her sister-in-law, I thought we might as well go and let Ax have the house to himself."

Such relief welled up in Sweeney because she was actually speaking to him again that he agreed with alacrity all out of proportion to the proposal, since he found the Goodings and their friends a dull lot. He even agreed it might be pleasant to walk to the Goodings' house instead of driving. He said he'd just put the car away and join Connie.

"That won't be necessary," Connie said in a casual—too casual—voice, "because Eddie has offered to take Celia and Joseph to the carnival in Whitehampton—so he'll need the car."

There was some talk on Sweeney's part about trusting *his* children to a juvenile delinquent, and further talk on Connie's part about how they were *her* children, too, and Sweeney gave in. After all, Eddie Machan had always been quite nice to the children, in a vague way, treating them, even Joseph, as though they were his own age. Respectfully. That was it. Eddie treated children with respect. Sweeney shrugged away the complications inherent in that idea.

At the Goodings' there was a man who talked in a glib way about politics and war and the state of the nation. He was one of those people who deal in the conversational commodity of the personal friend. He knew a man who was a *personal* friend of Harry T. or Drew P. or Ike E., and this man had told him thus and so. Sweeney yawned six times in a half hour.

"At least," Sweeney mumbled sleepily on the way home, "we were able to get away early." This was sarcasm. It was after one o'clock, and Sweeney had been making signs to Connie for an hour or so.

When they got back to the house the lights were on, and Celia, in a nightgown, was in the kitchen having a cup of hot chocolate. Sweeney had noticed that the car wasn't in the garage, but Celia said Ax had driven some kids home.

"I'll look in on Joseph," Sweeney said. What he meant was that if he found the boy out from under the covers he would tuck him in and, with this act, gentle and tender, bring peace to his troubled soul. But even that was denied him.

"Really, Pop," Celia said, "you shouldn't disturb him. I just tucked him in, and he's sleeping soundly at last."

"What do you mean, at last?" Sweeney asked.

Celia said casually that Joseph had been overstimulated by the carnival, and it had been difficult to get him to sleep.

"And why should *this* child be up at this hour?" Sweeney asked plaintively of Connie. He wanted to be fatherly.

"Oh, Sweeney." Connie yawned. "Tomorrow's Sunday. She can sleep. Celia gets more sleep than anyone. She is very good to herself that way."

Despite Celia's warning, Sweeney opened Joseph's door. Quietly, though. He saw the small bump under the bedclothes, but resisted the impulse to go closer and touch the little boy. He joined Connie in the bedroom and despite the kind of day it had been, he was soon fast asleep.

JOSEPH woke him in the morning, snuggling into bed beside his father. Though it was early, Sweeney woke up and listened to the little boy's whispers.

"I had a terrifical adventure last night," Joseph said. "I thought if we could have breakfast together I could tell you."

Like conspirators, they tiptoed into the kitchen. Sweeney didn't even bother with a shower. He told himself he didn't want to disturb the rest of the family; actually he wanted to have this early-morning time with Joseph all to himself.

"A candle stine conclave," Joseph said happily, over a piece of melon. Sweeney grinned broadly. "Clandestine," he said, but the words "candle stine" kept rolling about deliciously in his mouth.

"And what about this terrifical adventure?" Sweeney asked as he served the potato-chip omelet Joseph had helped Sweeney to invent.

"They had these people on motorcycles?" Joseph began in that wonderful child's way of telling everything in questions. He was speaking of the carnival, Sweeney realized. "They went up this thing? A ramp?"

"A ramp," Sweeney agreed. The hot coffee tasted fine; the sun shone through the bay window of the dining room; Sweeney beamed on the small, eager boy.

"CELIA wanted to win a cigarette lighter for you," Joseph said. His blue eyes were deep and clear and full of light. "So she and Eddie went to this booth to try for the lighter. With a thing like a crane? You were supposed to work the crane to pick up whatever prize you wanted. Eddie told Celia that the crane was too light to pick up anything as heavy as the lighter, only he said it was better for her to find this out for herself, so he let her keep trying—"

"With my money, of course," Sweeney said, but only in passing. This morning, even Eddie Machan was acceptable. "So then what?"

"So I seized the opportunity to go around the tent where this ramp started to see if they rode the same motorcycles up as they rode in the ring. You see, this ring was up inside this big tent and then down, way down below it. You see?"

"Not from here," Sweeney said, "but I'll go along for the ride."

"So," Joseph said, "I couldn't see anything from the back, and there was this dog tied up there, no doubt to keep small boys from sneaking in under the tent—"

"No doubt," Sweeney said. He went into the kitchen to pour himself another cup of the delicious coffee.

"A ferocious small dog?" Joseph called from the dining room. "Well, sort of ferocious? He bared his teeth at me and growled in a threatening manner."

Sweeney seated himself at the table.

"Where was Mr. Machan during all this?" Sweeney asked.

"Ah, they were looking for me by then," Joseph said, and sighed with the happiness of the sought after, the worried over. "They were truly frightened, Celia and Eddie."

"I'll bet," Sweeney said. He was a little annoyed. Trust Eddie Machan to let Joseph wander off by himself.

"I happened to have this taffy with me," Joseph said, "like a lollipop? Only taffy? So I gave it to this dog. He enjoyed it immensely. He pawed it around in the dirt, and then he licked the dirt off and started pawing it around again. While he was doing this, I sneaked under the tent. Well, I saw the whole show. Three times. It was sort of a fake but temendously exciting, too. I was practically in the path of the onrushing motorcycles as they speeded about. It was in this big barrel sort of thing? Right where I had come in under the tent there was this opening in the barrel thing, just with a screen over it and the motorcycles roared practically over my head and it was absolutely the most terrible thing." Joseph shuddered ecstatically. "Like being in a

den of tigers and lions—all coughing and growling and roaring—"

Sweeney's breakfast was suddenly not sitting so well. But he managed to speak quietly.

"Then what?" was all he said.

"Well, I saw three whole shows. It was kind of borey sitting there waiting for each show to begin. They wait for the tent to fill up before they put on another show. But I managed to be patient."

"Which is more than I can manage," Sweeney said. "How did you ever connect up with Eddie and Celia?"

"Well, I never did." Joseph said happily. "That is, I finally went out of the tent, and since I didn't see them I wandered around and went in and saw some other shows. I had my allowance. And finally, when the carnival seemed to be breaking up and I still hadn't run across them, I began to think how worried they would be—"

"How worried *they* would be?" Sweeney asked sharply. "Weren't you a little worried yourself?"

"Well, a teeny bit, maybe," Joseph admitted. "I saw this cop and I went up to him and I said, 'Sir, I am from Whitefields, and I seem to have misplaced my uncle and sister.' You see"—he was trying to explain something to Sweeney—"I thought it all out before I spoke to the cop. So I asked him would he take me to the station house in Whitehampton and sooner or later someone would come for me. I was sure—"

"Why didn't you call home?" Sweeney asked hoarsely.

"Well, you see, I thought if you were home you would just be more sore with Eddie. I thought I could depend on Eddie to think about the police station because it is a known fact that is where they take all lost children. But he didn't. I guess he panicked. He looked all over for me and when he couldn't find me he drove home and got Ax. They were going to get up a posse of Ax's friends to help find me. Only Celia thought to call the police station in Whitehampton. And there I was, as I told them—"

Sweeney's voice was ominous. "Just what hour did you finally get in?"

"It was two-thirty when I finally tumbled into bed. I was exhausted—"

SOMETHING moved under Sweeney's ribs. It was probably a breath he'd held too long, but he thought it might be his heart breaking a little. He remembered what time he'd got home the night before. A little after one. He remembered the shape under the covers in Joseph's bed. He thought maybe it was all a big story.

"Two-thirty?" Sweeney asked gently. "Are you sure? It was before your mother and I got home, wasn't it?"

"After," Joseph said. "You were sound asleep. We all kept very quiet so as not to wake you. Because—" Suddenly wild alarm leaped up in the child's eyes, and his face flushed scarlet.

"Because what?" Sweeney asked, deeply alarmed himself.

"Oh—nothing," Joseph said in a tight, small voice.

"Because," Sweeney prompted gently, "you aren't telling me the truth, are you, Joseph?" Sweeney took the child into his arms. The boy was trembling. His father held him close.

"Joseph," he said, "we have to stop this now. You have to learn when *not* to exaggerate. When it is frightening to others to do it. Suppose you and I go for

a drive in the car and talk it all over. I'm not angry, so don't be upset—"

But suddenly the boy was crying hard. "I told on Eddie," he bawled. "I didn't mean to. I just forgot. Eddie was going to tell you himself, but I forgot . . ."

SUDDENLY the whole household was up and around Sweeney and talking at once. Eddie Machan was standing there, tired-looking, his dark skin pale. It was clear he had not slept. He had a ditty bag at his side, evidently packed with what few belongings he had.

"It's all right, Joseph," Eddie was saying. Joseph broke away from his father and went to Eddie, and the young man knelt and put his arms around the boy. "I know, Joseph," Eddie Machan said. "I'm a big, grown man, but I forget things, too. We shouldn't have bothered you with it." He turned to face Sweeney. "I wanted to tell you myself," he said to Sweeney. "It all happened pretty much as Joseph told you. We called the police station in Whitehampton and there he was and Celia said Ax and I should go get him and she would tell you about it when you got home—"

"Only," Ax said, "she decided not to tell you. Since she knew Joseph was safe enough. So she put something in Joseph's bed, a pillow I guess, so you'd think he was in and, well—you know how she is always practicing to be an actress."

"It was just that I thought if you could get some sleep first," Celia said to Sweeney's accusing look. "We were afraid of what you would do to Eddie." Celia began to sob.

"It was all my fault," Eddie Machan said. "And I guess I'm a bad influence on kids. It looks like everybody sort of naturally takes to lying when I'm around. I know. I know how you must feel. So I'm getting out—now."

Something about the young man's pale, wretched face moved Sweeney powerfully. It was suddenly not the sullen, unknown, closed face of a difficult, shiftless young man. It was suddenly not a face filled with criminal tendencies or silly dreams. It was the face of a boy who had moved overnight from the country of boys to the chaotic state of men. It was sad and drawn. Around Sweeney swirled the talk of the others, Connie's shrill questions, the children's cries. And somewhere in all this lay the truth of the night before. But another truth was struggling in Sweeney. And the imagination in him, the quality in him he did not know was there, the thing about him that made him a lovable man, a great father, was asserting itself: Sweeney was feeling what Eddie Machan was feeling. He was knowing the agony of the night before as it must have been for Eddie Machan. He *was* the Eddie Machan who had lost a small boy at a carnival—a small boy whose father was convinced that the younger man was irresponsible. Sweeney took Eddie's arm.

"Come in here with me," Sweeney said, steering Eddie toward the small room off the living room. "It's all right, Eddie," he said, urging the younger man along.

All the ice that had enclosed Sweeney's image of Eddie Machan was melting, flowing away. Sweeney saw that there had never been anything very wrong with Eddie Machan. But there had been something wrong with Eddie's father, and with Sweeney.

"I figure," Eddie was saying, "that I can cop a hitch or so to San Diego. And if I have to stop off here and there to take a job— Well, if they wanted to take me last week, maybe they won't have forgotten me by the time I do get there."

"Take it easy, Eddie." Sweeney said. He managed to say some other things, too. Such as that Eddie should stick around a few days, let them get him some decent clothes, and that Sweeney would lend him the fare.

It wasn't easy for either of them. But finally it was said and agreed on. Sweeney went back to the other room with his arm over Eddie's shoulder, and the look in Connie's eyes made Sweeney feel as though the sun had moved into the room.

Sweeney made potato-chip omelets for everyone, and Joseph told the whole story all over again.

"But if you *ever*," Sweeney told them all, "if you ever, ever keep such a thing from me again, I will—I will—"

"Well, sure," Ax said, "ordinarily we'd go for you first thing. But we knew he was safe, see? And in a way it was a sort of interesting thing—for Joseph. Two of the carnival people gave him their addresses so he could get in touch with them when he is old enough to run away from home and join a carnival—"

"My," Sweeney said, "what the future has in store for me, eh?"

LIFE WAS sweet in the week that followed. They saw Eddie Machan off in a new, dark-gray flannel suit, and they all agreed he looked very stern and handsome. And a few days later Sweeney found a letter in one of his old sweaters.

It was a letter addressed to Eddie Machan, c/o Sweeney. According to the letterhead, the writer was something in a big research-foundation setup in San Diego. He wrote that Eddie Machan's wind-tunnel idea had previously been conceived by ——, and the name was one even Sweeney had heard of. And what Sweeney knew about science you could put in your pipe and smoke. The letter went on to say that the fact that Eddie Machan had worked out the principle of the wind-tunnel idea with such meager resources indicated that he might have a future in such work. The letter offered Eddie a job.

Vague, absent-minded, careless, dreaming Eddie had put on an old sweater of Sweeney's and had gone out to fetch the mail. Had read the letter, jammed it in the pocket, removed the sweater when the day warmed up.

But, being an honest man whenever possible, Sweeney knew there had been something besides the letter missing from his estimate of Eddie Machan. Each generation, Sweeney thought, looks with alarm and distrust at the one shooting up in front of it. For Sweeney, the whole Atomic Age was mystery, magic. For Eddie Machan, who had turned on a radio as a crawling baby, had read science fiction as a boy, long dull reports in the science sections of newspapers as a young man . . . for Eddie Machan it had not been mystery or magic, it had been simply the world into which he'd been born. And into these hands, Sweeney thought, we pass the world.

And suddenly, thinking of Eddie Machan—dreaming, unambitious in the sense in which Sweeney understood ambition, not caring about money, willing to wear any clothes, eat any food, finding the stars and the wind and the universe the only important world—suddenly Sweeney felt safe.

THE END

Are Wonder Drugs Losing Their Punch? (Continued from page 57)

you all along that her arthritis was strictly psychosomatic? All in the mind, dear."

The above dialogue, however uninspired, is alarmingly typical. Stella and Marge and Bob and a few million like them obviously do not know that 1) neither penicillin nor aureomycin nor *any known drug* can cure the common cold; 2) one does not become resistant to the antibiotics, nor does the body become used to them; 3) the new miracle medicines have not made illness more costly; they have made most serious diseases fantastically cheaper to cure; and 4) they do not make you "sicker than you were"; they are the most effective tools ever placed in the hands of the medical profession, and their occasional side effects have been vastly exaggerated by the impressionable while the miracles they perform have often been taken for granted or casually forgotten.

I have just returned from a tour of the battlefronts in the war against disease. I visited the research laboratories of the great pharmaceutical companies in New York, Chicago, Brooklyn, Detroit, Kalamazoo. I talked with microbiologists, chemists, mycologists, directors of antibiotic and hormone research, medical authorities, and mere vice-presidents in charge of explanations. I told them that we on the home front are bewitched, bothered, and bewildered by all the conflicting rumors about the wonder drugs. I told them we want these questions answered: Are they overrated and overpriced? Are the microbial enemies of mankind being killed off by them, or growing ever stronger? What are the facts?

The following is based on what they told me. This is their report to you.

The miracle drugs are *not* losing their punch!

As clinical reports continue to pour in from all over the world, it is increasingly evident that the left jab of penicillin, the right cross of the newer antibiotics, and the stiff uppercut of ACTH and cortisone are continuing to score sensational knockout victories in the fight against disease, and there are new victories on the horizon.

THE ADRENOCORTICAL drugs are working unbelievable feats of therapeutic magic in banishing the unbearable pain and helpless invalidism of thousands of hitherto hopeless rheumatoid arthritics, putting them back on their feet, back on their jobs. Acute rheumatic fever in its early stages is being halted and reversed before it gets a chance to cripple the heart permanently. Dramatic relief is being provided from ulcerative colitis, the knifelike thrusts of bursitis, and the slow strangle of bronchial asthma. Control is being won over serious inflammations of the eye, giant hives, hay fever, drug sensitivity, serum sickness, and the dreaded red-wolf sickness, lupus erythematosus.

Said Dr. Walter Bauer of the Harvard Medical School: "The astonishing ability of cortisone and ACTH apparently to turn diseases off and on at will marks the opening of a new era in medicine."

Meanwhile, new uses are continually being sought for the one-two punch of the hormones. Research is under way at Armour Laboratories in Chicago, chief manufacturer of ACTH, on cures for acute and chronic alcoholism and for narcotics addiction. In many clinical tests the feeling of well-being induced by ACTH has successfully broken the cycle of tension-release-and-depression that is so characteristic of the confirmed drunkard and the dope fiend. The role of ACTH in general surgery is being carefully evaluated to determine whether patients going into shock after major operations can be helped over the hump by use of adrenal stimulation. High hopes are held that ACTH will prove beneficial in combating menstrual cramps and conditions complicating pregnancy (such as the Rh blood factor, pernicious vomiting, late-stage toxemias). Most recent development at Armour has been the introduction to the market of a new long-acting form of the drug, called Acthar Gel, one injection of which will provide continuous therapeutic action in the patient for as long as three days, whereas the quick-acting powdered form of Acthar often had to be injected four times daily.

BUT IF hormone drugs are great, antibiotics are greater. The growing list of infectious diseases they are bringing under control is a rogues' gallery of almost every bacterial, rickettsial, spirochaetal, protozoal, and large-virus health robber, crippler, and murderer in the world: lobar pneumonia, syphilis, gonorrhea, typhoid fever, undulant fever, plague, cholera, gas gangrene, yaws, blood poisoning, whooping cough, peritonitis, virus pneumonia, psittacosis, amoebic dysentery, epidemic typhus, meningitis, certain forms of tuberculosis —the list of defeated microbial horrors seems endless. Penicillin hits twenty-five infections; streptomycin is used against fifteen; Chloromycetin, aureomycin, and terramycin are "broad-spectrum" medical weapons that combat fifty diseases!

FORTY per cent of all infectious illnesses requiring medical attention are controlled by one of the antibiotics. Dr. Perrin H. Long of the Johns Hopkins Medical School has aptly said: "The increasing range of efficacy of these agents against infectious processes, the ease with which they can be administered, and the certainty of their beneficial action have completely altered the medical, social, and economic aspects of infectious diseases. In most instances the practitioner can confidently assure a patient who is suffering from an infection that he will be well in a short time."

The statistics are impressive. A generation ago, the pneumonia victim had only a three-to-one chance of recovering. Today, death is a fifty-to-one long shot. During the period between 1915 and 1919, pneumonia was *the number-one killer in the United States;* 165 people of every 100,000 died of it. By 1949, thanks to the sulfas of the thirties and the antibiotics of the forties, the pneumonia death rate was down to 32.5 and declining steadily, and pneumonia was no longer even included in the six leading causes of death. Bacterial endocarditis was just about a hundred per cent fatal fifteen years ago. Today, four out of five cases are cured. Epidemic meningitis used to have a mortality rate of forty per cent. Now this killer has been cut to

a lowly five per cent. Once-dreaded diseases like scarlet fever and erysipelas are considered to have zero mortality rates.

The price of some antibiotics may seem high, but even if you think only of the dollars spent and ignore the savings in human lives and suffering, it seems evident that the cost of serious infectious illness has gone way down. A few years ago, the average case of pneumonia was at best a long-drawn-out affair involving weeks in the hospital, weeks of convalescence, hundreds, perhaps thousands of dollars in hospital and doctor bills, and time lost on the job. Today—a couple of visits from the doctor, ten to twenty-five dollars' worth of antibiotics, all of which are obtainable at your local drugstore, three or four days in bed, a few days of recuperation, and back you go to work.

Infectious-disease wards in many hospitals have closed down for lack of use; antibiotics are rendering them obsolete. High-fee specialists in the medical profession are being, if not exactly "put out of business," at least deprived of some income (*your* outgo) in many types of infection. Ear-nose-and-throat men no longer wield the knife in mastoid surgery the way they used to. Antibiotics beat them to the punch. Chiefs in the large otolaryngological services are reporting that their young resident physicians are finding it increasingly difficult to secure training in performing mastoidectomies. They simply do not see enough of them. Genitourinary men, who once treated syphilis with weekly injections of arsenicals and bismuth compounds over a costly period of a year or more, now see V.D. kayoed in a matter of days or weeks with the antibiotics.

Dr. Evarts A. Graham, professor of surgery at the Washington University School of Medicine and winner of the A.M.A.'s Distinguished Service Award for 1950, has expressed the belief that surgery is on the downgrade, and that drugs like penicillin and ACTH will someday make most of the operations that are commonly performed today unnecessary. True, the specialist has lost none of his importance in the medical picture, particularly in the vital matter of diagnosis. But more and more, the general practitioner, armed with the wonder drugs, is gaining the courage and skill to handle the treatment of more diseases by himself.

IF SUCH is the happy picture, why the criticism, controversy, and confusion on the part of a public that has fallen heir to all these miracles? Well, to understand it you must first see the other side of the coin—and there *is* another side. Sometimes the negative aspects of the wonder drugs have been overlooked. But far more often the negative aspects have been overemphasized out of all proportion to their importance through a combination of circumstances not the least of which is the seeming ability of you and me to recall and repeat any scare story we hear, coupled with an equal skill at forgetting the good. (Nobody talks about his fine health; everyone talks about his operation. The noise of the three out of a hundred who become allergic to penicillin is a mighty roar compared to the utter silence of the ninety-seven who don't.)

While it is true that ACTH and cortisone are two of the greatest blessings ever bestowed on suffering mankind, it is equally true that, with the exception of acute rheumatic heart disease caught in its earliest stages, these adrenocortical drugs do not actually *cure* anything, they merely *control* the affliction and provide relief from the painful symptoms, and if the drugs are withdrawn for a long enough time, the affliction eventually resumes its course. However, through increased use and greater knowledge on the part of medical men, arthritics are being freed of pain to lead an active, normal life on much smaller and less frequent dosages, and there are reports of cases in which patients have been comfortable for as long as nine months without a single injection.

In the early, experimental days of hormone therapy, when the doses were much larger, there were frequent undesirable side effects. This created a good deal of unfavorable publicity, which has lingered on in the minds of many. Today doctors know all about the potential side effects of these powerful drugs. They know how to reverse the unwanted symptoms by gradual withdrawal of the hormone, and they know to what type of patient it must not be given at all. Dr. Cornelius H. Traeger, Chief of Arthritis Clinic, Roosevelt Hospital, N. Y., writes: "It may be employed effectively and without fear in everyday practice by any physician who has the facilities to perform such simple laboratory procedures as a urinalysis and a complete blood count."

LOUDEST squawk in the hormone field is heard from the nation's million rheumatoid arthritics. The price is so high the drugs are beyond reach of many sufferers. And even if that were not so, there just isn't enough to go around. Cortisone is synthesized from cattle-bile acid, a substance in limited supply. It took seventeen years of research and untold millions to turn the trick. The process by which the drug is manufactured is fantastically complicated and costly. Even though Merck & Co. has reduced the price of cortisone 92% since it offered the first small quantities for clinical investigation at two hundred dollars a gram back in 1949, the stuff is still worth about twenty-five times its weight in gold. Output from Merck's new seven-million-dollar plant near Danville, Pennsylvania, is expected to triple the supply of cortisone by the end of this year. But that will be enough to take care of only fifteen per cent of the unfortunate million.

Armour has a similar problem with ACTH, which, in a costly, complex series of steps, is extracted from the pituitary gland of the hog. Unfortunately, there are just so many little piggies going to market, and no more. Even if Armour could lay its hands on an entire year's slaughter of hogs (about seventy million) under theoretically ideal conditions, the yield of ACTH would still be only enough to supply *one dose each per year* for all the rheumatoid arthritics in the nation, many of whom would need as much as *one dose per day for the rest of their lives* to keep well. To add to the problem, hog pituitary glands that were once available at eight dollars a pound have been upped by competition to over forty dollars a pound, and there's nothing to prevent an operator from, say, Argentina, from walking into the Chicago stockyards and bidding the price up still higher.

Despite this, Armour was able to reduce the price of Acthar fifty per cent in May, 1950, and early this fall a further reduction of twenty-five per cent was announced on the strength of added yields from cattle and sheep. This will mean a saving of six to eight dollars a day for Acthar users. And there are hopes that Armour's new twelve-million-dollar pharmaceutical plant will do even more to push production up, prices down, and complaints aside. An official of the company put it to me this way: "We're doing everything we can. But is it cheaper for the breadwinner of the family to be crippled, out of work, and a burden, or is it cheaper for him to pay what seems to be a high price for the hormones and be on his feet, on the job, and earning a living?"

Meanwhile, the drug industry has been pouring an estimated twenty-five million dollars into a desperate search for ways to synthesize the adrenal cortex hormones cheaply and abundantly, starting from simple, plentiful raw materials. Optimists predict that the search will be rewarded, and that it won't be too many years before the hormones will be in a class with insulin—fifteen cents a shot! Until that wonderful day, a million people will have to groan and bear it.

NOW—as to the folklore about the antibiotics—why all this talk about your becoming accustomed to the drugs, why all the gossip that disease germs are getting stronger? A good deal of the confusion is due to a lack of understanding of three admittedly perplexing terms: 1) resistance; 2) sensitization; and 3) sensitivity.

You do not become *resistant* to an antibiotic. You can, however, become *sensitized* by penicillin, so that you will react to it allergically on future use. This is known as penicillin sensitivity.

Disease-causing microorganisms can show *resistance* to an antibiotic. Some bugs show resistance to some of the antibiotics but not to others. When a bug cannot resist an antibiotic—that is, when it is killed or its growth inhibited by it—the bug is said to be *sensitive* to the drug. So you may be sensitive to penicillin; a pneumonia germ may be sensitive to penicillin; the words will be the same but the meaning different.

To compound the confusion, a species of any given disease-producing microbe can have many different strains, just as, for example, the canine species has many different breeds of dogs. Some strains of a nasty disease bug are more resistant (less sensitive) than others. If you don't knock off all the bugs quickly and thoroughly with adequate doses of the proper antibiotic, you will have a situation in which the sensitive strains will be practically wiped out but the more resistant strains will be going right on "reproducing" by the millions until, by sheer weight of numerical superiority, they give the illness the characteristic of greater resistance to the drug. The dosage then has to be increased, or another antibiotic brought into play, to kill off these less sensitive creatures.

It is also believed that if you allow the germs to reproduce through a sufficient number of generations, they tend to mutate selectively in the direction of greater resistance. This has given rise to much to-do in the folklore about the so-called development of penicillin resistance. It is bruited about that every time you take penicillin, the future effectiveness of the

drug is reduced by helping the microbes to get used to it, much the way some species of flies that used to drop dead from DDT now live with it. This happens to be true of streptomycin, but rarely of penicillin or the other antibiotics.

Writing in the *Annals of the New York Academy of Sciences*, Colonel Edwin J. Pulaski of the Brooke Army Medical Center reported: "Development of penicillin resistance on the part of bacteria is still of little clinical importance except for the staphylococcus, and perhaps has been exaggerated and overemphasized."

I asked a prominent microbiologist if he could account for some of this widespread overemphasis on penicillin resistance. I told him a national magazine had recently shouted at the top of its cover voice that penicillin was losing its power.

He said, "There were *always* some strains of otherwise conquerable diseases that gave penicillin a rough time. It is quite possible that we are seeing more of these strains and less of the others for the simple reason that, in the past seven years, we've more or less wiped out many of the more sensitive bugs. People aren't catching them as often as they used to. But the whole phenomenon is statistically negligible and not considered to be a serious problem. It so happens that most literature on the subject is based on hospital cases, and the only cases the hospitals ever get to see are those that didn't respond to penicillin in the first few days at home. Doctors who treat patients at home, swiftly and successfully, with penicillin, aren't talking about it and writing about it.

"I know of no conclusive evidence existing today to show that penicillin-resistant strains of pathogenic bacteria are the result of widespread use of the drug on the population. It's still a damned good drug, and should be used by your doctor wherever careful diagnosis calls for it. The one thing you've got to watch out for is inadequate dosage. Penicillin is cheap, and it's nontoxic. There's no sense in leaving any bugs behind to reproduce."

ONLY the pus-producing staphylococcus has given evidence that it can acquire resistance to penicillin in the human body. The real bad actor, the one that has caused the spread of much unfavorable publicity, is streptomycin. Tuberculosis germs and other pathogenic organisms find it relatively easy to adapt themselves to this drug within a few weeks and sometimes grow so "dependent" on it that they die when the drug is taken away! Then, too, streptomycin is the only one of the five widely used antibiotics that is relatively toxic. It can cause kidney ailments, dizziness, nausea, sometimes even deafness. Since streptomycin is the only known drug that is effective against T.B. and most cases are chronic and require prolonged treatment, resistance and toxicity were quite a problem until drug research came up with some answers.

Toxicity has been reduced to an almost negligible level by the discovery that the dosage for T.B. can be cut in half without affecting the therapeutic benefits. And the development of resistant strains of various bugs is now being successfully postponed by combining

Continued from page 21:

Where to Buy Cosmopolitan's Cover Coat

Albany, N. Y.	Sherry's
Albuquerque, N. M.	Kistler-Collister Co.
Asheville, N. C.	Bon Marche, Inc.
Atlanta, Ga.	Davison-Paxon Co.
Augusta, Ga.	Frank Goldberg Company
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Birmingham, Ala.	Kessler's
Butte, Mont.	Emil Marana
Charlotte, N. C.	Purcells
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Lovemans, Inc.
Chester, Pa.	Speare Brothers
Clarksburg, W. Va.	Watts-Sartor-Lear Co.
Colorado Springs, Colo.	Kaufman's
Davenport, Iowa	Scharff's
Decatur, Ala.	Lee's
Denver, Colo.	Gano-Downs Company
Des Moines, Iowa	Wolf's, Inc.
Dothan, Ala.	Van Ritch's
Duluth, Minn.	Bruen-Dennis
East Orange, N. J.	B. Altman
Eau Claire, Wis.	The Band Box
El Paso, Tex.	Popular Dry Goods Co.
Greensboro, N. C.	Brownhill's
Harrisburg, Pa.	Feller's, Inc.
Hartford, Conn.	Sage Allen
Hattiesburg, Miss.	Fine Bros. & Matison Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich.	Mahoney's
Little Rock, Ark.	Pfeifers of Arkansas
Lynchburg, Va.	Milliner's
Manchester, N. H.	Parisienn's, Inc.
Manhasset, N. Y.	B. Altman
McKeesport, Pa.	Cox
New York, N. Y.	B. Altman
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Halliburton's
Omaha, Neb.	Herzbergs
Pasadena, Calif.	Helen Smith
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Frank & Seder
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc.
St. Paul, Minn.	Schuneman's
St. Petersburg, Fla.	Rutland Brothers
Salisbury, Md.	Benjamins
Sioux City, Iowa	Fishgall's
Spokane, Wash.	Rusan's
Syracuse, N. Y.	The Addis Company
Toledo, Ohio	The Lamson Bros. Co.
Topeka, Kan.	Harry Endlich
Tucson, Ariz.	Horn's
Waterville, Me.	Squire's
White Plains, N. Y.	B. Altman
Worcester, Mass.	Richard Henly Company

streptomycin with other drugs; with para-aminosalicylic acid for T.B.; with sulfonamides for rabbit fever and plague; with penicillin for subacute bacterial endocarditis; and with aureomycin for undulant fever.

FEW CRITICISMS, beside price, have been leveled at Chloromycetin, aureomycin, and terramycin. These three mighty siege guns have a remarkably broad striking range; they can be taken orally, thus saving many doctor bills for injections (penicillin can be taken orally, too, but the dose has to be five times greater than when injected); they are nontoxic (infrequent side effects are relatively mild skin rashes and diarrhea); they are marvelously effective against those deadly microbes resistant to streptomycin and penicillin, without any evidence to show that bacteria are able to develop strains that are resistant to them.

If "resistance" is Topic A in the folklore, "penicillin allergy" is easily Topic B. A recent survey by National Analysts, Inc., a Philadelphia research organization, revealed that in 17,041 cases reviewed, the incidence of side reaction to penicillin (rashes, hives, blisters, fever, etc.) was only three per cent. Yet one popular-magazine science writer recently warned that physicians are getting such reactions in thirty per cent of their cases. I pointed this out to Dr. Gladys L. Hobby, world-famed for her work in the development of penicillin.

"Perhaps it's a typographical error," she said. "Ever since the early days of penicillin we've noticed that somewhere between three and four per cent of the patients treated developed a sensitivity to the drug. There's been a tremendous rise in the production and use of penicillin. Many, many more people are being treated with the drug than before, and therefore you are naturally going to hear about many new cases of allergy. But the percentage of reactions is still the same. It only seems to be rising. Understand me, though: I agree with those who say that there is considerable unnecessary use of penicillin. And it's not just the self-dosing of the public. Many doctors are using penicillin indiscriminately as psychological medicine for the common cold."

Even the unhappy three per cent are not so badly off as it would appear. In treating most diseases, when the physician finds that his patient is allergic to penicillin, he can switch to one of the other antibiotics. If indications are that penicillin is definitely the drug to fight the illness, he can switch to penicillin O, a new form of the drug developed by The Upjohn Company. Penicillin O has been shown in clinical tests to be as effective in its antibacterial action as the older form, penicillin G, without causing any allergy reactions in patients who had proved sensitive to penicillin G.

THOUGH some people never lose their penicillin allergy, others find it disappears in time. Nevertheless, you would do well to heed the advice of medical authorities. Do not use penicillin unless your doctor prescribes it. Even the oral forms can produce an allergy, and why become needlessly sensitized? Do not self-dose yourself with *any* antibiotic. Although they can be obtained only on a doctor's prescription, many of you have been using the capsules left over from one illness to treat yourself for another. This can be dangerous. You may underdose yourself, and thereby leave deadly microbes lurking in your body to flare up again; or you may mask the symptoms of a disease before your doctor has had a chance to diagnose it accurately.

The antibiotics are not cure-alls. No antibiotic has yet been found to destroy the small viruses that cause such diseases as poliomyelitis, influenza, the common cold, measles, and mumps. None has been discovered that will wipe out tuberculosis with swift certainty the way penicillin vanquishes syphilis. But anybody who knows what is going on behind the scenes in the drug industry is certain that, before long, ultimate victory will be won over these public enemies, too—over *all* infectious disease.

IN MY tour of the battlefronts in the war against illness, I saw in progress one of the most fantastic, competitive races in the history of drug research, the race to discover new antibiotics to lick T.B. and the viruses. During the past six years, fabulous resources have been poured into the antibiotic effort. Twenty million dollars was spent in merely the screening of millions of soil samples, yeasts, and molds, in the search for the magic microorganisms that would yield additional antibiotics to supplement penicillin and streptomycin.

Parke, Davis & Co. hit the jack pot when Dr. Paul R. Burkholder found the mold that produces Chloromycetin in some dirt sent to him from Caracas, Venezuela. Lederle Laboratories struck gold when Dr. Benjamin M. Duggar discovered aureomycin in a handful of earth from a Missouri barnyard. Charles Pfizer & Co. found terramycin in some Indiana pay dirt after spending two and one-half years and four million dollars in the search. But for every success, there have been thousands of failures, and industry spokesmen would have you bear in mind, when you complain about the price of the wonder drugs, that the profits from the few successes have to pay for the many failures, and are paying for the costly research that will yield even greater drugs.

"We'll find new ones. I know we will. I'll give odds on it," a pharmaceutical-company official said to me. "You've seen what we're putting into this thing. The goal is so immense we feel justified in taking the risk. Just think of the alleviation of human suffering. And—let's be honest—think of the economic rewards to the discoverer. Free enterprise and the chance for a profit gave us most of today's antibiotics, and that's what'll give us tomorrow's, too."

Meanwhile, competition and improved production methods are slowly but surely driving the price of all antibiotics down, in contrast to the general inflationary trend. A hundred thousand units of penicillin sold at a bulk price of twenty dollars back in 1943. Today, the same amount, at wholesale levels, is worth not much more than the glass vial it comes in—about a nickel! Streptomycin, down ninety-seven per cent in the past five years, is now so cheap that most manufacturers would lose money on it if it weren't for the valuable by-product they now recover from the fermentation liquors, vitamin B_{12}. A few months ago, Lederle, Pfizer, and Parke, Davis announced new price cuts on Chloromycetin, aureomycin, and terramycin. Still expensive, these wide-spectrum antibiotics are now selling for about forty per cent less than their original price.

Modern miracles are getting cheaper every day. Perhaps there will come a time when you and I will never again have to gripe about the cost of illness.

That will be the day.

That will be the miracle drug. THE END

Movie Citations

(Continued from page 12)

photography, performance, excitement. It fully merits the Cosmopolitan Citation for the Best Production and the Best Spectacle of the Month.

In contrast to DeMille, the oldest active producer in Hollywood, Stanley Kramer is the youngest. Where C. B. spends millions to produce glamour, Kramer spends thousands to achieve realism—even art.

Kramer's newest picture is the Columbia-released "Death of a Salesman," a stark and uncompromising tragedy. As a Broadway play, it won every award in the American theatre.

Fredric March is the star of "Death of a Salesman," portraying Willy Loman, and he is brilliant and heart-breaking.

Kramer brought Mildred Dunnock from Broadway to play Loman's wife. Under the wonderfully sensitive direction of Laslo Benedek, she gives a tender, moving performance. Kevin McCarthy offers a searching interpretation of the son.

"Death of a Salesman" has an honesty and spiritual insight that make it stand forth as the Best Tragedy of the Month.

"BEND of the River" is an action-filled Western about the gold-rush days in Oregon. This Universal-International Technicolor film is superior because of the reality of its characters and the vital performances of Jimmy Stewart and Arthur Kennedy.

All of a sudden the lanky Mr. Stewart has stopped being cute on the screen and has emerged as authoritative, humorous, and romantic. "Bend of the River" gives him scene after scene demanding his talents and he delivers with neat underplaying. Arthur Kennedy deserves cheers as one of the most attractive and wickedest villains on record.

Its unusual characters and its fine acting bring "Bend of the River" the Cosmopolitan Citation as the Best Western.

"Westward the Women" has a more original story than "Bend of the River," but it isn't as sound in characterization or action, and it has a couple of flaws that are baffling coming from M-G-M.

The plot turns on what might have happened if a hundred brides had been brought across the plains for the men who opened up the West.

Hope Emerson, as a New England woman of uncertain age bent on making any man a good wife, and Lenore Lonergan, as a girl who can shoot as straight as she can think, stand out particularly.

Taylor has the sort of part that Gable used to do so well. He has so much wry humor and physical force it's possible to forget the plot boner of putting a Japanese boy in mid-America years before Peary opened up Japan. He's so romantic it's possible to ignore the nonsense ending that has the girls, after months in covered wagons, turn some old tablecloths into gowns that would make Adrian or Christian Dior writhe in envy. Robert Taylor earns the Cosmopolitan Citation for the Best Performance.

Finally, here's a tiny bonus to a little thing named Gigi Perreau, for her work in Universal's "Weekend with Father." This is a slight farce that wouldn't be worth thinking of twice if it weren't for small Gigi, who merits a Special Cosmopolitan Citation. THE END

The New 28-Day Gayelord Hauser Diet *(Continued from page 80)*

invader in the dress salons, where the designers shun her. Only the corsetière profits by her ungainliness. She *could* solve her problem once and for all. Her reward would be more than admiring glances—it would be the reward of health, youthfulness, and longer life.

You must *want* to reduce, for then it becomes an exciting adventure as ugly fat dissolves to reveal the underlying beauty, the natural slim, trim figure that is every woman's birthright.

To you men I also address my remarks. I believe in the joy of good living but, regardless of your economic status, youthful, zestful living comes, in all its fullness, only to the slender.

To achieve such a full life, be sure your diet supplies an abundance of the vital food factors. The menus that follow have been calculated to give you such an abundance. Follow the diet, to reduce your weight or maintain it, for as long as you like. If, when you have completed the four weeks' menus, you want to continue, start all over again.

(Black coffee or tea, without sugar, contains no calories and may be drunk with each meal.)

FIRST WEEK

MONDAY *(1,284 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	½ large grapefruit	104
	1 poached egg	77
	1 slice lean bacon	48
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
Luncheon	Fruit salad: ½ apple, ½ orange, 2 apricots sprinkled with 2 tbs. each pineapple and lemon juice	112
	2 rye crackers	55
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass fortified* skim milk	163
Dinner	Sunshine salad: Chop ½ carrot, ½ green pepper, 2 stalks celery. Mix with ¼ cup cabbage and marinate with 2 tbs. pineapple juice	49
	2 slices roast beef	245
	¾ cup spinach	34
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
	1 cup tender peas	75
Bedtime	1 cup fat-free yogurt**	104

TUESDAY *(1,274 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	½ large grapefruit	104
	1 poached egg	77
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
Luncheon	½ cantaloupe	37
	½ cup cottage cheese with 1 tbs. chopped parsley	108
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass fortified skim milk	163
Dinner	Mixed green salad with yogurt dressing***	81
	Small lean steak, broiled	245
	½ cup green peas	55
	1 cup strawberries	54
	½ cup whole milk	83
Bedtime	1 cup fat-free yogurt	104

WEDNESDAY *(1,250 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	1 large orange	106
	1 poached egg	77
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
	½ pat butter	25
Luncheon	Mixed salad: Cut up ½ green pepper, ½ large cucumber, small tomato, ¼ cup parsley. Marinate with 1 tbs. each lemon juice and vinegar, and 1 tsp. olive oil	83
	2 rye crackers	55

***Recipe for fortified skim milk**

Put a little less than a quart of fresh skim milk into an electric mixer and add a scant half cup of dried skim milk. Also add 2 tablespoons dried brewers' yeast and 1 tablespoon blackstrap molasses. Mix well until frothy.

****Recipe for fat-free yogurt**

Add ½ cup powdered skim milk to 1 quart fresh skim milk, and mix in beater or electric mixer. Heat until hot, but do not let the milk boil. Stir in 3 tablespoons ready-made yogurt. Pour this mixture into a milk bottle or double boiler, and place it in warm water, near a radiator, or near the pilot light of your stove. Cover with a napkin, as you would in raising dough for bread-making. After about 5 hours, place in refrigerator.

		Calories
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass skim milk with 2 tbs. wheat germ	117
Dinner	Sunshine salad: Mix ½ cup diced cantaloupe, ½ small orange, and ½ cup strawberries. Marinate with 2 tbs. pineapple juice and 1 tbs. lemon juice	104
	2 juicy lean beef patties	245
	1 cup beet greens	39
	1 cup asparagus	36
	½ cantaloupe	37
Bedtime	1 glass fortified skim milk	163

THURSDAY *(1,261 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	1 large orange	106
	½ cup wheat germ-bran cereal: Mix ¼ cup each of bran cereal and toasted wheat germ. Serve with ½ cup skim milk and 1 tsp. molasses or honey	151
Luncheon	Fruit salad: ½ small apple, ½ small orange and 2 apricots tossed with dressing of 2 tbs. pineapple juice and 1 tbs. lemon juice	112
	2 graham crackers	55
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass fortified skim milk	163
Dinner	Sunshine salad: ½ large carrot, ½ green pepper, 2 stalks celery, 1 leaf escarole, and ¼ cup cabbage. Serve with 2 tbs. pineapple juice	49
	3 medium slices broiled calves' liver	217
	½ cup green lima beans	76
	½ pat butter	25
	1 pear	95
Bedtime	1 glass fat-free yogurt	104

FRIDAY *(1,514 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	½ large grapefruit	104
	½ cup wheat germ-bran cereal	151
	1 poached or boiled egg	77
Luncheon	Sunshine salad: Chop 2 small carrots, 2 small beets, ¼ cup cabbage, 2 stalks celery. Serve with 4 tbs. fat-free yogurt, ¼ tsp. honey, ½ tsp. lemon juice, 1 tbs. grated lemon rind	175
	1 medium slice Cheddar cheese	113
	1 slice whole wheat bread	55
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass fortified skim milk	163
Dinner	Watercress salad: Chop 1 cup watercress, 1 cup cabbage, 1 tbs. onion, and mix with 1 tbs. lemon juice, 1 tbs. cider vinegar, and 1 tsp. olive oil	74
	Medium serving lean fish	117
	1 medium baked potato	97
	1 pat butter	50
	1 cup mustard greens	31
	1 fresh pear	95
Bedtime	1 glass fat-free yogurt	104

SATURDAY

Repeat your favorite menu of the past week.

SUNDAY *(1,475 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	½ large grapefruit	104
	1 poached egg	77
	1 slice lean bacon	48
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
Luncheon	Fruit salad: Mix together ½ cup each of diced grapes and cantaloupe and 1 small orange. Serve with dressing of 2 tbs. each pineapple and lemon juice	104
	2 rye crackers	55
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass fortified skim milk	163

(Continued on next page)

***Recipe for yogurt dressing**

Mix ½ teaspoon lemon juice or cider vinegar, ¼ teaspoon honey, a pinch of iodized vegetable salt, and the grated rind of ¼ lemon, into ½ cup fat-free yogurt. Vary the flavor by adding a bit of chives, watercress, or parsley.

		Calories
Dinner	Sunshine salad: Chop together ½ large carrot, ½ green pepper, 2 stalks celery, 1 leaf escarole, and ¼ cup cabbage. Serve with fat-free yogurt dressing	85
	½ broiled chicken	332
	1 cup turnip greens with 1 pat butter	93
	½ cup vanilla ice cream	147
Bedtime	1 cup fat-free yogurt	104

SECOND WEEK

MONDAY *(1,287 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	1 cup blackberries with	82
	½ cup whole milk	83
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
	½ pat butter	25
Luncheon	Sea-food salad: Chop together ½ cup lobster meat or tuna without oil, ½ cup watercress, ¼ cup parsley, and 2 stalks of celery. Serve with 1 tbs. each lemon juice and cider vinegar, and 1 tsp. olive oil	128
	2 rye crackers	55
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	¼ cup wheat germ with 1 tbs. honey	123
Dinner	Sunshine salad: Chop up ½ green pepper, 2 stalks celery, ½ large carrot, ½ cup raw cauliflower, and ¼ cup parsley. Marinate with fat-free yogurt dressing	83
	½ broiled chicken	332
	½ cup broccoli	22
	½ grapefruit	87
Bedtime	1 glass fat-free yogurt	104

TUESDAY *(1,273 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	1 large orange	106
	¼ cup all-bran cereal and ¼ cup wheat germ with ½ cup skim milk and a little honey	151
Luncheon	Chicken-cress salad: Chop together 3 slices chicken, ½ cup cauliflower and ½ cup watercress. Marinate with a dressing of 1 tbs. lemon juice, 1 tbs. cider vinegar and 1 tsp. olive oil	136
	1 rye wafer	30
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass skim milk with 2 tbs. wheat germ	117
Dinner	Garden salad: Dice together ½ large carrot, ½ green pepper, 2 stalks celery, and ¼ cup cabbage. Marinate with 1 tbs. lemon juice, 1 tbs. cider vinegar, and 1 tsp. olive oil	85
	3 medium slices broiled beef liver	236
	10 mushrooms, sautéed with liver	11
	1 cup broccoli	44
	1 small potato	55
	½ pat butter	25
	1 cup fresh berries or cherries	65
Bedtime	1 glass fat-free yogurt	104

WEDNESDAY *(1,240 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	1 large orange	106
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
	½ pat butter	25
Luncheon	¾ cup cottage-cheese salad on 4 leaves lettuce and watercress	167
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass fortified skim milk	163
Dinner	3 slices roast leg of lamb	307
	½ cup beet greens	19
	1 cup cut green asparagus spears	18
	1 slice whole wheat bread	55
	2 plums	58
Bedtime	1 cup fat-free yogurt	104

THURSDAY *(1,286 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	1 glass orange juice	108
	¼ cup all-bran cereal and ¼ cup wheat germ with ½ cup skim milk with a little honey	151
Luncheon	Hawaiian salad: Mix 1 cup shredded cabbage and ½ cup shredded pineapple; serve with yogurt or lemon dressing	97

		Calories
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass fortified skim milk	163
Dinner	Chlorophyll salad: Chop together ¼ cup turnip greens, ¼ cup dandelion greens, ½ cup watercress, and 1 green pepper. Marinate with 1 tbs. lemon juice, 1 tbs. cider vinegar, and 1 tsp. olive oil	74
	1 lean lamb chop	231
	1 cup asparagus tips	36
	1 medium baked potato	97
	½ pat butter	25
	½ cantaloupe	37
Bedtime	1 glass fat-free yogurt	104

FRIDAY *(1,284 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	1 glass tangerine juice	95
	1 poached egg	77
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
	½ pat butter	25
Luncheon	10 shrimps	40
	2 small lettuce leaves	3
	2 tbs. chili sauce	34
	2 rye crackers	55
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass fortified skim milk	163
Dinner	Mixed green salad with fat-free yogurt or lemon dressing	81
	1 piece bluefish	193
	1 cup asparagus tips	36
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
	½ pat butter	25
	1 cup strawberries with ½ cup fortified skim milk	135
Bedtime	1 cup fat-free yogurt	104

SATURDAY

Repeat your favorite menu of the past week.

SUNDAY *(1,504 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	½ large grapefruit	104
	1 waffle (whole wheat flour)	216
	1 pat butter	50
Luncheon	Garden salad: Dice and toss together 2 small carrots, 2 small beets, ½ cup cabbage and ½ cup celery. Serve with fat-free yogurt dressing	175
	2 rye crackers	55
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass skim milk with 1 small banana mashed and beaten into the milk	175
Dinner	Sunshine salad: Chop 1 escarole leaf, ½ green pepper, 4 leaves lettuce, ¼ cup watercress, ½ cup cabbage, 1 tbs. parsley. Serve with 1 tbs. lemon juice, 1 tbs. cider vinegar, and 1 tsp. olive oil	69
	½ broiled chicken	332
	1 cup turnip greens	43
	⅛ pint vanilla ice cream	73
Bedtime	1 glass fat-free yogurt	104

THIRD WEEK

MONDAY *(1,497 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	1 large orange	106
	¼ cup all-bran cereal and ¼ cup wheat germ with ½ cup skim milk and a little molasses	151
Luncheon	1 cup spinach with	46
	1 hard boiled egg	77
	1 graham cracker	27
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 large banana with	119
	2 tbs. wheat germ in 1 glass skim milk	117
Dinner	Cabbage salad: Mix 1 cup shredded cabbage and 3 tbs. wheat germ. Serve with 1 tbs. lemon juice, 1 tbs. cider vinegar, and 1 tsp. olive oil	106
	3 medium slices broiled beef liver	236
	1 baked sweet potato	183
	1 pat butter	50

(Continued on next page)

TUESDAY *(1,313 calories)*

		Calories
	½ cantaloupe	37
Bedtime	1 glass yogurt with 2 tbs. wheat germ	134
Breakfast	1 glass tangerine juice	95
	2 slices lean bacon	96
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
Luncheon	Fruit salad: Cut up ½ small apple, ½ small orange and 2 apricots. Serve on lettuce with dressing of 2 tbs. each of lemon and pineapple juice	59
	2 rye crackers	55
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass fortified skim milk	163
Dinner	Sunshine salad: Chop and toss together ½ large carrot, ½ green pepper, 2 tender celery stalks, 1 leaf escarole and ¼ cup cabbage. Serve with 3 tbs. pineapple juice	50
	2 lean hamburgers	394
	½ cup green lima beans	76
	2 plums	58
Bedtime	1 glass fat-free yogurt	104

WEDNESDAY *(1,302 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	½ large grapefruit	104
	1 poached egg	77
	1 slice lean bacon	48
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
Luncheon	Fruit salad: Mix ½ cup blackberries, 2 diced apricots, ½ cup watercress, 1 tbs. chopped parsley, and serve on leaf of escarole with dressing of 2 tbs. each of lemon and pineapple juice	110
	2 rye crackers	55
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass tomato juice with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	72
Dinner	Sunshine salad: Cut up ½ large carrot, ½ green pepper, 2 tender celery stalks, ¼ cup cabbage. Serve on escarole leaf with 1 tbs. lemon juice, 1 tbs. cider vinegar, and 1 tsp. olive oil	85
	1 lean lamb chop	231
	1 cup mustard greens	31
	1 slice whole wheat bread	55
	½ pat butter	25
	1 medium watermelon wedge	120
Bedtime	1 glass fat-free yogurt with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	126

THURSDAY *(1,246 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	½ large grapefruit	104
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
	½ pat butter	25
Luncheon	Salad: Chop together 1 medium tomato and lettuce leaves. Serve with dressing of 1 tbs. each lemon juice and cider vinegar and 1 tsp. olive oil	76
	1 hard boiled egg	77
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	94
Midafternoon	1 glass fortified skim milk	163
Dinner	2 beef patties	394
	½ cup spinach	23
	½ cup diced carrots	22
	1 slice whole wheat bread	55
	3 fresh apricots	54
Bedtime	1 glass fat-free yogurt	104

FRIDAY *(1,280 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	½ large grapefruit	104
	¼ cup all-bran cereal and ¼ cup wheat germ with ½ cup skim milk and a little molasses	151
Luncheon	Lobster salad: Combine ½ cup lobster meat, ½ cup watercress, ¼ cup parsley, 2 tender stalks celery and 2 leaves escarole. Serve with dressing of 1 tbs. each lemon juice and cider vinegar and 1 tsp. olive oil	128
	2 rye crackers	55
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass fortified skim milk	163
Dinner	Oriental green salad: Chop together escarole leaf, ½ green pepper, ⅓ cup watercress, 1 tbs. parsley, ⅓	

		Calories
	cup Chinese cabbage. Serve on bed of lettuce with dressing of ¼ tsp. honey, ½ tsp. lemon juice, and pinch of vegetable salt added to 4 tbs. fat-free yogurt	69
	1 medium halibut steak	228
	1 cup string beans	27
	1 slice whole wheat bread	55
	2 slices fresh pineapple	88
Bedtime	1 glass fat-free yogurt	104

SATURDAY

Repeat your favorite menu of the past week.

SUNDAY *(1,339 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	1 glass orange juice	108
	1 poached egg	77
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
Luncheon	Chlorophyll salad: Chop together ¼ cup turnip greens, ¼ cup dandelion greens, ½ cup watercress, and 1 green pepper. Serve with 1 tbs. each lemon juice and cider vinegar and 1 tsp. olive oil	74
	2 rye crackers	55
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass fortified skim milk	163
Dinner	French green salad: Chop together escarole leaf, stalk of French endive, ½ cup watercress, ¼ cup parsley, 2 tender stalks celery, ¼ cup cabbage. Serve with ¼ tsp. honey, ½ tsp. lemon juice, and pinch of vegetable salt added to 4 tbs. fat-free yogurt	81
	½ broiled chicken	332
	1 cup cut asparagus tips	36
	¼ pint vanilla ice cream	146
Bedtime	1 glass fat-free yogurt	104

FOURTH WEEK

MONDAY *(1,518 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	1 large orange	106
	Flaked wheat germ cereal	205
Luncheon	Pompeian salad: Dice ¼ cantaloupe and divide ¼ large grapefruit into small sections. Dip fruit into mixture of 1 tsp. honey and 2 tbs. pineapple juice and roll in wheat germ. Mix remaining wheat germ and juice into salad and serve on bed of lettuce	160
	1 small rye wafer	21
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass fortified skim milk	163

(Continued on next page)

No Lasting Impression

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

You ask if I didn't think that brunette
At the party was pretty? Which one, my pet?
You mean that girl about five feet six
With the upswept hair she kept having to fix?
The one in the little red-velvet hat
And the blond-mink stole and the dress by Fath
And the lizard sandals and diamond clip,
Who posed in the door with her hand on her hip?
You mean, my darling, the one who had on
The Flambeau lipstick and Tawny Fawn
Make-up and Essence of Passion's Ember?
Wasn't she pretty? I don't remember!

		Calories
Dinner	Choline salad: Mix 2 tbs. wheat germ with 6 quickly cooked asparagus tips and ¾ cup string beans. Serve with 1 tbs. each lemon juice and cider vinegar and 1 tsp. olive oil	106
	3 slices broiled calves' liver	217
	1 medium baked sweet potato	183
	1 pat butter	50
	1 fresh pear	95
Bedtime	1 glass fat-free yogurt	104

TUESDAY *(1,297 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	½ large grapefruit	104
	1 poached egg	77
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
Luncheon	Fruit salad: Slice ½ small apple, ½ small orange and 2 apricots. Serve on bed of lettuce with 2 tbs. each pineapple and lemon juice	59
	2 rye crackers	55
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass tomato juice with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	72
Dinner	Sunshine salad: Cut ½ large carrot, ½ green pepper, 2 tender stalks celery, 1 leaf escarole, and ¼ cup cabbage into strips and serve with 1 tbs. each lemon juice and cider vinegar and 1 tsp. olive oil	76
	2 lean hamburgers	394
	½ cup green lima beans	76
	2 plums	58
Bedtime	1 glass fortified skim milk	163

WEDNESDAY *(1,466 calories)*

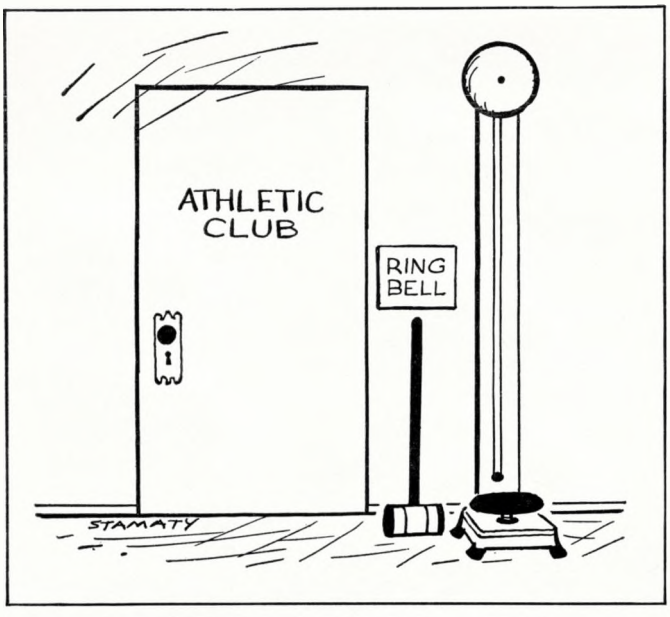
		Calories
Breakfast	1 glass tangerine juice	95
	¼ cup all-bran cereal and ¼ cup wheat germ with ½ cup skim milk with a little molasses	151
Luncheon	Hollywood salad: Dice ½ green pepper, 2 stalks celery, ½ large carrot, ½ cup cauliflower buds, and ¼ cup parsley. Serve with 2 tbs. each pineapple and lemon juice	70
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
	½ pat butter	25
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass fortified skim milk	163
Dinner	Chlorophyll salad: Shred 1 cup cabbage and mix with 1 cup watercress and 1 tbs. chopped onion. Serve with 1 tbs. each lemon juice and cider vinegar and 1 tsp. olive oil	74
	2 slices leg of lamb	306
	1 cup mustard greens	31
	1 slice whole wheat bread	55
	½ pat butter	25
	1 cup strawberries with	54
	½ cup whole milk and 1 tsp. honey	150
Bedtime	1 glass fat-free yogurt	104

THURSDAY *(1,308 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	1 large orange	106
	¼ cup all-bran cereal and ¼ cup wheat germ with ½ glass skim milk and a little molasses	151
Luncheon	Garden salad: Chop together 2 small carrots, 2 small beets, ½ cup cabbage, and ½ cup celery. Serve with ¼ tsp. honey, ½ tsp. lemon juice, and pinch of vegetable salt added to 4 tbs. fat-free yogurt	140
	1 slice whole wheat bread	55
	½ pat butter	25
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass skim milk with 1 tsp. molasses	186
Dinner	Green salad: ¼ cup turnip greens, ¼ cup dandelion greens, ½ cup watercress, and 1 sliced green pepper tossed together and marinated with 1 tbs. each lemon juice and cider vinegar and 1 tsp. olive oil	73
	1 medium sirloin steak	245
	1 cup mustard greens	31
	½ cup blackberries with ½ cup skim milk	84
Bedtime	1 cup fat-free yogurt	104

FRIDAY *(1,317 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	1 large orange	106
	1 poached egg	77



		Calories
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
Luncheon	Lobster salad: Shred ½ cup lobster meat and chop up ½ cup watercress, ¼ cup parsley, and 2 tender stalks celery. Toss together and serve with 1 tbs. each lemon juice and cider vinegar and 1 tsp. olive oil	128
	2 rye crackers	55
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass skim milk with 1 tsp. molasses	186
Dinner	Sunshine salad: Chop up 2 small carrots, 2 small beets, ½ cup cabbage, and ½ cup celery. Serve with dressing of ¼ tsp. honey, ½ tsp. lemon juice, and pinch of vegetable salt added to 4 tbs. fat-free yogurt	175
	1 cup gluten spaghetti with a sauce of ½ tbs. chopped onion. 1 tbs. chopped parsley, 2 cups tomatoes, 4 tbs. flour, and 4 tbs. butter. Simmer onion and parsley in tomatoes for ten minutes. Melt butter slowly, blend with flour, add hot tomatoes and cook in double boiler until mixture thickens. Use ¼ cup of sauce to each cup spaghetti	277
	1 medium peach	46
Bedtime	1 cup fat-free yogurt	104

SATURDAY

Repeat your favorite menu of the past week.

SUNDAY *(1,287 calories)*

		Calories
Breakfast	½ large grapefruit	104
	1 poached egg	77
	1 slice whole wheat toast	55
Luncheon	Mushroom salad: Sauté 10 large mushrooms in ½ tbs. oil. Slice and mix with ½ cup each chopped watercress and shredded cabbage. Serve with lemon juice and cider vinegar	81
	2 rye crackers	55
	1 glass buttermilk with 1 tbs. brewers' yeast	108
Midafternoon	1 glass fortified skim milk	163
Dinner	Sunshine salad: Cut ½ large carrot, ½ green pepper, 2 tender stalks celery, and ¼ cup cabbage into strings and marinate with 2 tbs. pineapple juice	49
	½ broiled chicken	332
	1 medium baked potato	97
	½ pat butter	25
	½ cantaloupe	37
Bedtime	1 glass fat-free yogurt	104

THE END

I Wish I'd Said That!

A game to increase and improve your vocabulary

BY LINCOLN HODGES

Here's an exercise in the art of conversation. First comes a statement made *to* you; then three replies *you* might make, only one of which proves that you get the drift. If you pick 9 or 10 right, you're superb; 8, just wonderful; 7, average-plus. Correct answers are explained below:

1 He employs too many *platitudes.*
(A) *He's always boring.* (B) *He's always posing.* (C) *He always has an excuse.*

2 That's a *friable* material.
(A) *It browns quickly.* (B) *It crumbles easily.* (C) *It gets very cold.*

3 We were in the *doldrums.*
(A) *Lacked friends?* (B) *Lacked money?* (C) *Lackadaisical?*

4 Did you see the ship *yaw?*
(A) *It slued off course.* (B) *It slid to the bottom.* (C) *It slowed to a walk.*

5 We're having *equable* weather.
(A) *Continued cool and fair.* (B) *Variable winds and showers.* (C) *Warm today; hot tomorrow.*

6 Those were his *halcyon* days.
(A) *How peaceful they were!* (B) *How exciting they were!* (C) *How unhappy they were!*

7 He's the *bellwether* of the family.
(A) *He takes all the credit.* (B) *They always follow his lead.* (C) *Just a good-time Charlie.*

8 He's the *scapegoat* of the family.
(A) *Gets all the blame.* (B) *Does all the dirty work.* (C) *Disgraces it.*

9 The *baize* door was stuck.
(A) *Did you break the glass?* (B) *Did you cut the cloth?* (C) *Did you smash the grille?*

10 He's a *pyromaniac.*
(A) *Don't give him any drugs.* (B) *Don't give him any matches.* (C) *Don't give him any arguments.*

ANSWERS

1 A A platitude (PLAT-ih-tood), like the word *plate*, derives from the Greek *platys*, flat; a platitude is a flat, dull remark.

2 B Friable (FRY-uh-b'l) has nothing to do with frying; it comes from a similar Latin word and means easily crumbled, as a soft rock might be.

3 C Doldrums (DOLL-drums) are windless areas at sea, where a sailing ship might find itself becalmed; of people, it means a spiritless mood.

4 A Yaw is a nautical term; it means to get off course temporarily, as by swerving.

5 A Equable (ECK-wuh-b'l, or EE-kwah-b'l) means steady, or even in nature; serene. The word is akin to equate, which means to make equal.

6 A Halcyon (HAL-sih-yun) comes from the Greek word for kingfisher, a bird supposed to lay its eggs during calm weather. From this tradition, the phrase halcyon days has come to mean a time of tranquillity.

7 B A bellwether (BELL-weather) is a male sheep that leads the flock, wearing a bell. So, if a person is followed blindly by a group of others, he is called a bellwether.

8 A A scapegoat (SKAPE-goat) is one who takes the blame for others; the ancient Hebrews used to sacrifice an actual goat as the bearer of their sins.

9 B Baize (BAYZ) is a kind of coarse woolen cloth. It is frequently used for swinging doors that give entry to service quarters, etc.

10 B The Greek *pyr* means fire; a pyromaniac (PIE-ro-MAY-ne-ack) has a mania for setting fires.

One Sinner

(Continued from page 43)

had dinner and gone back to fight it out some more."

Joy Quesada sipped the benedictine from an exquisite glass. "Will they be long?" she asked.

"I should think they'd be quite a while," her husband said.

"But why?" Joy said. She put the glass down slowly. "Why? He isn't guilty. Poor old Mr. Glickhouse. *You* know he isn't guilty. Don't you?"

Her husband was halfway across the long green-and-gold room. He stopped as the question hit him in the back. Such an odd, unexpected question from Joy, who never asked him any questions at all. After a moment, he swung around and stood looking at her with very bright, smiling blue eyes, until she turned, with a start, to face him.

Her face was beautiful, beautiful and dark and passionate. The Quesadas were a stunning pair. Difficult to figure why she looked older than she was. She'd married Jeremiah East at eighteen, before he went to the Pacific. He'd come home all right, but afterwards the wounds had played lingering games with him, and he had finally died of them. It was a great shame for a lawyer as promising as East had been. After the proper year of waiting, his widow had married his partner, who was even more promising —and not handicapped in any of the several ways that Jeremiah East had been.

"I mean," she said suddenly, "I mean —a little girl! Grown-up people, I don't care. They can look after themselves. But a little girl with pigtails. I mean—he didn't do it, of course. Mr. Glickhouse. Why should he? With all that money, he could get women if he wanted them. At his age he wouldn't want them, would he?"

"Sixty-five isn't a man's dotage," Brandy Quesada said.

She was on her feet, coming toward him. She was a tall woman, but he could look down on the top of her head as she laid it on his chest.

He said gently, "Don't trouble your head about these things, Joy. That's my business. Of course he's not guilty. But there's a lot of uproar going on right now about things like this. People get cracked, go off half-cocked. It's the same mass fury that makes lynchings. Any old man who just wants to buy a little girl an ice-cream cone—"

"But," his wife said thinly, "somebody did. Somebody did."

"I'm afraid so," Brandon Quesada said. "But it wasn't my man."

After a pause, Joy said, "I'll go upstairs. Will you—be long?"

"I shouldn't think so," he said.

He nodded at her and went quickly across the stately hall and vanished. Joy poured herself another glass of benedictine and drank it down hurriedly before she rose to go. To her surprise, she couldn't taste it. For a moment, she stared at the exquisite glass—they'd bought them in Venice, on their honeymoon—with blank, wide eyes. The glass slipped through her fingers, and she let it lie on the rich, green carpet and went toward the stairs. Her glittering sequin train raced brightly behind her, trying to catch up with her running steps.

Outside the oak door of the library, she stopped. Not that she would go in. Even if she did break that rule, what would she have to say? It would sound silly to say that she, with no reason at all, felt afraid and lonely. People who had little girls that never came home from the movies had a right to feel lonely. Maybe that loneliness went out on an air wave and other people picked it up, like a radio tube.

She wondered what Brandy and Fennell were talking about. In the long, long ago Jeremiah East had told her that waiting for a jury was the worst; you couldn't do any more, and you kept thinking and wondering whether what you'd done was the best for your client. Waiting for juries didn't seem to get under Brandy's skin. His voice through the door had its usual sharp, definite tones, giving orders to Fennell probably. She couldn't hear the words, and she couldn't hear Fennell's voice. Brandy's—and then silence. As if he were talking to himself, she thought, as she climbed the stairs slowly, her hand clinging to the polished balustrade. Which in a way he was. All the men in his office were like his little other selves. He dominated them the way—the way an octopus does his arms.

INSIDE the library, Brandon Quesada was annoyed at not being able to hear Fennell.

"Speak up, flannelmouth," he said impatiently.

"What I said, they were raising Cain in there all afternoon," Fennell said. "You could hear them yelling like I never heard a jury before. I was in the courtroom in the opposite wing. I could see pretty good, at that, until that so-and-so ex-Marine come over and pulled down the shades. I could still hear 'em. That Beckwith—number six—was cussing, ladies present or not."

"That doesn't come as any surprise, does it?" Quesada said. "This kind of a case arouses emotions. People see red. That had to be taken into consideration from the beginning. My wife seems upset about the pigtails. They make a difference, so she says. Women are odd fish."

"You got six of 'em on the jury," Fennell said.

At that, Brandy Quesada gave him a wide, reckless smile that no jury or witness had ever seen, that had never been published on any of the front pages so often graced by Mr. Quesada's handsome picture. It was not, however, strange to Fennell. A good many times, in tight spots, he had seen the coarse, jeering, graceless menace of that smile. And this, Fennell felt, was the tightest spot they'd ever been in. None of the things they could usually count on had worked. A couple of men they'd thought would be in the bag had shied like crazy horses. Not this one, they said, not even for Quesada. They'd be awful sorry later, but that wouldn't win this case.

"Unfortunately," Quesada said, "*I* only have two."

"Unfortunately?" Fennell squeaked. "You're lucky you got two!"

"My good Fenny," Quesada said, "nobody knows better than you that I never leave anything to luck. I may have been born under a lucky star—I've heard it hinted that I was. If so, I support my luck with brains and considerable attention to detail."

"You sure do," Fennell said, "—luck and brains and hard work. I guess that's a combo that's hard to beat, huh?"

"Nobody has yet," Quesada said. "What was Mrs. Wilholm doing? Did you get a look at her at all?"

"Not too good," Fennell said. "I got a couple of peeks with my binoculars and then that Jimmy Robertson come in. You can't tell about that sucker; he'd cut off his own nose going to the judge to get me thrown out of there to spite you. What I did see, she was sitting there like she was in the jury box. A big lump of jelly. Once it looked like she was giving Beckwith and the ex-Marine some lip. I couldn't see Miss C at all. It had begun to rain and the visibility wasn't too good." This pleased Fennell, and he elaborated. "The visibility into the jury room was practically getting to zero, and then this ex-Marine lands and down come the curtains."

BRANDON Quesada rang a bell. The colored boy appeared in the doorway like a genie.

"Fix the coffee," Mr. Quesada said, "and then get out of here and don't come back."

Clarence busied himself with the percolator, a silver pitcher and sugar bowl, and a huge cup with roses on it. Then he closed the door noiselessly, but firmly, behind him. Once he'd left a crack. He certainly didn't want *that* to happen again.

"All right," Brandon Quesada said. "Let's see what she has to say."

He held out his hand. Fennell was busy digging a book out of his overcoat pocket. He held it out, and Quesada's eyebrows

went up. It was a small black book with a mottled imitation-leather cover.

"What'd you bring that for?" Quesada asked sharply.

"You said bring her message, didn't you?" Fennell asked. For that one sentence he spoke like a man and an equal. The blue eyes above him blazed like burning acetylene, and under the heat of them Fennell's fat face collapsed to sagging wax. "It's in the book. It was quickest. Mike Perkins was in the corridor by the head of the stairs, and Jane was kidding the elevator boy—there's only one elevator; the county sure hates to put out dough taking care of jurors, don't it?—but I didn't want to hang around any longer than I had to."

"If I asked you to bring me a sheet I suppose you'd bring the whole damn bed," Brandon Quesada said. "All right. Give it here."

He grinned at Fennell amiably. Brandy Quesada was susceptible to voices. He could hear the faintest change of pitch, of breath, in a witness's tones. He caught the infinitesimal hesitations, the imperceptible scratch that came from a dry throat, the first hint of a thick tongue betraying a woman's sob fifteen minutes in advance. Fear, whining through Fennell's explanations, mollified his irritation. Man must never expect more of his minions than they could give. A fatal mistake. Fennell was a valuable man, as he'd told Joy. As long as you handed him a blueprint. You couldn't expect imagination (and the thing it took to be top man was imagination) from a guy who'd sold his soul to the devil and hadn't been smart enough to get a good price.

The message, in the first chapter of the Book of the Prophet Isaiah, was scrawled on the margin of a torn piece of newspaper. That was a woman for you, even Mrs. Wilholm, who had all the womanly qualities of the knitting sisterhood at the foot of the guillotine. Must have been writing paper in that hotel room.

At that, perhaps it was better to triple safeguard against any connection of the message with that hotel room. Or maybe Mrs. Wilholm wanted to tip him that she'd been able to get the newspapers, which a jury, once it was locked up to get a verdict, wasn't supposed to have. Probably Dockerty, one of the bailiffs, was trying to pour on a little soft soap at this late day. Four cases of the best whisky in town hadn't lubricated Dockerty so he could speak loud enough for anybody to hear all during the trial. These things had made it difficult; they had forced Brandon Quesada to use more imagination than had been required of him in years.

Only a few words on the gray newsprint:

"Nine to three. We picked up that rancher. It won't get any better, but I think we can hold him. The others are awful mad. That Marine is hard to get along with. Don't worry. You can't win but you can't lose, can you?"

THE GRIN on Brandy Quesada's face flared brightly. Quite a gal, Mrs. Wilholm, bless her heart. No, he couldn't lose. Hung jury was the best he'd ever had a chance to get. A hung jury might be safer than an acquittal, anyhow. An acquittal might get the press and public steamed up. This way—take a year to get another trial. Probably the old man's health would suffer, and they'd get him into a hospital. Maybe the D.A. wouldn't feel that he had to prosecute it himself the next time. The heat would be off. Heat made men hard to handle. But it always died down. People got bored. They forgot.

He put the paper face down on the book. He began to laugh uproariously, and at the sound Fennell's face filled out, all fat and jolly again.

"*Gideon!*" Brandon Quesada said, with a fine gesture toward the book in its mottled black cover. "He *would* be surprised. Good old Gideon. You remember him, Fenny?"

"Not exactly," Fennell said.

Brandon Quesada relaxed in his big leather chair. The fire on the hearth burned brightly and warmed the four walls of books and Quesada's smiling face. "Didn't you take a course in Bible history, Fenny? At my school it was a required freshman course. Gideon, Fenny, was a mighty man of valor, and he pulled down the altars of Baal. But—and you will forgive me for ungentlemanly language since I quote direct—I remember it well because it tickled all us freshmen, and we rode the prof silly—when Gideon died, it says, the people 'went a whoring after Baalim.'"

"I bet you," Fennell agreed. "Well, he's still dead."

"As mutton," Brandy said. "Nevertheless, I am glad somebody remembered to found a society in the old boy's name to put Bibles in hotel rooms. Not even a snoopy reporter is going to examine Gideon. An overzealous chambermaid might dust under the blotter or open the bureau drawers, but she is certainly not going to read the Book of the Prophet Isaiah.

"You see how vital this information is. Now that I know we have three votes—nine to three is very different from ten to two in the circumstances—I can put pressure on the judge so he won't keep them out too long. I can be more thunderous with the press. It took imagination, but without Gideon I should have been helpless."

AS HE stretched in triumph, something happened. The note was scrawled on the newspaper's margin beside an advertisement of a newfangled rocking chair. Now all the torn scrap of paper showed was a picture of a little girl with pigtails. Not a pretty little girl, just a little girl. According to the 1950 census, there were a great many too many little girls in these times. When a man considered how many little girls there were in the world, one more or less could hardly make all that difference. Like Gideon, she was dead. A man could not bring her back. Glickhouse, the old fool, with all his money, couldn't.

A fat hand with dimples reached out and turned the paper over so that the rocking chair appeared again as if by magic. Now you see the little girl with pigtails, and now you don't. Quesada began to laugh again. His eyes were blue as ice over deep water, hard as the flint of a tomahawk.

"Squeamish, Fenny?" Quesada asked. "You—of all people?"

"Nothing like it," Fennell said. He laughed, too. His eyes met the icy blue eyes above him, and he got up hurriedly.

He stood staring, his eyes following the scrap of paper as Quesada tossed it on the blazing fire. For a moment the little girl's face was clear in the white heat

of the logs, then it writhed as though in torture, and went black.

"Ashes to ashes," Quesada said. "Always burn everything."

"I better get back," Fennell said.

"Don't call me unless something comes up," Quesada said, "and nothing will. Miss C and Mrs. Wilholm won't wriggle off the hook if the judge keeps 'em there four weeks, but I don't want to leave that rancher too long. I think we can persuade His Honor to call it a nine-to-three hung jury by tomorrow afternoon. He can get away with that, and His Honor wants to run for Congress."

"Sure," Fennell said. "People squawk, but it don't last long. They got other things to do. You want me to stay till they lock 'em up? Judge said he wouldn't hold 'em after midnight."

Quesada nodded and Fennell went out, closing the door with the same meticulous care Clarence had shown earlier.

MIDNIGHT. By that time, Quesada would be deep-pillowed in silk and scented down, pulse nigh to pulse and breath to breath. Symbolic name, his wife's. Joy. Otherwise, he'd never be able to sleep. A murder case stimulated him, set his senses on edge, his blood dancing to the game of life and death. Actually, he didn't have to go into court much anymore. But he couldn't resist it; he loved an audience. Nobody could resist the fascination of murder. The old boys had known about that—Dickens, Balzac, Shakespeare most of all. He'd learned a lot about murder from Shakespeare—Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Crookback Richard, Julius Caesar.

He'd look over the Van Aylstyne papers again and then go up to Joy. If Brandon Quesada had a preference in clients it was for middle-aged women who had once been good-looking and who had lots of money. On their indiscretions a man could build a fortune, if he was cagey about taxes and friends in certain places in Washington. Old Glickhouse had contributed nobly. Fifty thousand in the bank, another fifty the old fox had tied up until his distinguished counsel got him an acquittal or a hung jury.

The Van Aylstyne papers failed to hold his attention. What a fool the woman was! He'd go up to Joy now. He never went up those stairs knowing he'd find her there without remembering her as she'd been when she was Jeremiah East's wife, unattainable as the moon. When she was Jeremiah East's wife, Quesada used to look at her hair and the curve of her waist and the softness of her and know all the time his burning imagination had its way with him that here was one woman he couldn't have.

He had her now.

The sound of the door opening spun him around in his desk chair, tense and alert. Nobody should be coming through that door now. Joy came in hesitantly, her hair a little disordered. He could hear the sound of her breathing.

"Aren't you ever coming to bed?" she asked. "It's cold up there. The rain gives me the creeps, it keeps on and on—" She knelt before the blazing fire and held her hands out to it. "I thought it was later," she said. "I couldn't go to sleep. I thought I heard you go out. I thought maybe you'd gone to the jail or something."

"The jail?" Brandy repeated.

"You do, sometimes," she said. "Poor Mr. Glickhouse. He's—he's waiting, too. Of course you like to win cases and you always win, but it's more important to him, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," Brandon Quesada said, "although it does a man in my position no good to lose a case that's had as much publicity as this one."

"Nor to win it, either," Joy said.

"Oh, yes—" her husband said very gently. "Don't say silly things like that, my dear. It always helps to win. You can do anything, and they'll forgive it as long as you win. Leo Durocher said that not long ago, and he was so right. Did you want something, Joy? I have work to do."

"I—" Joy said. "Clarence went out, and I let Martha go home. It gets on my nerves up there alone. The wind blows around that corner, and it sounds like somebody is trying to get in; it whimpers like a kid in the dark—"

Two little dents, white and thin like scars, appeared at the sides of Brandon Quesada's handsome nose. "You're letting your imagination run away with you, darling," he said. "I am not going out. I have done enough for poor Mr. Glickhouse for one day."

He had. Even Jimmy Robertson, sardonic, antagonistic, had been obliged to say in print that it was a great plea, though he sneaked in that about "in a hopeless cause." A masterpiece, Jimmy had said reluctantly. It had dignity, and Quesada hadn't missed a trick. Trial by slander, the distinguished counsel for the defense had called the prosecution of Mr. Glickhouse. As Brandon Quesada stood before the jury and spoke to them, the flames seemed to mount around him right in front of their eyes, around him and his fellow martyr to slander and blood lust and mass persecution by the unthinking.

No dwelling on the crime or the evidence. No mention of pigtails. All that, Mr. Quesada said, filled him with sick horror, as it must any decent human being. Only they had the wrong man! In one of those whispers that only the greatest actors dare as a climax, he had said, "I would refuse to defend a man I didn't know was innocent of such a crime! I swear this to you, ladies and gentlemen."

Not, Jimmy Robertson admitted, the usual Quesada speech, with its comedy and fireworks and scrambling of evidence so no jury could uncode it.

"I have been told," Mr. Quesada had said sadly, "that defending this case will cost me dear, hurt my reputation with public and press. If this be so, I must pay the price. What else can I do? This man has been my client since I got out of law school. I *know* he is innocent. If I cannot make you believe in his innocence, against this weight of purely circumstantial evidence, I must go down with him." And there he turned to look at the harmless little old gray defendant. The eyes of the jury followed him.

BUT IT hadn't been enough. Magnificent as it was, it hadn't been enough.

In the press box, Jimmy Robertson had said loudly, "Wouldn't it be awful if this guy was *real*? He's too good to be true. huh?"

Just the same, it was that speech that had hooked the old rancher, Quesada would bet on that. A trusting soul who couldn't believe a man would talk like that unless it was the truth.

Brandy's memory of this triumph had

diluted his anger at his wife's apostasy. He moved to take her in his arms.

The telephone rang.

Fennell said, "I just heard Jimmy Robertson talking to his office. He told 'em there had to be something smelly about this. He says on the evidence the jury ought to have been out just long enough to take one ballot. He says you must have pulled another fast one. He told 'em no jury could hang anything but Glickhouse on the evidence, and if they hung themselves it had to be because you had a fix in there somewhere. He's drunk. He's been snooping around—"

Brandon Quesada laughed. "He won't find anything," he said. "There isn't anything to find. You might remind him that there are laws against slander and that his publisher wouldn't like even the suggestion of slander."

No. Jimmy Robertson wouldn't find anything. Let the poor old buzzard snoop. It had been tried before. Brandon Quesada was alive and healthy and wealthy and powerful and respected and respectable because he never took any chances. Like a demolition squad, he couldn't afford a mistake, and that knowledge kept him on his toes every minute. Never any witnesses when Quesada made a deal. Nobody had anything on him. Very smart operator, Brandon Quesada.

He kissed his wife with a fine, hearty conviction. He had nothing to worry about, no tag ends, no joints in the Quesada armor, no Achilles' heel. As always when she was in his arms, Joy had that strange moment of stiff resistance—a step in their love-making Brandy wouldn't have missed for anything. Instead of the sweet surrender that was to follow, she began to cry—Joy, a woman who never cried! He could feel her lips tremble.

"What's the matter?" Brandy asked.

"I don't know," Joy said. "I don't know. I just keep feeling something awful is going to happen, like an earthquake or a thunderstorm. I'm sorry I'm so silly."

After a while she grew quiet as he held her, talking firmly, gently all the time. "You're letting your imagination run away with you," he said. "You mustn't do that, Joy. Nothing awful is going to happen. I'm right here. I'll probably stay up now until they put the jury to bed."

Better be up. With Robertson drunk and talking too much. Watch things. His own nerves had begun to feel the strain. Nasty damn case. Fennell going squeamish, and Joy choosing this of all times to go sentimental about pigtails. And the judge balking every step of the way.

"All right now?" he asked. "Run along then. I'll be up soon."

She kissed him again, apologetically, and turned to go.

"Whatever—" she said. "Wherever did you— It's— They put them in hotels—Gideon Bibles—"

"I don't wish to sound like Bluebeard," Brandon Quesada said. "On the other hand, if I can't have my library to myself, I shall have to go back to my office when I must work at night."

"Darling, I'm sorry," Joy said, shoving her hair back. "I know how hard you work and I don't mean anything ever except to help you—only tonight—"

Her sequin train chased her out of the room at a great pace.

QUESADA stared at the black book. The thing was a jinx. In the morning, Fennell or Perkins would have to put it back in the hotel room while the jury was at breakfast.

He'd told Mrs. Wilholm to watch for a message before she went to the morning's battle, because he might have some instructions, some questions she ought to ask. It might, for instance, be a good thing to ask to go and look at the scene of the crime. A pretty little canyon. Hard to imagine the thing happening there that the prosecution claimed had happened. Take the pressure off his three votes for a couple of hours. Of course, Mrs. Wilholm wouldn't weaken—her love of the root of all evil was as the strength of ten. Then, too, there wasn't any use in some snooping reporter finding a Gideon Bible missing from the room of the two Glickhouse jurywomen who were voting for acquittal. Or a fussy chambermaid might mention it. Those were the little holes in the dike that careless lawyers forgot to plug.

The telephone rang and Quesada cursed himself bitterly for jumping. Everybody had the jitters. It was his private phone; it must be somebody with something. He glanced at the clock and saw that it was twenty minutes to midnight.

Into the phone he said, "All right, let's have it."

Nobody answered. The line was open on an eerie sort of listening silence. No sound came at all.

Quesada said, "Hello. . . . Hello. Who the hell is it?"

The silence breathed. He started to hang up angrily and decided not to. Better wait. Might be somebody scared to talk, or waiting for somebody to go by. His nerves tightened and began to throb as he got ready for whatever it was. Nobody ever caught Brandy Quesada off first, or landed a sneak punch.

"I wouldn't," the phone said, "be in your shoes for anything. Not for anything I wouldn't be in your shoes, Quesada. No, I wouldn't."

Thin, eerie, disembodied. Rain on the wires, rain and wind, only now they weren't outside the wires, they were humming inside them, carrying a thin disembodied voice from some great distance, from far, far away.

HE KNEW that voice. He recognized something familiar about it. Someone was putting on a spooky pitch to disguise a voice he knew. That fool Jimmy Robertson trying an act. High time he did something about Robertson. Or was it Robertson? The sound wasn't drunk. Fennell said—Fennell! He'd always been a little cracked. Squeamish, turning over that pigtail picture—could it be old flannelmouth himself with that whisper of his? No. No. Fennell wasn't smart enough, and besides, he would never have the courage to do it.

"That all you've got to say?" Brandon Quesada said. "So far I don't think it's very funny."

Silence, waiting, straining, breathing.

Could have been anybody's voice, man or woman. No—no—it couldn't be Joy. Still, women did weird things when they got fits of nerves. Who should know if he didn't? He laid the receiver down and went into the hall. Joy had an outside phone in her room, she could ring his private number. The house was silent as a tomb. It felt empty, drained of life. Three steps at a time he went up the stairs, his footsteps on the heavy carpet making no sound to break the silence.

Joy was sitting in front of her fire. Not reading. Not doing anything, it seemed. Just waiting.

When he picked up the phone in the library again, the line was still open.

"Come, come, wise guy," Brandon Quesada said, "if you think you can scare me with this phony mumbo jumbo, you're nuts. If you know me, you ought to know Quesada doesn't scare easy."

"You will," the voice said, seeming to gather strength. "You're yellow, Quesada. All men who corrupt other men and women through their weaknesses and their troubles and take advantage of their mistakes are cowards. All cowards. It's going to be such a joke on you if there is a God. A witness—God is witness—if there is a God. You've always figured there wasn't a witness, haven't you, Quesada?"

Jerry! Jeremiah East! That old half-mocking, half-friendly way of his. Jerry East was dead. He was as dead as Gideon. When a man was dead, he stayed dead. Quesada had always counted on that.

"I wouldn't be in your shoes." The voice chuckled this time, eldritch chuckle of wind down the chimney.

"You said that before," Brandon Quesada shouted. "Think up a new one. I like my shoes."

"Do you?" the voice said. "Think, Quesada. Add it up. The things God might have been witness to. The corruption you've spread. Poor old Miss C up there in the juryroom right now. She'll never get the blood off her hands. She knows Glickhouse is guilty just as well as you do. How did you get her to sit there with her insides bleeding and vote he's innocent? *I* don't know. But there was a witness, Quesada."

"The hell there was!" Quesada said, swift as a serpent's tongue.

"If there is a God?" the voice asked. "This man, this Glickhouse. Unspeakable, this old man. You're going to get him off. You're going to say to every other fiend—go ahead. Nothing much will happen to you. We'll kick it around until it disappears."

"I'm a lawyer," Brandon Quesada said grandly. "Man has a right to a defense—"

The silence came again. The drip-drip of the rain was like falling tears. Brandon Quesada tried to think, to plan. He could hold it and go upstairs and call out on Joy's line to see where this call came from. No, he couldn't—anybody listening in might get an idea—he couldn't leave those dripping tears, those raindrops that fell into his ears.

"It wouldn't," the voice said, "be so bad if you weren't such a good lawyer. You'll be judged by that, you see, Quesada. By your talents. You could have been as great as Daniel Webster, Brandy, but you're a crooked shyster, a legal pimp, battening on evil, a political blackmailer. You're a loophole of the law to evildoers, and I wouldn't be in your shoes. Can you buy your way out of hell with the old man's blood money, Quesada? If God's been keeping a record— Oh, no, Quesada, I wouldn't be in your shoes!"

"Oh, yes, you would," Brandon Quesada said. "Don't give me that bilge. You were always green with envy because I was a better lawyer than you were. It's a rough, tough world, pal. I'm no worse than other men. It's every man for himself and devil take the hindmost."

"You've got that all wrong," the voice said wearily. "It's the foremost. The devil takes the foremost first, Brandy. I'm trying to tell you."

Brandon Quesada banged down the telephone. His face was dark, and his lips flattened back against his white teeth in a defiant grin, and his eyes were burning acetylene. With a furious gesture he threw great logs on the fire. They flamed into wild orange and blue leaps of fire, and the smell of eucalyptus filled the air. Then he had a cup of coffee in his hands and was heaping sugar into it—sweet tooth, sweet tooth, Joy always said. The cup rattled and slipped, and the hot, sticky coffee went over his hands. He swore viciously and wiped them on his velvet coat. He kept wiping them, up and down, but the sticky mess wouldn't come off, the velvet nap caught, and his hands felt strange and warm.

Jerry. How silly a man could get, silly as a fool woman nervous about pigtails, silly as Fennell, with no more guts than a maggot, going squeamish over a picture, silly as Hamlet with his father's ghost and Macbeth with Banquo's and Lady Macbeth yelling "Out, damned spot!"

BY A SUPREME effort of will, Brandon Quesada forced himself to stand still. He said to himself, low, keeping his voice steady, "Get hold of yourself, you fool. Jokes. Halloween jokes for kids. Ghosts in bedsheets. Prattle about God. We'll make whoever tried playing Halloween jokes this time of night pay for it."

Better get that damn book out of sight. This prankster might try coming in for a visit with a sheet around him and luminous paint on his puss. If the sight of that damn book had upset Joy, it would be better not to let anybody else see it.

The cheap imitation-leather cover stuck to his gummy hands. He couldn't get loose. When he got one finger free another stuck, like the legs of a fly on flypaper. Suppose he never got rid of it. Suppose it grew to him, and he had to go into court tomorrow with it hanging there so the judge and the jury could all see the purple stamp, HOTEL BELMONT. The label, "Gift of the Gideon Society. Please Do Not Take from This Room."

PANIC hit him in the stomach. The first he had ever known.

Too much imagination, he told himself, fighting it down. Greatest thing in the world, imagination. But mustn't let it run away with him. A two-edged sword, imagination.

He wrenched one hand loose, and the book fell flat on the other. It fell open to where Mrs. Wilholm's scrawled piece of paper had been, and that printed page stared up at him. Naturally, he wouldn't read it. Why the hell should he? But it fascinated him. He wanted to know what that particular page said. The most absurd superstitious curiosity swelled in him.

When Brandon Quesada read, he heard. From the time he picked up his first reader, he had always heard the words. Until he heard them in his ear, he didn't understand them very well. His teachers got impatient with him at first because he was a slow reader. He had to wait to hear. By the time he heard them, he never forgot them; they were like tunes in his memory.

He heard them now.

Woe unto them that call evil good,

and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness. . . . Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure; and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it.

And the mean man shall be brought down . . .

From all four corners of the room the great voice sounded. It was as the noise of many waters and as the mighty waves of the sea; it thundered in majesty, such a voice as a man might imagine the voice of Isaiah or of Jeremiah, of Elijah or Habakkuk. It roared and sang as a great organ and the room was filled with its sound.

NOTHING like this was happening. Nothing like it could happen. The prophets were dead—unless they swept on through the ages, existing somewhere in time and space, and found a crack in a man and broke in upon him, shattering his armor to bits. No, they were dead, dead as Gideon, and the people were happily a whoring after Baalim again. Mr. Glickhouse and his distinguished counsel were outsmarting them. The prophets were dead.

Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth . . . the destruction of the transgressors and of the sinners shall be together, and they that forsake the Lord shall be consumed. . . . And the strong shall be as tow . . . and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them. . . .

A log broke and fell and blazed madly, and the sparks leaped upward.

Brandon Quesada began to tremble then and to shake, and the sweat stood out on his dark face in great glistening drops. He fought back, and his heart thudded with the struggle and his breath came short. Hell-fire and brimstone were poppycock to scare fools and children. Phantasma to frighten the ignorant and the superstitious. The world had grown out of such psalm-singing fears. The book of Gideon was a tale told by an idiot for old women and taught as a social convention to little kids in pigtails.

He, Brandon Quesada, a man of intellect and intelligence, would read no more of it. No more of it would he read. His hands fumbled with the pages and his eyes were dragged back—they were dragged from their sockets. He could not tell whether it was blood or tears that flowed from them. There was a red mist between him and the book, but the letters burned through it like fog lights. They were written, to his tortured eyes, in thin lines of fire.

And let the Lord be witness against you. . . . The Lord will come down . . .

His sticky hands tore wildly. This was the last moment of a nightmare; he must put the book down or it would get him and he would die in his nightmare.

Thou didst blaspheme God. . . . A great shout, a great trumpet flung the words at him now. No such thing. Blasphemy. A cheap little old Gideon Bible. A joke. Everybody knew the jokes about Gideon Bibles in hotel rooms. Very smart of the distinguished counsel for the defense, to think of it. He denied the charge, he pleaded not guilty—to blasphemy.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife . . .

Thou shalt not bear false witness . . .

Thou shalt not kill. . . .

Brandon Quesada lifted the book as though it were a thousand-pound weight and flung it from him. The Ten Commandments. Everybody knew they were an economic treatise, all that business about the burning bush and the tablet on the mount was a lot of stagecraft to sell the people some laws. He knew it. Moses had been quite a boy.

It's going to be an awful joke on you if there is a God— I wouldn't be in your shoes. . . .

Mr. Glickhouse— He had tried the patience of God too far with Mr. Glickhouse. A man could try the patience of God too far—if there was a God. *Suffer the little children*— Twenty years ago, and he'd got only a C-minus in the damn course in Bible history. How could he remember so many things from it? How could he keep on hearing them after so many years?

He began to be sick at heart as a man is sick at his stomach. He began to weep bitterly, and great sobs shook him. He felt weak and defeated and beyond any more struggle and something rushed upon him and he fell to his knees. The nightmare would get him now, and he would die.

Through the great voices and the mighty wind he heard another voice. A poor, weak, human voice, calling and calling him, with anguish, with love.

"Oh, darling—do stop— Oh, whatever is the matter? Please be still, be still just a minute. I'm going to call the doctor. I'm here, darling. Be quiet—"

The still, small voice. He heard it. The red mist swirled apart, and he saw her kneeling beside him. She was crying, too, and her face was white with fear, but he felt her hands trying to pull his head against her breast, and her eyes beseeched him. In a sudden silence that was like the end of the world, he could hear her voice clearly.

"Wait, darling," she said. "Be quiet a minute. You're very ill—"

"The book," Brandon Quesada said. "The book. Burn it. Burn it now."

He pointed, and she obeyed the wild gesture and crawled a little way from him to pick it up.

"It's—" she said, and lifted startled eyes to his.

"Suppose there is a God," he said, in a whisper.

"Of course there is," Joy said sharply.

"No, no," Brandon Quesada said. "Don't say things like that, Joy. That would upset all my calculations, wouldn't it? It's just a book. Just words. Nobody believes all that, not really believes it. We're too smart for that."

"Are we?" Joy said. "Well, I suppose so. But I always liked some of it. About the green pastures and the still waters and 'I am the resurrection and the life'—" She turned a page. "Like it says here, 'And I will restore thy judges as at the first, and thy counsellors as at the beginning; afterward thou shalt be called, The city of righteousness, the faithful city.' That's nice, isn't it?"

"Burn it," Brandon Quesada said. "Burn it, I tell you. I can hear it."

SHE LOOKED at him a moment, and then lifted the book. But even as the flames leaped for it, Brandon Quesada knew it wouldn't be any use. They had been burning books for centuries. He would hear it just the same.

He took hold of Joy's wrist quickly, and the book fell between them.

He was hearing it again, only now it was different.

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. . . . I am . . . come to call . . . sinners to repentance.

He remembered the music of Heifetz playing the violin, of the bells of the cathedral at Cologne, the laughter of a baby, an old Italian peasant woman singing a lullaby, and the sweetness of a woman's vows of love; the spring wind in the trees, the murmur of a brook on clean, white stones, and the sound of the lazy sea off Point Lobos; and this voice he now heard was so far beyond all this that it seemed as though it must be from another world.

Joy said, "I'll burn it if you want me to."

"No," Brandon Quesada said, "no, I don't want you to burn it. It goes on and on just the same."

Besides, he had to have it put back while the jury was out to breakfast. More than ever now, he had to get his instructions to Mrs. Wilholm. New instructions. That would be the first step.

OLD Mr. Glickhouse looked at his distinguished counsel as the jury filed into the box at ten-fifteen the next morning.

He was still looking when the foreman read the verdict.

Old Mr. Glickhouse looked as though he couldn't believe his ears.

He wasn't the only one.

"You can't win 'em all," Jimmy Robertson said triumphantly to Brandon Quesada as he went by on his way to the telephone. Then he stopped and stared at Quesada and said in a puzzled voice, "Hell, don't take it so hard. You look as though it were you they're going to toss in the gas chamber."

He thought Brandon Quesada said, "He takes an awful lot of trouble over one sinner, doesn't he? Maybe I get another chance," but probably it was only his imagination. He couldn't stop to find out; he had an edition to make with the good news.

Brandon Quesada sat very still, listening to the echo of Jimmy Robertson's voice. Had it been the voice on the telephone?

Quesada didn't know. He knew now that he would never know. It didn't make any difference. Truth, probably, had many voices.

THE END

How to Write a Hit Song *(Continued from page 70)*

records, in sheet music, and on the air. They carry these lists down through thirty or forty selections. "Songs for Sale" ran a year and a half before one of its songs made even the bottom of any list. And these were the best amateur songs available during the year.

Let's see if we can find out what's wrong with the amateur's song.

The professionals like to reiterate that there are no hard-and-fast rules in their business, and they can always cite actual examples to prove it. A new writer might even get the number-one song his first time out; Eden Ahbez did it a few years back with "Nature Boy," and Bob Merrill more recently with "If I Knew You Were Coming I'd've Baked a Cake." But the beginner shouldn't take too much comfort from such cases. There are approximately thirty hit songs a year, and in the twelve hundred hits of the past forty years, it hasn't happened a dozen times. Usually the examples cited by experts are merely the exceptions that prove the rule.

There *are* rules. It may be impossible to tell what song will be a success, but you can predict infallibly what songs will surely be failures.

There are three steps in the progress of a hit song:

1. It has to be a good song—"commercial," in trade parlance.
2. Some publisher has to promote it.
3. The public has to like it.

A "commercial" song has certain definable qualities. Some are known factors in an exact science; some are imponderables that depend largely on the writer's judgment of what sounds good and what doesn't; and the rest are matters of intuition or luck in guessing what the public would like to hear at a given time. For much depends on timing. "Bewitched" was a failure in 1934 and a smash hit sixteen years later, "Begin the Beguine" started badly and built up into one of the most profitable songs of all time, and these are only two among dozens of cases.

The rules that exist are not conventional rules of poetry and music. You could hardly imagine a more ungrammatical line than "Let me lay there, stay there, never no more to roam"—but it was the climax line of a 1923 song that set new marks for sheet-music and record sales, "Tuck Me to Sleep in My Old Tucky Home." In the 1951 hit "Tennessee Waltz," music and words got pretty far apart in rhythm at some points, but it didn't prevent the song from being sung, which is all that really matters.

To be popular, a song must be sung—not only by a star on "Songs for Sale," but by thousands of minor entertainers and fifty million members of the public.

RULE ONE is that a popular song mustn't exceed the limits of the average person's voice, which has a range of not more than one octave.

Even the amateurs usually know this, but they fall down on the equally important Rule Two: A singer has to breathe. A popular song must provide frequent pauses for drawing a breath.

Then there is the fact that a singer likes to dramatize a song by sustaining the rhyming words. (If he doesn't, the rhyme and the effectiveness are lost anyway and the song won't go over.) You can't sustain a hard consonant sound; it has to be a long vowel sound. Thumb through the piles of songs submitted to "Songs for Sale" and you'll see how often the amateur songwriters use rhymes like night-light and chalk-talk. Those look fine to the eye, but a professional singer won't sing them. He likes "oo" sounds (best) or long "a" sounds, or at least the sounds you get in words like "sigh" and "know" and "see."

When Billy Rose began as a songwriter he analyzed the successful songs of the past and discovered that they had more "oo" sounds than anything else; so he concentrated on oo's and such songs as "Barney Google with the Goo-goo-googly Eyes" carried him to AA (top) rating in ASCAP, the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers.

It is said that there are two songs a

dance band simply cannot do without—"Stardust" and "Night and Day." If it doesn't have arrangements for these two songs, it might as well not go into the band business. These are songs that perennially top the new songs that top the "Hit Parade." Yet if Cole Porter had called his song "Day and Night," though the sense would have been in no way changed, he might have had a failure instead of an all-time hit.

The expert knows these things; the amateur doesn't. That is why, in the entire history of "Songs for Sale," there has not been one song that hasn't been changed in one place or another to make it conform to the rules. It is the policy of the show not to rewrite the amateurs' songs; every effort is made to perform them just as they were written. Only such changes are made as are necessary to make them performable.

Pride of authorship is a fierce thing, and no one likes to have his brainchild changed. On the "Songs for Sale" show, four songs are played, and then the panel of experts votes on the one that has the greatest commercial possibilities. Standing in the wings, one will often hear a disgruntled loser muttering, "Well, they changed my song; that's why I lost." He is mistaken. The song the way he wrote it may have been a *better* song, but it could never have been a *popular* song. If they hadn't changed it, they couldn't have performed it. The rules are few but inexorable.

The next factor is an imponderable one. Every line of a good popular song has to be eminently singable; it has to make you want to open up your throat and shout it out. Here there are no rules. You can't tell whether a line has this quality unless you sing it.

THE OLDEST argument among songwriters is similar to the oldest argument of all time. Which came first, the chicken or the egg? Which is more important, the words or the music?

The melody writers maintain, "You can't whistle a lyric"; the lyric writers retort, "You can't walk up to a counter and ask for a series of notes"; but both agree that the popular song must be a happy marriage of words and music. Nearly every melody writer can write a passable lyric, and nearly every lyric writer a passable melody, but they don't bother. In such a competitive, cutthroat business, passable isn't good enough.

Another rule of a popular song is that the message in the lyric must be so simple that a child will get it in one hearing. George Orwell, the British novelist who wrote *Animal Farm* and *1984* and other best sellers, once figured that the entire world of popular songs has a vocabulary of scarcely over two thousand words.

Arthur Freed, the movie producer who has turned out most of M-G-M's big musical hits (the latest is "An American in Paris"), was once among the most successful lyricists. He reached double-A rating faster than anyone else in ASCAP history. One of his compeers has remarked, "Arthur Freed is the one man who never wrote a bad song." But Arthur himself chuckles privately at such encomiums. He wrote plenty of bad songs; he just couldn't sell them. With his background of a rich family and a swanky prep school, it took him eight years of trying before he could get down to earth and speak the public's language. Once he learned, he was terrific. It's up to amateurs to decide if eight years is too much time to invest.

If a song is to become popular, it must be played until it is familiar to most people. As Victor Herbert said, "Popular music is familiar music." Of course, Herbert wrote show tunes. There is a great distinction between a show song and a popular ("pop") song.

A show song can be more subtle, more sophisticated, more literary, more complex. A song becomes popular by being played over and over again; if the show is a success, a show song has an automatic advantage and all show tunes have the advantage of the publicity that accrues to a Broadway production. The idea of a show song can be developed in the dialogue and action leading up to the performance of the song; a pop song must develop its idea intrinsically. So a show song has a far greater chance to become a hit than a pop song.

Furthermore, show songs earn more money, plus a bigger reputation for the writer. Some big songwriters, like Rodgers and Hammerstein and Cole Porter seldom write anything else (though perhaps it might be worth mentioning that the only pop song Rodgers and Hammerstein ever wrote, "The Last Time I Saw Paris," was unique in quality, timeliness, and instantaneous success, proving perhaps that a talent in one field can readily be transferred into the other. Another major exception was Irving Berlin's "All Alone." Many experts consider it the greatest pop lyric ever written and the line "All alone by the telephone" the greatest line—and Berlin wrote that one as a show tune).

NEVERTHELESS, the amateur had better stick to the pop formula. He can't do a show without a libretto-writing genius, a first-class idea, and (maybe the most essential of all) an angel. There have been exceptions, but the general rule is that you establish yourself first in the pop field and then write a show.

As long as the amateur is sticking to pops, the songs that can be sold independently, he might as well try for the type of pop song that has the best chance—the ballad. Statistics prove that the amateur songwriter usually doesn't.

The songs submitted to "Songs for Sale" break down as follows: Novelty songs, forty per cent; folk songs (country and Western), thirty per cent; ballads, twenty per cent; "material," ten per cent. A novelty song is based on a catchy idea, a clever twist of meaning in the lyric, or a combination of crazy sounds (for which the American public, childlike, will often go all out). The most successful novelty song of all time was "Yes, We Have No Bananas," which owed its success principally to the humorous contradiction. Recent novelties have been the "Hut Sut Song" and the "Aba Daba Honeymoon," based on crazy sounds; "I Love You a Bushel and a Peck," a catchy idea; and "Open the Door, Richard," for which no one has yet assigned a reason, attesting further to the unpredictability of the profession.

A ballad is the songwriting trade's term for a song that expresses a fundamental emotion. There are precisely three fundamental emotions: I love you; I'm happy; I'm sad. These are often combined, so that the theme of a song may be "I'm happy because I love you," or "I'm sad because you don't love me," or any number of others.

Folk music is more a style of performance than an emotional classification; the trade insists that it be called "country and Western music," but, like the rest of the world, never actually calls it anything except "hillbilly." Folk music is very commercial; it sells in a restricted area, the South, Southwest, and Midwest, but it sells so heavily there that Red Foley, whose folk music is limited to those areas, has record sales as large as those of Bing Crosby and Perry Como, who sell everywhere.

"Material" is totally noncommercial. It is music that can be performed only by a given actor or in a specific setting. When a couple of tap-dancing vaudevillians come out before the curtain

and sing, "Hello, folks, we hope you like our show," that's material.

Ballads are the staples of the trade. Back in 1917, when we went to war against Germany in World War I and young Irving Berlin showed up at the recruiting office, the storybook sergeant glared at him and asked, "Occupation?"

"Writer," gulped Berlin.

"Writer of what?" demanded the sergeant.

"Sentimental ballads," gulped Berlin. He's never changed the designation since.

Take the top ten tunes in any normal time and seven of them will be ballads. Two will be novelties. One will be a hillbilly (pardon the expression). Freak times come, as in 1950, when four or five will be hillbillies or novelties, but that's something for the professionals to cope with. Not recommended for amateurs.

Today TV has become another factor to reckon with. Performance on television is important. Television is visual. Producers of television shows are tearing their hair out trying to find ways to make pop songs visual.

Suppose you write a beautiful song called "I Love You." How is the TV producer to stage it? He'll turn with relief to any competing pop song that gives him a better idea. Write a ballad called "Singing in the Rain," and he'll have no problems; arm a couple of dancers with an umbrella and let them prance around a drenched soloist, and he has a swell act.

ALL RIGHT, let's suppose our would-be songwriter has written his song, obeying all the rules, observing all the conventions. What next?

Well, first he has to sell it to a publisher. And that ain't easy.

Before, during, and after the advent of "Songs for Sale," the amateurs bombarded Tin Pan Alley publishers with their songs. It didn't help. That isn't the way songs are bought and sold.

Songs are bought and sold when a songwriter walks into a publisher's office, summons the publisher into a five-by-eight cubicle that contains a piano and no chair, and demonstrates the song by singing and playing it. (If the songwriter himself is no musician, which most of them aren't, he brings along a hired hand to do the singing and playing.) The publisher gives the songwriter (whether he's double-A or single-D or nothing at all in ASCAP) precisely five minutes. After that he leaves and walks into the next cubicle. Songs received through the mail are deposited in wastebaskets. The amateur can sell his songs at the publisher's office or nowhere.

The amateur may see an ad in a newspaper or magazine that invites him to send his song to an "agent" who will help him place it, copyright it for him, etc. He needn't bother. Anyone can copyright an unpublished song for the price of a postage stamp and a four-dollar fee. The "agents" are usually unsuccessful songwriters who couldn't sell their own songs and so can't sell others'. If your agent could create songs, he wouldn't be bothering with yours.

But suppose you do place your song with a publisher; what happens then?

The estimate is that even a top professional writes ten songs for every one he gets published, and gets ten published for every one that succeeds. So he has to write a hundred songs to get one hit.

Well, he can't get hits unless his song is performed; and to see what goes into a single performance, let's return to the show "Songs for Sale" and see what they have to do.

FIRST the mail comes in, and the stacks are three feet high and more.

Two experienced songwriters, Ervin Drake and Jimmy Shirl, go over the mail. At the rate of a hundred or more per hour, they can eliminate the impossible songs. The possible songs go into another pile that is more carefully scrutinized. On these possible songs they make such changes as seem necessary and send them along to Al Span, the producer.

Once a week there is a four-hour meeting at which the producer, Span; the musical director and orchestra leader, Ray Bloch; the choreographers and dancers, Jack Stanton and Betty Luster; and the other executives on the staff, go over the pile of possible songs, listen to them, pick several of them, and decide what male and female artists can sing them to best effect. Stanton and Luster make notes of the dances that will accompany the numbers. The producer plans the sets and the action. Ray Bloch gets ideas on the arrangements and tempo.

Stanton and Luster then hire other dancers and start rehearsals. The producer, Al Span, has to get the performing artists and the amateur songwriters to New York and bring the latter together with Steve Allen, who will interview them before the TV screen. Ray Bloch has to get the arrangements written and the artists and musicians rehearsed.

On the day of the show there is an intensive rehearsal that lasts five and a half hours.

All this leads to precisely one television performance; and experience shows that one performance is not enough to put over a song, even if it were staged in the heavens and supported by the northern lights. A hit song has to have ten or eleven such major performances, plus some thousands of plays of a good record on disc-jockey shows throughout the country. (There are about eleven thousand disc jockeys.)

Nevertheless, when you prorate the expense of this single performance on "Songs for Sale," it costs five thousand dollars to put a song on the air via TV. Who's going to pay for the other performances?

ONE COMFORTING thought is that most amateurs don't care whether their songs become hits or not. They just want to hear them properly played once.

For this pleasure, a soldier hitch-hiked from California to New York; a chef flew from Honolulu to New York; a housewife even made up with her mother-in-law so she could have a baby sitter during the time she was to appear on "Songs for Sale."

If you could stand in the backstage wings and see the rapt, ecstatic faces of the amateur songwriters when they hear their songs being sung by Peggy Lee, while Ray Bloch's twenty-four-piece band murmurs the background melody and Stanton and Luster whirl in rhythmic obbligato, you'd get the point.

An amateur doesn't care if his song gets published; that's what makes him an amateur. Suppose the public doesn't go for it, so what? It's his song, and *he* likes it. Isn't that enough? THE END

Delicious, Delovely Denise (Continued from page 67)

intense desire to have people love her. It is not affected; it is as much a part of her as her darting blue eyes, or the famous Darcel bust, said to be a thirty-nine but actually a thirty-seven. (Once she was asked why she wore such low necklines. "*Ozaire* girls have pretty eyes," she said.) In conversation Darcel warms up like a flivver crossing Death Valley. She leans close to her companion, clutches his arm, his knee, his shoulder; she laughs uproariously, smiting her thigh and hip.

Although she talks incessantly, Darcel does not expect much conversation from her male companions. She does not even care if they don't speak English or French. "I find a man I like, I don't care what langhwaghze he ees," she says. She frequently finds so many men she likes that she goes out with them in shifts.

This is not to say that she considers *all* men eligible. "Before I go out, I have to be introduce, I have to *know* heem," she states. One night she had a date with a reporter at her penthouse in New York. When he arrived, he found a note asking him to join her at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel. After they had talked there for a while, she apologized for not meeting him at home.

"I was afraid to be alone zere wees a strange man," she confessed.

DURING the filming of "Westward the Women," in which she co-stars with Robert Taylor, the director, William Wellman, said, "She's got one of those natural talents you find every ten years." But Denise is fully aware of her limitations—and capacities. One night in New York, listening to her sister, Hélène François, singing in a supper club, she said, "Oh, zat voice! When I hear eet, I die! She ees so *good!*" Then she became introspective. "I can't do what she can, but I know ze treeks! I have no voice, but when I get to ze feeneesh, I geev it—ugh!—everzing I have!"

This attitude applies to every activity in which she engages. She is willing to try anything. At an Alabama air base where she was entertaining troops, she wheedled an Air Force pilot into letting her fly in a jet plane.

She has made six pictures. In the first three, "To the Victor," "Thunder in the Pines," and "Tarzan and the Slave Girl," she was seen only in passing, and the less said of the films, the better. (About the Tarzan picture, she later commented, "I deed ze jongle langhwaghze weeth a French accent! Terreefeec!") In "Battleground," too, she had a relatively small part, but one in which she felt completely at home—she was the only female in a cast of over four hundred. Some time afterward she was introduced to George S. Kaufman, the playwright and director. "Oh, yes, I remember you in 'Battleground,'" Kaufman said. "You played the title role, didn't you?"

When "Battleground" was released, a big future was prophesied for her, but she didn't make another film for nearly two years. It was said that she couldn't get another job because she was too fond of partying. It was also said that her talents were limited to her bodily accouterments (what difference that made, no one has yet explained).

It is true that Darcel is fond of partying. She is mad about dancing. She can drink large quantities of champagne. But she never seems to be affected by it.

She left Hollywood to go on a personal-appearance tour, and she began working in night clubs. She went to Broadway in Olsen and Johnson's musical hit "Pardon Our French." She hired a press agent, but he later confessed that he didn't know why. "So many things happen to Denise, I feel useless," he remarked wistfully.

During this period, her only worry was her weight, which has a tendency to go up alarmingly. Currently, she weighs around 125 pounds—a triumph for her, although a tragic one. She loves to eat and is a good cook.

EVENTUALLY Peter Crosby appeared on the scene. He was a wealthy young real-estate man from Washington, D.C., who, after he met Darcel, began spending most of each week in New York.

In Denise's case, it was love at first sight, which was a surprise to her. "Lahv, I never look for," she used to say. "Fun, I weel find." The fact that Crosby was a millionaire—or that his father was—had nothing to do with her affection, she said. Their courtship was covered in the press as minutely as a peace conference.

"Petaire was so romanteec!" she recently told a caller. "He write wahnderful lettaire!" Overwhelmed by the young man's penmanship, she began fending off other callers with an "engaghemon reeng." They were married in St. Patrick's Cathedral in October, 1950. "Zees ees ze hoppiest day of my life," Denise announced hoppily.

To say that the Crosbys' marriage was stormy is rank understatement. In February of 1951, Peter's patience, which had been tried sorely by Denise's charitable habit of befriending men, finally broke. It happened in El Morocco. This was the historic occasion on which Peter first threw a glass of whisky and soda into Denise's face and then poured a bottle of champagne on her head.

She finally flew down to Mexico and divorced Crosby. Today she is inclined to be warm, even mellow, in her recollections of him. "He ees nize boy," she says. Asked how much alimony she gets, she becomes indignant. "Nozzeeng! All I get was ze money to pay lawyaires." Sometimes she becomes a bit regretful. "Ees tarrible," she reflects, "how two nice people can be so not nice to each ozaire."

Denise says very frankly that she wishes she were married again. She avers that she will not marry for some time, however, because she wants to concentrate on her work. But she is so unpredictable it would surprise no one if she married again soon.

When she falls in love, she falls hard. She fell for the first time when she met William Shaw, a military policeman with the U.S. troops in Paris after the war. When Shaw proposed she accepted. After they came here, they went straight to Hollywood (his home was in a small town near there). Shaw was an actor, and for some time they both sought parts in local stock and repertory companies.

The marriage immediately began to disintegrate. "He was wahnderful boy," Denise recalls, "but eempossible to leev weeth. He deedn't like my speaking French. He deedn't like my career. We deed not get along, and we get deevorce."

Denise's habit of speaking French exclusively was mentioned prominently in the divorce proceedings. Although she since has acquired a wide English vocabulary, her accent is still strong. Of it, she says, "I don't try to lose eet, and I don't try to don't lose eet." Then she reflects "Maybe eef I lose eet I don't get zome parts." And then, again: "Of course, eef I lose ze accent, I still have ozaire theengs."

Such frankness about her attributes and capacities is typically Parisian. Darcel was born in a small town near Paris called Besançon, one of five daughters of Paul Billecard, the village baker.

The family moved to Paris when Denise was twelve. Of the girls, only Denise and Hélène had theatrical aspirations. "When I was three, I want to be entertainer," she recalls. "I go to movies all ze time, come home, eemitate ze stars—Sharley Shaplan, Chevalier—for my familee."

Her father died when she was fourteen. "I'm ze one who work and spend *myzelf* for ze familee," she has said. She attended public schools and, for a brief time, Château Gy, a college. Then she went to work in a French department store. During the war, she worked at night in a secret plant that manufactured arms for Resistance fighters. She turned over her pay check to her mother (as she still does in large part today. She has two extravagances—her family and clothes, in that order).

While working in the department store, she was approached by a group of newspapermen who were conducting a "Pygmalion" contest, the idea of which was to take some unknown girl and develop her into a creature of glamour. "When zey come to me, I say 'Pouf!'" Denise says. "How zey want me? I had no glamour. At first I sought thees was new way of peeckop. I told zem, 'Go away.' But zey want me, so I got ze prize." Winning the contest led to bookings at Paris night clubs, after which she married Shaw and went to Hollywood.

Darcel's initial assault on the film colony was something short of a success. After a time she had a few parts with small acting groups, most notably the Circle Theatre. Mabel Albertson, then directing Molière's "The Doctor in Spite of Himself," needed a girl to play a vivacious French maid. Her daughter, Pat Englund, took Denise to see her one day. "That's the girl," said Miss Albertson, without hearing her read a line. On opening night Denise was the hit of the show. Having forgotten a line, she addressed the audience directly. "Does anybodee speak French? I cannot explain zees een Engleesh!"

CURRENTLY, Darcel is on a personal-appearance tour. She did one other M-G-M movie after "Westward." It is called "Young Man in a Hurry," and co-stars Ruth Roman and Glenn Ford. She was then offered a contract by M-G-M, but refused to sign: "Zey might make me do theengs not good for me."

She is determined to become a good actress. "I am working hard," she says. "I take dancing lessons, ballet—no more monkey beesness."

Despite this attitude, there are definite signs that her Gallic *joie de vivre* is very much present. When told that her lead in "Westward the Women" would be Robert Taylor, her eyes blazed.

"Oh, boy!" she cried. "How I am going to take advantage of keesing him!"

THE END

"Mac" (Continued from page 65)

grocer said with perfect seriousness. "He's pretty old, and I think it's his eyes."

"Probably due to too much reading in bed," I said.

The grocer laughed. "Well, that ain't as farfetched as you may think. Lemme tell you what that dog can do." He leaned forward and tapped me on the chest with his forefinger. "You won't believe this, but that dog can use the telephone. Old Dr. Burns—has a office up over the drugstore?—he calls up here two, three times a week for Mac. He'll say, 'Sid, is Mac there?' And if he is, the doc'll say, 'Put him on the phone.' I'll call Mac and hold the receiver up to his ear. Then the doc will say, 'Mac, come on up to the office. I want you to make a call with me.' And Mac'll turn around and trot over there as straight as he can go."

He put his head back and laughed as if I had told the story and he had been the listener. Then suddenly he looked at me seriously. "But he's cagey, that Mac. There's a new doctor here now—a Dr. Cambrick—and Mac don't like him at all. He's sort of a joker, this Cambrick, and Mac don't trust him. Now and again he'll call here for Mac, but the minute he hears Cambrick's voice he knows who it is and he just goes back and lies down."

He chuckled and shook his head. "Oh, he's some dog, that Mac. You'll be seeing a lot of him."

HE WAS RIGHT. I did see a lot of Mac. The next time was at church, less than a week later.

My wife and I had arrived after the service began and slipped in to take a seat in the last pew. As soon as we sat down I spotted Mac lying in the center aisle, near the back. I nudged my wife and whispered to her who he was.. He was asleep then, but a moment later when a hymn was called and we rose to sing Mac struggled to his feet and stood blinking drowsily throughout the song.

I watched him during the entire service, and every time the congregation stood, he stood, and when it was over he hurried out with the same embarrassed expression of relief that showed in a lot of the human faces.

As time went on and I became acquainted with the people of Morgan, I picked up more of the fabulous stories about Mac. One of his favorite tricks was riding on the fire truck. Morgan was such a small town it didn't require a regular force. When there was a fire the siren on the city hall would let out a rusty wail and whoever happened to be nearby would start the truck and rush around the square picking up the volunteers. This system had big-city fires beat a mile for excitement. Everyone in Morgan took a hand when there was a fire. The rickety old truck would come careening around the square and everyone would start running after it—grocers with their aprons flapping, men from the barbershop with lather on their faces—everyone. Mac always waited at the corner by Payne's Drugstore, and the truck always stopped for him. No matter where he was when the siren went off, he'd jump up and race toward the drugstore, sliding around corners, going like the wind. And he usually rode in the front seat of the truck.

But that was only one of the many things Mac did that made him seem more human than dog. He was an institution, and to my knowledge, his dominion was seriously challenged only once.

That was when the monkey came to Morgan.

IT WAS a long, hot, dry summer that year, and even in late September the little town seemed still asleep, or paralyzed with heat. The pigeons clustered fretfully on the shady side of the courthouse dome, and the big maple trees had taken on a yellow look. In the window of the drugstore there was a display of fishing tackle, spread out on red crepe paper the sun had bleached orange, and the flies circled aimlessly over the glass pane. But inside the drugstore it was cool. The big ceiling fan whirred softly all summer, and the marble top of the fountain felt cold against bare arms.

It had become a habit with me to stop at the drugstore every afternoon on my way to the post office, and one day as I was leaving I saw a crowd gathered on the courthouse lawn.

I crossed the square and walked around the group, trying to see what the attraction was. There was an old cannon under the trees—a relic of the Civil War—and I climbed on it to look over their heads. In the center of the crowd I saw a man with a dirty-looking beard and a wooden box slung over his shoulder by a leather strap. On the ground beside him, at the end of a chain, was a monkey. Someone had given the monkey a piece of gum. He unwrapped it deftly, popped it into his mouth and began chewing, and as he did so he flicked his eyebrows up and down rapidly. This brought a murmur of laughter from the crowd.

"I wish we had a cat," the man with the beard said. "You'd really see some fun if we had a cat."

"What would he do?" a voice in the crowd asked.

"Oh, he'll really work on a cat," said the man with the beard. "He'll give a cat a cold fit."

At that moment, as if summoned by some diabolic power, old Mac lumbered on the scene. He wiggled through the circle of legs, stopped short, and stared at the monkey with disbelief.

"Oh, oh," the bearded man said softly, and he bent down to unfasten the chain from the monkey's collar.

The monkey looked at Mac, and his tail began to flick back and forth nervously. He got up on his all fours and walked stiffly around in a circle, cutting his eyes from side to side. Mac sat down and looked hard at the monkey, as if he were trying to make out what sort of animal he was.

The monkey widened his circle and passed right under Mac's nose, but without looking at him. An expression of uneasiness passed over Mac's face. He glanced up at the crowd, swallowed, and inched back a little. The people moved away from him in anticipation of something—they didn't know what.

The monkey came around again, paused for an instant, and then moved on, walking very stiffly and slowly. Everyone was quiet; every face was set in an expectant grin.

Then, with lightning quickness, the monkey darted at Mac, seized his tail, and spun him around. Mac let out a howl of terror and streaked off across the courthouse lawn. The monkey hung on for a few yards, bounding along like a

ball, and then suddenly he released his grip and scampered back to leap into his master's arms. Mac kept going as fast as his short legs would carry him. As he went around the band rostrum he skidded and fell in a cloud of dust, but he scrambled to his feet and raced on, ears flattened against his head, eyes wide with fright.

The crowd roared with laughter, and the monkey, perched on his master's shoulder, saluted rapidly several times.

After the laughter subsided, a big man in a Panama hat walked out and stood before the man with the monkey. It was Dr. Cambrick, and he was holding his billfold in his hands.

"What do you want for that monkey?" he asked.

The bearded man looked down at the wallet and shook his head. "I don't think I could sell him," he said.

"Sure you could," Cambrick insisted. "I'll give you fifty dollars for him right now." He took out a fifty-dollar bill, creased it, and held it out.

The man with the beard shifted the monkey on his shoulder and looked at the money.

"I guess I ain't in any position to turn down that kind of money." He sighed and put out his hand.

As I SAID, Dr. Cambrick had a reputation for being something of a prankster, which in itself was enough to explain his buying the monkey, but there was more behind it than that, I found out later.

"Cambrick would like to run Mac out of town, if he could," Sid told me. "You see, Mac has always been a great favorite with the kids, and when they're sick they always insist on Dr. Burns because Mac comes to call with him."

"In other words, Cambrick hasn't been able to cut in on the old doctor's practice the way he'd like to."

"That's about it," he said. "He may figure it this way, too: Folks'll like the monkey better than the dog, so even if he can't run Mac off, he's got the edge because the monkey is funnier."

I looked at him. "Do you really think he's smarter than Mac?"

Sid's eyes lighted with amusement. "I don't know," he said. "Mac is mighty smart. The monkey caught him off guard that day at the courthouse. I don't know. He's near human, that old dog."

The truth is, Mac was near enough human to be terribly humiliated by what the monkey had done to him. He went around town for days afterward with a guilty, embarrassed look on his face. He'd been made a fool of, and he knew it. He hid out in the grocery store most of the time and, according to Sid, he was having a lot more trouble with headaches.

I saw him there often myself. He'd lie in the sawdust under the big wooden block where the meat was cut, and he slept with his paws over his nose, as if to hide his face in shame. He still observed the ritual of shaking hands, but he did it humbly now, and with a sad, beseeching look.

Meanwhile the monkey was in his ascendancy. Dr. Cambrick kept him in the eyes of the public as much as possible, and it wasn't long before we learned what the bearded man had meant when he said the monkey could give a cat a cold fit. The handling of cats was similar to the treatment poor old Mac had got, only more drastic. Whenever the monkey saw a cat he would seize it by the tail and swing it around his head while the cat shrieked with terror. Then he would let go and send the unfortunate creature clawing through space. I won't suggest that everyone thought this trick was humane, or even amusing, but it was surprising how many enjoyed it.

Mac had definitely taken a back seat.

LATE IN October Billy Slick's wife set the henhouse on fire while burning some leaves in the yard. I was coming out of the post office when the siren went off, and I saw Mac catapult out of the grocery store and skitter around the corner on his way to catch the truck.

I set out behind him as fast as I could go. It was good to see him performing like his old self again.

The truck was bearing down on Mac when I reached the drugstore. There was a great sliding of brakes and someone yelled, "Hurry, Mac! Pump, boy!" But he simply stood and stared at the truck. Then, to my unspeakable disappointment, I saw what the trouble was. On the front seat beside the driver sat the monkey, and he was ringing the bell furiously.

There was nothing to be said. I looked at Mac and he looked at me, and my heart went out to him. After another moment of vain soliciting, the driver gnashed the gears and the truck sped away, leaving Mac standing forlornly in the street. I put out my hand to rub his head, but he turned away and walked slowly down the alley. His head was hung low and his tail hung lower, and suddenly, for the first time, he looked like the very old and homeless dog he was.

But if most of the town had gone over to the monkey's camp, there was a small faction of us who stuck loyally by Mac.

"If he could just put that monkey on the run," I said one day to Sid.

"He'll never do it," Sid replied, shaking his head sadly. "It would take a mean dog to do that, and old Mac ain't got a mean bone in his body."

"I'd like to see him bite a plug out of that damned monkey," I said angrily.

"He can't do that either," Sid said with a catch in his voice. "He's so old he ain't hardly got any teeth left."

Though I scarcely knew Dr. Cambrick I didn't like him, and I was a little ashamed of that because I've always felt it's wrong to pass unfavorable judgment on a man until you know him well. Along toward the end of October, however, I witnessed a scene in the drugstore that confirmed my distaste for him and gave me a sound reason for it.

He was talking to old Dr. Burns when I came in, so I didn't get all the conversation, but I got enough.

"I don't see why you're afraid to do it," Cambrick was saying when I arrived. "It's just in fun."

"I'm not afraid to do it," Dr. Burns replied impatiently. "You know perfectly well I'm not. It's simply that Mac isn't my dog any more than he's anyone else's, and I've no right to do it."

Cambrick laughed. "He may not be your dog, but I don't know of anybody that's *benefited* more by him."

Dr. Burns glared at him. "I *like* Mac, Dr. Cambrick," he retorted. "I like him for a reason that is totally beyond your comprehension because it has nothing to do with making money. And I have no intention of taking him out on a hunting trip with a damned monkey because I strongly suspect there's a vicious trick in it!" And he turned and stalked out.

Cambrick gazed after him for a moment, smiling. Then he went out, too.

I turned to the boy behind the fountain. "What did he ask Dr. Burns to do?"

"He wants them to go possum huntin'," the boy said. "He seen that monkey of his shake a cat out of a tree the other day, and that give him the idea to take Mac and the monkey huntin' together. Mac would tree the possums and the monkey would shake 'em out, see?"

So that was it. Cambrick wasn't going to be satisfied until he had uprooted the last vestige of Mac's reputation. For years Mac had been the undisputed favorite of the hunters around Morgan, and now Cambrick was going to see to it that the monkey stole the show from him in that department, too. It was hard to imagine that a man could feel so much animosity toward a dumb animal; but of course it wasn't Mac Cambrick was really after. It was Dr. Burns, or, more specifically, Dr. Burns's practice. And the monkey was rapidly helping him to get it. Cambrick's popularity had increased noticeably since he'd had the monkey. It was just the sort of gimmick that paid off in a little town where nothing much ever happened and the people starved for something to talk about.

The more I thought about it, the more inevitable the hunting trip seemed. Cambrick needed a new episode to keep interest in the monkey alive, and if he couldn't get Dr. Burns to sponsor Mac he undoubtedly would be able to get one of the hunters to do it. Mac was nobody's dog and yet he was everybody's dog, and there was no way to keep it from happening if someone agreed to take him along.

I talked it over with Sid and he was even more pessimistic about it than I. He seemed to feel, like Dr. Burns, that Cambrick had a trick up his sleeve. "Why, he's mean enough to shoot Mac 'accidentally' if he gets the chance," he said.

I didn't think Cambrick was that unprincipled—besides, Mac was worth more to him as a live dupe—but I did begin to feel uneasy about it.

Poor old Mac, oblivious to the scheming against him, slept ignominiously in the sawdust at the grocery store, paws over his face, undoubtedly suffering from devastating headaches.

THE PAY-OFF came during the first week in November. That's when they have the annual Legion barbecue in Morgan.

The party was held late one afternoon in Skelton's Hollow, a long, lush sward between the foot of July Mountain and the little mountain they call Potato Knob. It was a hazy blue day in Indian summer, and the mountains were an explosion of color—bright yellows and the blood red of gum trees broken by the rust green of firs and pines.

They set up the long tables at the end of the hollow where a spring issued from the limestone rocks and meandered along the mossy lower side of the meadow. At the head of the spring, where it spilled down into a pool, the air was cool and heavy with the fragrance of the mint growing at the water's edge. And this pleasant odor was mingled with that of the meat sizzling on spits above a shallow trench of coals.

Practically everyone in town was there, and that, of course, included Mac and

the monkey. It was a fine affair, and memorable enough in its own right, aside from what happened afterward.

By dark most of the people had eaten their fill and were on their way home, walking down the hollow to where the cars and buggies and wagons were parked in the road. But a good many remained to talk and sing around the bonfire in the barbecue pit.

It was then, as we sat around the fire, that Dr. Cambrick came forward to announce his proposal that the men in the crowd "have a little sport." He had the monkey on his shoulder, and when he spoke the monkey began to clap his hands. Everyone began to clap and laugh.

"Where's old Mac?" Cambrick asked, looking around. "I got a feeling there's a possum up there in the edge of that mountain. If Mac will tree him, I got a monkey that'll shake him out."

This brought a good deal of laughter from the crowd, and several voices said, "Yeah, where is Mac?" "Here, Mac!" "Come on, boy."

I was fervently hoping Mac had gone back to town. But there was a commotion on the other side of the circle and Hess Walker appeared in the firelight, dragging a reluctant, shamefaced Mac by the scruff of the neck.

Sid stood up and went over to the old dog. "Why don't you lay off, Cambrick?" he said.

Cambrick looked at him with well-feigned surprise. "Why, what's the matter, Sid?" he said. "We just want to have a little sport, that's all. What's the harm in that?" And he looked around the crowd for approval.

"Sure, why not?" someone said.

"Yeah, let's git us a possum. We'll barbecue him!" That brought another burst of laughter. It was no use.

MAC STOOD blinking miserably in the firelight, occasionally glancing apprehensively at the monkey. It seemed to me he knew as well as anyone that something unpleasant was in store for him, but he just didn't know how to avoid it.

I got up and went over to Sid. "Let them go, Sid," I whispered. "Maybe Mac will hightail it back to town."

Sid shook his head firmly. "I ain't gonna let them do it," he said. "If it costs me every customer I got, I ain't gonna let them do it."

Mac looked around at the circle of faces, and his big sad eyes were bewildered and a little frightened.

"Come on, don't be a kill-joy," Cambrick said. "All the boys want is a little sport. We just—"

At that moment Mac let out an ear-splitting howl.

Everyone stared at him with surprise. There was a look of electric alertness in his face, and his tail was up, stiff as a rod. "Hey!" somebody yelled.

Mac let out another deafening bellow.

Two or three men scrambled to their feet. "That old hound's smelling game right now," one of them said.

There was a tense moment of silence; every eye was on Mac. Then he wheeled, broke through the crowd, and plunged off into the darkness with that ridiculous, side-winding gait of his.

"After him!" Cambrick shouted. The lanterns were seized from the tables, and we stampeded across the meadow, leaving the women to wait by the fire.

At the edge of the hollow there was a patch of scrubby cedars where the ground rolled up to the limestone rocks cropping out at the foot of the mountain. We swarmed over the rocks and up into the sparser growth of hickory and persimmon trees. It was rough, steep going, especially if you happened to be one of those without a light, but we didn't have far to go.

We found Mac in a small, oblong clearing where a shelf of stone had prevented the vegetation from growing. He was prancing around excitedly before a rotted gum log that issued into the clearing at one side.

"He must be in that log," Hess Walker yelled as the stragglers joined the group. "Wait a minute! Wait for the monkey!"

In a moment Cambrick arrived on the scene, puffing and blowing, his face set in a grin. "Where's the possum?"

Mac watched warily as Cambrick bent down to unfasten the monkey's chain.

"That could be a coon in there," someone suggested cautiously. "Maybe you oughtn't to put the monkey in there."

"Nonsense," Cambrick said. "This monkey can take care of himself. Now stand back everybody!"

Mac backed away to the edge of the clearing as Cambrick carried the monkey forward and set him down before a hole in the end of the log.

We all waited as the monkey squatted beside the log and scratched himself. He leaned forward and peered into the hole. Then he reached deep into it and began to grope about.

"Ye gods!" someone screeched. "A *skunk!*"

The monkey dragged the terrified animal out by the tail and began to swing him around his head. There was an instant during which everyone stood paralyzed with horror. Then pandemonium broke. A queer expression passed over the monkey's face and he let go of the skunk, which sailed through the air and narrowly missed hitting George Whaley in the face. There was a wild, frantic scramble to get away. I could hear people thrashing about in the underbrush, falling and plunging through the darkness.

The last thing I saw was the monkey, scampering across the clearing to jump squarely into Cambrick's protesting arms.

IT MUST have been half an hour before calm was restored, and we assembled in the meadow again around the fire. Some of the men had torn their clothes and several had bruises and brier scratches, but everyone had had a good laugh—everyone, that is, but Cambrick. He had to walk all the way to town that night for fear of smelling up his car, and they say he burned his coat.

We never saw the monkey again. He disappeared during the excitement, and as far as I know he's still running loose somewhere in the mountains.

But the best part of it all was the way Mac took his new rise to fame. He wasn't exactly arrogant about it, or conceited—he went right on shaking hands with his friends and turning out for all the civic functions—but there was a slight difference in him. He held his nose a little higher, and when he trotted along his gait was a little snappier than before. It may seem funny to speak of an old dog like Mac as being cocky, but that's what he was—just a little bit cocky. On the other hand, I guess he had a right to be.

THE END

European Trips Anyone Can Afford *(Continued from page 54)*

private baths with these accommodations.

Stavangerfjord. **New York to Oslo—10 days.** $180 all year. (Rail to Copenhagen, $9.) One to four in a cabin, no private baths.

Marquis de Comillas. **New York to Bilbao, Spain—9 days.** Three tourist classes, Special, "A," and "B" (equivalent to average cabin, tourist, and third class), at $280, $235, $165, all year. Two to eight in a room, no private baths.

Stockholm. **New York to Bremerhaven, Gothenburg, Sweden, or Copenhagen—9 days.** $190 to any port, all year. Two to four in a cabin, no private baths.

Gripsholm. **New York to Bremerhaven, Gothenburg, or Copenhagen—10 days.** $180 to any port, all year. One to four in a cabin, baths shared by two cabins.

America. **New York to Southampton—7 days.** In season, $165; off season, $160. (To Le Havre, $5 more; to Bremerhaven, $10.) Two to four in a room. A few rooms with private bath.

Air Accommodations

Plans for tourist-class air travel across the Atlantic are still in the formative stage. The air lines will use the same types of planes as in first-class transatlantic service but will accommodate more passengers per plane by cutting down on baggage and cargo space and on the space allotted to electrical kitchens, meal-service facilities, and other extras.

Pan American World Airways intends to use a special "high-density" seating arrangement in their brand-new three-hundred-mile-an-hour DC-6B planes. On the transatlantic run, these will seat eighty-two passengers in reclining chairs. Flying time will be about fourteen hours from New York to London, with a stop at Gander, Newfoundland, or Shannon, Ireland—or both. There will be no complimentary meals, but snacks and box lunches will be available. There will not be bar service.

Trans World Airlines will use the same time-tested, three-hundred-mile-an-hour Constellations that are now used on first-class flights. Seating arrangements will be changed to provide for sixty passengers. Tourist departure times will be approximately the same as first-class —leaving New York in the early evening and arriving in London at noon or early afternoon, London time. Free meals and complimentary cocktails will be eliminated. Present plans call for providing hot meals for sale to passengers at moderate cost. Bar service is expected.

It is time now to decide the *modus operandi*. You have three choices. You can take an all-expense, conducted group tour operated by a travel organization; you can have your agent or tour company plan a tour, selecting your own itinerary, hotels, and sightseeing trips, and paying all basic costs in advance; or you can gather all the data you need and make your own reservations and arrangements with the option of switching plans along the way. (The fourth possibility, of course, is simply to buy your ticket to Europe and trust to luck and your own ingenuity; if you do, you will pay and pay and pay. The importance of making detailed plans and reservations before you leave home cannot be too strongly stressed.)

First-time visitors to Europe—especially those who do not have a conversational knowledge of French—will probably save money by taking one of the many kinds of conducted group tours. Your local travel agent sells such tours, as do the big travel wholesalers, like American Express and Thos. Cook & Son. The air lines also promote package tours, but most of them are conducted by tour operators.

The best advice you can have on package tours is to insist on seeing all the goods in the shop. Look around. Write to every advertiser of European travel. Get all the folders. Study them carefully and be sure to read the fine print. Tours differ greatly, and it is essential to know exactly what the tour price includes and what it does not. Watch out for phrases like "all meals as indicated." That means you must go through the day-by-day itinerary carefully and count just how many meals you will have to pay for. Look for the word "optional." It means extra cost if you want that particular tour feature. Check on whether taxi fares, tips to baggage porters, gratuities to hotel employees, and admissions to places of interest are included.

Making arrangements for an independent itinerary is almost as easy as buying a package tour. You simply go to the agent or tour operator with a rough outline of where you want to go, how much time you have, and how much money you can spend. The agent will offer practical advice, and when all arrangements are complete, will give you a booklet of coupons, arranged in order, to be used for transportation, hotel rooms, meals, sightseeing, baggage transfers, etc. The services of a travel agent are always free to the traveler.

Making your own reservations and budgeting all your own costs is possible, but not very practical. Unless you know the languages of the countries you will visit well enough to carry on intelligent correspondence and conversation, don't try it. It is better to let an agent do the job and hold him responsible.

Combinations of countries and places of interest are almost limitless in their variety. You can plan any kind of tour that time and money permit. In order to furnish some examples, however, here is a series of tours ranging in length from two to five weeks (not counting time of transatlantic crossing) and covering the most popular tourist centers. Prices are rough approximations, intended to cover hotels, meals, transportation, sightseeing, taxis, and tips—everything except transatlantic fare. They are based on comfortable but not luxurious accommodations and on second-class travel on many of the railroads. (In some cases, this is the only class available for local travel; in others, the difference between first and second is so slight there is no point in paying for a first-class ticket.) It is possible to do the same things for less and, of course, you can spend much more.

THE TOURS

Fourteen Days to England, Holland, Belgium, and Paris. Estimated cost, $252.

If you go by air, you'll arrive at the London airport about midday. Allowing an hour and a half to cover customs formalities and the forty-minute trip from the airport, you will be at your hotel by 1:30 or 2:00 P.M. Ships arrive at ports two to four hours away from London; you take a train direct from the pier after going through customs.

Your headquarters are in London through the fifth day of your tour. There is a day for sightseeing in the city, and a half day for the motor-coach tour from London to Windsor Castle, Eton, and other excursion points. It takes a full day to tour the Shakespeare country, Oxford, Kenilworth, and Warwick Castle. This program gives you two and a half days for exploring London on your own.

On the evening of the fifth day you take the night train from London to Harwich, where you board a steamer—with comfortable cabin accommodations—for the Hook of Holland. You arrive in the early morning, establish headquarters at The Hague, and begin a motor-coach tour of Holland that includes the dike and windmill country of the picture books; Amsterdam, where you can take a boat ride around the city (a trip of about an hour and a half, costing thirty cents); Alkmaar, the cheese center; and Haarlem, with its windmills and beaches, on which you'll find some of the prettiest girls in Europe.

A day and a half will suffice to show you the high lights of Holland, and on the afternoon of the second day you take the train for the three-hour ride to Brussels. A half-day trip by sightseeing bus is sufficient to cover the principal places of interest in Brussels, including the Royal Palace and the guild halls on Market Square, where there is the daily flower market and, on Sundays, the bird market. You will also have a half day of free time. A full day is spent on the excursion to Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp. Bruges is a medieval city with all of its beautiful old architecture in an excellent state of preservation—a local law forbids anyone to spoil the picturesque appearance of the city.

On the evening of the ninth day of your tour, you board the overnight train for Paris. (When you arrive, early in the morning, hang on to your tickets; you will need them to pass through the gate at the Paris station.)

You have five full days in Paris, with ample time for sightseeing in the city and surrounding country. The tours of the city always include a short visit to the Left Bank, with its bookstalls, steep hills, narrow streets, and the church of Sacré Coeur atop Montmartre. They operate this tour both in the daytime and at night, and it's a good idea to take it both times. At night the Arc de Triomphe, Cleopatra's Needle, many buildings and churches are illuminated by floodlights, and the boulevards become an intricate fairyland of winking lights.

To give you a brief notion of what to expect at night clubs, an evening for two at the Moulin Rouge, including a bottle of champagne and a two-hour variety show, will cost somewhere between $20 and $30. Don't get into an argument with a taxi driver when you try to return to your hotel afterward. Rates are automatically doubled after 11:00 P.M., and taxis become scarce. The night-club doorman always has a "friend" with a private car who will drive you home, but make sure you establish the cost of the trip before you even put your hand on the door handle. If you find a driver who will take you to your hotel for 500 francs (about $1.25) you've got a fair price.

One need not go to the expensive restaurants like Maxim's, La Cremaillère, and Monseigneur to eat well. There are hundreds of excellent, inexpensive little restaurants in Paris. In the nearby areas —and the best trip is a half-day tour to Versailles—busses usually stop for luncheon at one of the little towns near Paris, where there are also excellent small hotels and restaurants.

From Paris, you either fly home direct or, if you are returning by ship, take the short rail trip to a channel port.

Thirty-five Days to England, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and France. Estimated cost, $630.

Your trip begins with four days in London and the surrounding area, including the half-day tour to Windsor and the full day in the Shakespeare country. You reach Holland via the overnight boat train from Harwich to the Hook, arriving at The Hague in the morning and having a full day for the motor tour of Holland. You proceed to Brussels the next afternoon and spend a full day there. On the ninth day you take an all-day train trip through Belgium and France to Bern, Switzerland.

It's a full day's journey to the Jungfrau Joch, including several changes of transportation on your way up the mountain, luncheon in the chalet, and tremendous views of the Swiss Alps. You travel by motor coach to Lucerne on the eleventh day of your trip, journeying through the spectacular Alpine country. At Lucerne there is more magnificent scenery and an afternoon in the city itself, to sample some of the excellent Swiss food and perhaps to shop for watches in the stores. On the morning of the thirteenth day, you take the train to Lugano and spend the afternoon there.

The train trip from Lugano to Venice should be interrupted at Milan for at least three or four hours, to visit the cathedral and the stores of this metropolis of northern Italy, and to have a meal at one of its excellent restaurants.

You will reach Venice in the evening. The motor-boat taxis, gondolas, and local steamers all stop at the docks right next to the railroad station. Beware of the private motor boats because they will charge you about $4 for the trip from the station dock to your hotel. Take a little more time. Do it by gondola if the weather is pleasant, or you can take one of the public-service ferries that stop at all the hotel docks and on which the fare is about 70 lire, or 12 cents.

Italy's CIAT busses have attained popularity with tourists during the last few years. The newer coaches have comfortable seats and each bus is equipped with a bar, a supply of guide books, and a hostess who provides a running commentary on the passing scene in any of the more widely spoken languages, including English.

From Venice you take a bus by daylight to Florence, arriving in the evening. The first of your two days there includes both a morning and an afternoon tour. The second day you're on your own, and you'll find Florence is one of the best shopping centers in Italy.

The trip to Rome is again made in daylight by bus. You have four days in Rome for a series of half-day tours to the most interesting spots in the Eternal City. Included are sightseeing trips to the Borghese Gallery and its surrounding parks; the Pantheon; the Temple of Neptune, which was built in the first century and is now the stock exchange; the Quirinal Palace, the Vatican, and the Sistine Chapel; St. Peter's and St. Paul's Outside the Walls; the catacombs; the Appian Way and the old Roman Wall.

You travel south to Naples, the headquarters for a one-day tour that will take you to Amalfi, Sorrento, and Pompeii by motor coach, and for a full-day trip by steamer to the Isle of Capri.

The trip north to Genoa is made by train, consuming a full day of your tour, and from Genoa you travel along the Italian and French Rivieras by motor coach to Nice. The trip over the Grand Corniche Drive to Menton and Monte Carlo is a half-day journey and there will be time for an afternoon swim before you have to pack and catch the sleeper for Paris.

Six full days have been allotted to Paris and its surrounding countryside to complete your five-week tour.

Twenty-one Days to Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Paris. Estimated cost, $340.

Your Scandinavian trip begins in Oslo, the capital of Norway, where you arrive by either plane or ship. There is time for a half-day sightseeing tour, including the museum that contains the now famous Kon-Tiki raft and a number of historic ships.

The train ride from Oslo to Bergen is a beautiful trip and takes the better part of a day. At Bergen, you can take the half-day city tour that includes a ride on the funicular railway to the Floyen Mountain, and visits to tiny homes dating back to the twelfth century.

The best way to see the fiords in Norway is to take the railway to Vosse and transfer there to the connecting motor coach to Stalheim, where you board a steamer for the trip to Balestrand and an all-day sightseeing journey among the fiords. The return trip to Oslo by steamer takes up the seventh day of your tour, and on the eighth you travel by rail to Stockholm.

Three days are spent in the capital city of Sweden, and you should take at least two standard sightseeing tours: one through the city, and an excursion to Drottningholm Palace and the Theatre Museum. The nearby island of Gotland is a popular tourist spot. The trip to Visby, its capital, is best made by air. Visby is old, bucolic, and colorful.

The trip from Stockholm to Copenhagen can be made in less than a day by rail and ferry. You have three days in Copenhagen and its surrounding country, and because the nation is small it is easy to get from place to place in a few hours.

A full day by motor coach allows leisurely visits to Elsinore, Hamlet's castle; Fredensborg, where the Store Kro, or "Great Inn," serves meals at low prices; and Fredericksborg Castle in Hillerod, built about 1620 by King Christian IV.

Night clubs are gay and inexpensive in Copenhagen. There are no markups for tourists. At the Lorry, for example, you can sit all night and watch an hour-long show while buying a fifteen-cent glass of beer. At a few other night spots, such as the Ambassador, Atlantic Palace, and Valencia, you may have to pay a cover charge, equivalent to fifteen or thirty cents, and may have to order a sandwich with your beer. Top entertainment is

provided by the Royal Ballet, with the most expensive seats costing about $1.50. In summer, the famous Tivoli Gardens, in the center of the city, provide a gathering place for Danes and foreigners alike.

Throughout Scandinavia the food is good; but you will go crazy if you try to interpret the liquor laws. In Norway, bars don't open until 3:00 P.M. and when you get outside two or three of the larger cities you find no bars at all. Only wine is obtainable at bars on Saturday or Sunday, but bottled liquor can be purchased in the stores throughout the week, and up to 1:00 P.M. on Saturdays.

Private baths are not plentiful in either Sweden or Norway and are available only in about a fourth of the hotels in Denmark. Only in large hotels in the big cities do you have a real chance of getting a private bath.

Some big hotels do not have dining rooms, and if you are interested in convenience when it comes to finding eating places, you had better consult your hotel and restaurant guide in advance or, better still, ask your travel agent about it before you leave home.

The flight to Paris from Copenhagen takes less than four hours, and your itinerary allows more than three full days there. Without the Paris visit, the tour takes eighteen days and the estimated cost is $290. In that case, you leave for home from Copenhagen.

Finland can be visited on an extension tour added to the above itinerary. It was not included because the Olympic Games are being held in Finland from July nineteenth to August third this year, and accommodations do not lend themselves to ordinary touring.

People planning to see the Olympic Games or to visit Finland during that time should make special arrangements through their travel agents immediately. While additional accommodations are being provided for the thousands who will visit the games, it is likely that a great many people will have to stay in private homes or in the special villages being built for the anticipated throngs.

Helsinki is only a short hop by air from Stockholm. A double room with bath at a good hotel in Helsinki costs about $6.50 and a single room with bath is about $4.40. These prices, however, are for ordinary times. Careful inquiry should be made before planning a visit this summer, as it will be particularly difficult to obtain hotel accommodations.

Twenty-one Days to Spain, France, and Italy. Estimated cost, $378.

Your trip to the Latin lands begins at Gibraltar. You arrive by ship directly from the United States or by plane, via Madrid or Lisbon. Your first view of Spain is the picturesque city of Algeciras, set on a hill just across from the great rock. Here you will be interested in the little donkey and mule carts that are the principal means of transportation in Spain. They will become a familiar sight on your motor-coach tour along the Spanish Riviera, via Granada to Madrid —a two-day journey.

Granada is one of the most beautiful cities in Spain and is topped by the famous Alhambra. Your sightseeing tour there includes the room in which Queen Isabella received Christopher Columbus.

Across the valley are the Generalife Gardens and the Palace of King Charles V. Your city tour also includes the old cathedral of Granada, and the tombs of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella.

The highway from Granada to Madrid, coming down from the high mountains through miles of olive groves, is one of the most colorful in Spain. There is time in Madrid for a city sightseeing tour along the Prado to the Royal Palace and University City, and for shopping for some of the good Spanish leather goods, lace mantillas, and embroidered shawls. There are excellent restaurants in Madrid, including a number that serve special dishes from the provinces of Spain. Most popular of the excursions from the capital is the one to Toledo by motor coach, which occupies a full day and includes a complete sightseeing tour of the most typical of all Spanish cities.

It's a half-day journey by train from Madrid to Barcelona, where you will have time for a short sightseeing trip before continuing on to the historic city of Carcossonne in southern France. You will have a full day here for seeing the ramparts of this one-time fortress before continuing on to Marseille, great French seaport on the Riviera. This is the time to switch back to the sightseeing motor coach for the journey along the French Riviera, with a brief stop at Nice. You continue on to Genoa, and from there go to Venice by rail, via Milan.

Twenty-one Days to Italy, Austria, and Germany. Estimated cost, $400.

If you arrive by steamer, your tour begins at Naples. People traveling by plane land at Rome and take the "Rapido" south to Naples, a few hours' ride. You are in Naples for two and a half days that include a tour to Amalfi, Sorrento, and Pompeii by motor coach and the full-day steamer trip to Capri. The next three days are spent in Rome and you travel by bus to Florence and Venice, with time for sightseeing in both places. Traveling by motor coach, you cross the Dolomites to Cortina, and go via Bologna to Innsbruck in the Austrian Tirol.

You will need your gray transit card for the Russian zone on the train trip to Vienna. You have two days there.

Daylight train takes you to Salzburg, Germany, where you will have a sightseeing tour. Traveling by train, you visit Munich, before continuing on to the university city of Heidelberg. You spend the morning sightseeing in Heidelberg and then proceed by train to Wiesbaden, where you spend the night. The next morning you board the Rhine River steamer for an all-day sail to Cologne. From Cologne you board your plane for home, or take the train to Hamburg or Bremen if you are returning by ship.

Twenty-one Days to Ireland, Scotland, and England. Estimated cost, $357.

The Emerald Isle is the starting point for this short tour that begins at Cobh if you arrive by steamer, or at Shannon Airport if you come by plane. Your first stop will be Blarney Castle and will include the little ceremony of kissing the Blarney Stone, a fairly acrobatic feat.

You travel to Killarney by rail and make a circular tour of the lakes in this scenic area before proceeding to Dublin by train on the fourth day of your trip.

You sail from Dublin on the overnight boat for Liverpool, arrive early in the morning, and take the train to Chester, the gateway to the lake district.

Your tour of the English lakes goes by way of Windermere. From there you take an all-day train trip to Glasgow.

The Robert Burns country is the objective of your all-day motor-coach trip from Glasgow. You return to the city for an overnight stay. The trip from Glasgow to Edinburgh is only an hour or two by train but on this tour you make it an all-day journey by motor coach going via the wild and scenic Trossachs, across the "bens" and lochs to beautiful Loch Lomond. You spend two days in Edinburgh.

You will need another half day for the tour to Melrose Abbey, founded by David I in 1136, where the heart of Robert Bruce is buried beneath the high altar; Dryberg Abbey, partly in ruins, containing the tombs of Sir Walter Scott and Earl Haig; and Abbottsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott.

The morning train takes you from Edinburgh to York, and you have a free afternoon for browsing in this old city. Your tour is completed with a six-day stay in London during which you will make the half-day tour to Windsor and a two-day tour to Oxford and the Shakespeare country, with an overnight stay in Stratford and time to see one of Shakespeare's plays at the memorial theatre. An all-day trip to Canterbury and its famous cathedral is also included in your visit to London. THE END

When Eisenhower Was President *(Continued from page 61)*

president of a small rural college in a small town where everybody would know me and I'd know everybody. I like to call people by their first names and be called by my first name. But I've been persuaded to take this job, and now, damn it, I want to make a success of it. Will you help me?"

That dean, of course, became an Eisenhower partisan. He spent hours explaining the university to the general. He suggested that the general set aside one morning a week to visit classes and have lunch with some of the faculty. Not necessarily the big-name professors, but with the younger instructors. Eisenhower welcomed this idea, and he never missed a Wednesday morning, visiting classes, shaking hands, smiling, striding about the campus speaking to astonished students, trying to make the Eisenhower friendliness a successful substitute for the academic experience he lacked.

HE WAS not pleased when it was pointed out that, after all, the first job of a university president is to raise money—and that, well, maybe that was what the trustees had in the back of their minds when they elected him.

"What the hell," he snorted, "you mean they want me to go around from town to town with a tin cup?"

Perhaps because of this reluctance, he was not successful as a money raiser. His one modest trophy in the fund-raising field was bagged with the aid of his friend Averell Harriman. Arden House, a 180-room white elephant of the Harriman estate, was given to Columbia.

His speeches sounded so much like Senator Taft's that the Columbia *Spectator* twice accused him of sending up trial balloons for political purposes.

The *Spectator* has never been anything

but critical of the general, and the Harvard *Crimson*, in a special article on Eisenhower, declared:

> He allows much more time for outside activities, not connected with education, than most college presidents. He makes many non-Columbia speeches and sees a lot of minor persons who just want to come to his office and say hello. Many feel that he suffers by comparison with most of the other Ivy League college presidents.

ON THE issue of communism some of the critics say he "failed to clean out some awful Reds on the faculty," but this criticism seems hardly justified. In his inaugural address he took a firm position about the discussion of communism. He said that there were folks who believed that communism should not be discussed, but that he believed that it should be discussed openly, for that was the only way to understand it.

There was a Howard Fast "incident" at Columbia during his presidency: Fast was refused the right to speak on the campus. But in this case the general merely enforced a rule set up by his predecessor that no person under indictment could speak on university property.

He showed considerable interest in the curriculum, and discussed with the deans the courses offered in the various departments. He expressed concern over trying to keep the three great fields of education in proper balance. The deans had expected to find him interested chiefly in science or engineering, but he talked more about human values.

"Science is amoral," he said to one dean. "Man is getting control of the physical world, but the main thing is what's in a man's soul."

When he went over the curriculum of the history department, he remarked on the absence of any teaching of military history. "I'm a lover of peace," he said, "but history is made up of wars, so war should be considered." He had planned to teach a special course in military history—the course was already set up when he was sent abroad.

In the handling and spending of money, the general gave no one the impression that he is a waster. The salary scale at Columbia had been increased shortly before he became president, and he expressed pride in the fact that the university has one of the highest salary scales in the country. But he proposed no vast or grandiose schemes for spending money; he is thrifty in his personal life; at least one dean concluded Eisenhower had "a Kansas farmer's tendency to save money."

Several professors at Columbia, some of them deans, were asked to write their impressions of the general's presidency. Here are excerpts from their judgments:

> **It is not true,** as was stated in a magazine article, that Eisenhower is disliked at Columbia. He's too affable and pleasant to be disliked. But he is certainly in no way highly regarded. He has good intentions but not the strength to carry them out. He said he wanted to be accessible, and he did make the effort to attend classes, but still he didn't take the necessary steps to prevent the virtual blockade by his personal staff. The majority of the top professors regard him as a mistake and a failure.

Eisenhower was genuinely ambitious to do a good job at Columbia. He was not selfish with his time, as he was accused of being. He should have been more accessible to the faculty, and I think he wanted to be. I don't believe he knew the number of times that people came and wanted to see him and were shunted away.

The trouble with Eisenhower at Columbia was that when he came he had a picture of the job as a kind of friendship between him and the professors and students. But running a university is not so simple. He discovered it was hard for him to have that friendship, and he didn't succeed in doing anything about it. What he really did was nothing.

Despite his difficulties and lack of qualifications for the job, Eisenhower didn't hurt the university. He didn't barge in with a lot of wild plans and insist on trying them out. He was bewildered; he admitted it; he asked for help and made use of the best help available. He was probably perfectly sincere in taking the job but he had no real conception of what would be expected of him.

I'll say this for Eisenhower: He believed in building up young men. When, by retirement or transfer, a department lost a good man, the general didn't want to go searching the country for another big name to fill the place; he was in favor of replacing the lost man with the best young man in the department. He believed that one of the functions of the university is to prepare young people for higher posts.

Mrs. Eisenhower was well liked at Columbia. She served as chairman of the women's group of the Friends of Columbia College. She invited the women to her home. Some people have said she was not as accessible as Mrs. Butler. Actually she was more accessible. And she was more one of us. Mrs. Butler was high and mighty and aristocratic; Mrs. Eisenhower was a genuine, middle-class wife.

Eisenhower is not a profound scholar except about things military. But he has something that makes up for that lack. He has something that is rare today. He has character and a set of values. He is a very wise judge of human beings. He is all out on the table. He is humble, but I would hate to be the fellow to try to flimflam him.

When all the conflicting judgments on the general's presidency are considered, it seems that the objective mind must reach a conclusion something like this:

An American of ability, character, and good will was given a job for which he was almost ludicrously ill-fitted. His narrowing military experience, his aides, his continuing military commitments to the nation—all these were further handicaps. He sought advice; he did his best; he displayed the virtues of sincerity, integrity, and friendliness. But, as Hegel said, "It is not enough that a man be good; he must be effectively good."

THE END

technical forgiveness? Is she endeavoring to make him bear a burden of remorse that irks her? The test of the rightness of a wife's telling her husband about her sexual relations with anyone else, premarital or otherwise, is whether it will help him more than it hurts him. What will help the wife is not the confession but the resolution never to let it happen again, and the less she talks and thinks about it, the less likely it is to recur. Honest admissions of sexual infidelities may have saved some marriages, but no woman should impulsively add what is insult to injury.

THOUGH it is necessary to tread carefully in the area of sexual confidences, there are other fields in which anyone who has observed married life, or lived it, can be dogmatic about what a woman should not tell her husband. The matters she should keep to herself fall into two groups: the things she should not tell him about himself, and the things she should not tell him about herself.

Heading the first list are unpleasant truths about members of her husband's family. These people are part of his life, and he shares or inherits some of their traits. Insulting or criticizing one of his family is obliquely a reflection on him. His mother may be stupid or domineering, his father a fourflusher, his brother lazy, his sister silly. But by the time a man is of marriageable age, there is nothing he can do to change his relatives. So criticism of them is as futile as it is destructive. A man may not like his relatives, or he may be oblivious to their faults. The last situation can be very irritating to a wife, but there are many ways she can get along successfully with her husband's family. The way that will certainly fail is to abuse them. A wife should never say things that put her in the position of trying to destroy the affection of a man for his blood relatives. She may have to *protect* him and herself against the boredom or exploitation of his mother or brother, but criticism will drive a man to defend his kin, or make him ashamed and bitter. If anyone has to say unpleasant things about a husband's relatives, let the husband himself be the one to say them.

Sometimes it works out that way. It was obvious to the friends of one young couple that the husband's mother, who was extremely possessive, did not intend to give him up to his wife. She did not like the girl, and the prognosis for the marriage was bad. But the young wife never said a word against her mother-in-law. She concentrated on showing her husband how much more fun it was to live with someone who was not vain and possessive. Her success was assured when, one day after his mother had left their house, her husband said, "Poor Mother can't help being that way. I do appreciate your being so good about it."

In the same category is the fact that a wife should never tell her husband that he is unsuccessful. If it is true, his boss, his superintendent, the voters—if he runs for office—will make no bones about his failures. But at home, across the breakfast table, in bed, there should be the assumption that a man can succeed. The wife who says to her husband, "You'll never get anywhere," only brings that possibility nearer to fulfillment.

A survey of any group of married people shows the difference between men whose wives profess no faith in them and those whose wives build them up. There is the couple no one likes to invite to dinner because "Molly is so hard on Joe." Everyone knows that Joe is no ball of fire and Molly is a brilliant woman. But in the years of their marriage Joe has lost what drive he had. He is a wilted man, and Molly is a frustrated woman. She has done neither of them any good by her statements that Joe can't do this or failed at that.

Molly should have taken the course of another woman in the same group who married a man who was cocky and boastful in company, often so much so that his friends called him down. But his wife never did. Once, talking to another woman, she said, "I know the way Bill acts and I wish he wouldn't, but I'm not the one to tell him. I'd destroy his confidence completely. The reason he asserts himself is because the way he was brought up gave him an inferiority complex. You have to understand Bill." She went on understanding him, guiding him, putting up with him, and today he is a much more agreeable person. He is also a success in business in a field in which it's necessary for him to be quite aggressive.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

HOME IS WHERE THE HAT IS

Norman R. Jaffray

A wife is a person
Whose efforts are bent
To creating a home
That is rich with content:
Such a comfortable house,
With refinements so clever,
Her gratified spouse
Wants to stay there forever.
And having attained
This commendable goal,
She devotes all her efforts,
Both body and soul,
To uprooting her husband
And leading him thence
To the houses of others
For social events.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A WOMAN who obviously refrains from criticism or mockery of her husband is by that token charming. At a dinner not long ago one of the men guests talked brilliantly, giving a clear analysis of a political situation with which he was familiar. Later he fell asleep in the drawing room on a comfortable sofa, and slept rather noisily. His wife said, "He's tired out. He has been working so hard," and sat down at a bridge table. When he woke up, she asked pleasantly, "Ready to go home?" and they did. I am sure that on the way home she did not tell him he snored. She probably told him she was proud of the way he talked at dinner.

The final thing a woman should not tell her husband about himself is criticism of him she has heard from others. Not merely because the criticism may hurt, but because it shames a man to know that the person in whose eyes he wants to appear most admirable has heard derogatory remarks about him.

IT IS EQUALLY important for a woman to put a guard on her tongue and a lock on her lips concerning the things she tells her husband about herself. She can destroy his faith in her judgment. She can wear away his love by boring comments she should have left unsaid.

Too many wives use their husbands as conversational dumping grounds. They say things to them they would never say to anyone else. A woman would not greet a guest with the remark, "I am utterly tired out tonight!" But it is often a wife's standard greeting to her husband.

There is no reason a wife should not admit fatigue to her husband. But she should not mention it too often, for he may also have had a hard day and talking about exhaustion is not restful.

It is wise for a wife not to tell her husband about her mistakes if there is nothing to be done about them. She should not tell him about the stupid remark she made to his boss that might possibly do some harm. If it makes trouble the husband will find out soon enough. The chances are that it will not, and no wife improves her standing with her husband by telling him, "I know I shouldn't have said it, but—"

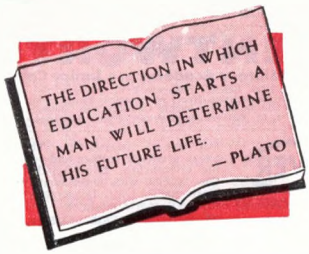
Useless worries are never good subjects for conversation. No rule could be more golden than the one that says a wife should never tell a husband anything that will trouble him unless the telling works toward a solution.

A wife should not tell her husband things about herself that will not interest him. There are men who follow trends in fashion and enjoy buying their wives' clothes, but they are few. Most women should let affairs of clothes be seen and not heard by their husbands. It is a small matter, perhaps, but a corollary, that wives should not say too much about cosmetics, hairdos, rinses, or tints. They will succeed only in destroying their glamour. There is good reason for that phrase "beauty secrets."

In the great and small matters that make the pattern of marriage, a woman must decide what to tell her husband and what to keep to herself. She must determine what is best with honesty, sympathy, and imagination; if she is short in these qualities her husband deserves sympathy. There should be no deceit between husband and wife, but there must be restraint, particularly of the tongue. Problems that can be solved should always be discussed thoroughly. But negative worries that cannot be improved by discussion are better left untold.

This is sauce for the gander, too. A man should tell his wife nothing that will shame or humiliate her to no avail or will uselessly trouble her. Both husband and wife are at the mercy of each other's words, and probably more marriages have been wrecked by words than by infidelities.

But while it's true that words ruin some married lives, they make others happy and gracious. The wife who knows this will not only create an interesting home, but will keep it in peace. THE END



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The Hardest Lesson (Continued from page 45)

wanted to ask you. But I told him I'd rather not have the party—"

"In heaven's name, why not?"

"You'd have ruined everything, that's all."

"How can you say such a terrible thing?"

"Because it's true, Frank. Why do you suppose we ever came to Boston except to get away to ourselves? Eddie is a fine and wonderful person—yet you hurt him every time you come around. You just take charge; you're the big successful man who has to impress everybody. You top everything Eddie says, every opinion he expresses, every story he tries to tell; you contradict him and make him look foolish in front of his friends, in front of me, in front of his own child. Well, last night the president of the college was coming to dinner. We hope Eddie's going to be promoted. It means everything to us. Why should you take the spotlight and spoil everything? That's why, for once in my life, I put my foot down."

Her hand was unsteady as she smoothed back a wisp of hair. "I've always known what you really think of me, Frank. But there's one thing I can tell you. I try to make Eddie happy, and that's more than you ever do."

"I'm not like that at all," he cried.

"Aren't you, though?" she said miserably. "You ought to get wise to yourself."

Frank Dudley turned away. As his sister-in-law shut the door, she looked as if she were going to faint.

Eventually Dudley appeared in the office of his friend Dr. Edwin.

"I'm not sick," he insisted. "But I can't get this thing out of my mind, and I can't decide what to do. That woman is my mortal enemy. I won't let her separate Eddie and me. There must be a solution."

Dr. Edwin looked at his friend over the rims of his glasses. "There is," he declared flatly. "But you won't like it. Your sister-in-law gave you the best possible advice when she told you to get wise to yourself. Philosophers have been saying the same thing for thousands of years—'Man, know thyself.' But almost nobody ever has the nerve to do it."

"I know myself all right," said Dudley.

"Which self? Like everybody else in the world, you are not one person but three. You are the man you think you are, the man other people think you are—and the man you really are. And generally that last one is the man nobody knows. If you ever summon the nerve to make his acquaintance, you may change your whole life."

A GAUNT look settled on Dudley's troubled face. "I'll do anything—try anything—to keep things right," he said. "You show me myself as I really am."

"Not I! Only you can do that. But I can suggest how to start. Why don't you play the game I like to call spiritual solitaire? You become a detective and spy on yourself. Watch yourself! Listen to yourself! Weigh your thoughts and impulses! Don't write or telephone or go to Boston until I say so. When you are ready, come to see me again."

It seemed to Dudley that the old psychologist had failed him. When he went to dinner, he had no intention of playing the game. He sat down at a table with several men he knew. Presently one of the group began to tell a joke.

As he launched into his yarn, the man's eyes were glowing, all his slight powers exerted to impersonate the characters. But, as it happened, Dudley had heard the story before, and his eyes wandered away. He was thinking of another yarn, much funnier than this one; he meant to tell it the moment the narrator finished. He could hardly wait for the story to be over.

His fingers had just started to beat a fidgeting tattoo on the tablecloth when, with a jolt, he remembered his new game. It was almost as if Dr. Edwin had jogged his elbow. And the words of Agnes resounded in his mind: *"You top everything Eddie says, every opinion he expresses, every story he tries to tell—"*

DUDLEY was aware of a chilly feeling down his back as if something weird were happening. He shivered as a shout of laughter followed the story.

Eager to appease himself, Dudley blurted out, "Gosh, that's a good one! And how magnificently you told it!"

The storyteller turned to him with an utterly grateful glance. The little company lingered at the table, bound spontaneously for an hour of friendliness. Dudley kept leading the applause and thoroughly enjoying it all. As they were breaking up, the first storyteller told Dudley he was one of the most interesting fellows he knew—and Dudley had scarcely spoken a word all evening!

This experience was the beginning of Dudley's adventure with himself. At lunch with a business associate the next day he learned that a certain man wanted to be elected vice-president of a trade association.

"That won't be easy," Dudley objected.

"Why not?"

Fortunately Dudley hesitated. He was learning to make hesitation a habit, just to keep himself in bounds. What was it he had been about to say? He had intended to reveal how much he knew about the feeling among the association's directors; how they came to him for advice; he meant to hold forth, to expound—

Again Agnes' voice echoed in his memory: *"You're the big successful man who has to impress everybody—"*

"That man," he stammered, "is too good for vice-president. He'd make a great president."

"Dudley," cried the other with a whoop of joy, "you talk like a statesman. He's my closest friend, you know, and with your help we can put him over."

Dudley was inwardly astonished at the meanness he had come so close to committing. If the truth were faced, he was not much better than a gossip, a ponderous tattletale. And why? Simply because he was under a constant temptation to be interesting. He wanted people to listen to him, to think how important he was, how much on the inside of everything.

From now on, to hell with all that, he thought fervently.

But it's one thing to consign vanity to hell and another thing to keep it there. Dudley was tracking down the mental habits of a lifetime, and they had a sly way of disguising themselves. He could be—and usually was—analytical and realistic about the failings of others, but he was instinctively romantic about all his own traits. What was stinginess in the other fellow was simple thrift in himself.

There were many such discoveries. It startled him to detect the gossip with which he spiced conversation, the little detractions his tongue uttered against men whom he called his friends. More than once he found, to his horror, that he was capable of rejoicing over one man's misfortune and grieving over another man's success. Dudley was shocked, yet enthralled. Even the unpleasant things reported to him from his critics became valuable clues in his quest for truth, often bringing an unexpected bonus of laughter. There were times when Dudley had to roar at his own inconsistencies. And the more he learned about himself, the easier it was to understand others and forgive them.

One day, while packing his bags, he realized that two weeks had gone by and he had not returned to Dr. Edwin. With a package under his arm, he called at the doctor's office and related his recent discoveries.

"And what about your brother's wife? Are you still angry with her?"

"Doctor, I have taken an inventory of my own damn foolishness, and I am so sore at myself I haven't room to be sore at anybody else."

"Then," sighed Dr. Edwin comfortably, "why don't you go to Boston?"

"The plane leaves in an hour. This is my young nephew's birthday. His present is in this package. At first I was going to buy him a two-hundred-dollar camera, but I realized that would be more expensive than anything his father could give him. So I got a bigger idea. This is something no other kid in the world could have."

And with the gift under his arm, Dudley hurried away.

HIS HEART was pounding when he arrived at his brother's door. Agnes looked at him uncertainly as she invited him in. Presently he sat with Eddie, Jr., on the living-room divan, the gift package opened on his knees. It was a stout black book; the worn cover had no title.

"This scrapbook," Dudley began, "is something I've been keeping for years. It's filled with things about your father. There are clippings from the sports pages during the time he was the high-school swimming champion; he won over me and everybody else. Here are snapshots, and letters people wrote me when your dad was reported missing overseas. Here's a note about that from my second-best friend in the world. Look what he says about your Dad. 'You,' he says, meaning me, 'you have a brilliant mind, but your brother, Eddie, has splendor of the heart, and that's a lot more important.'"

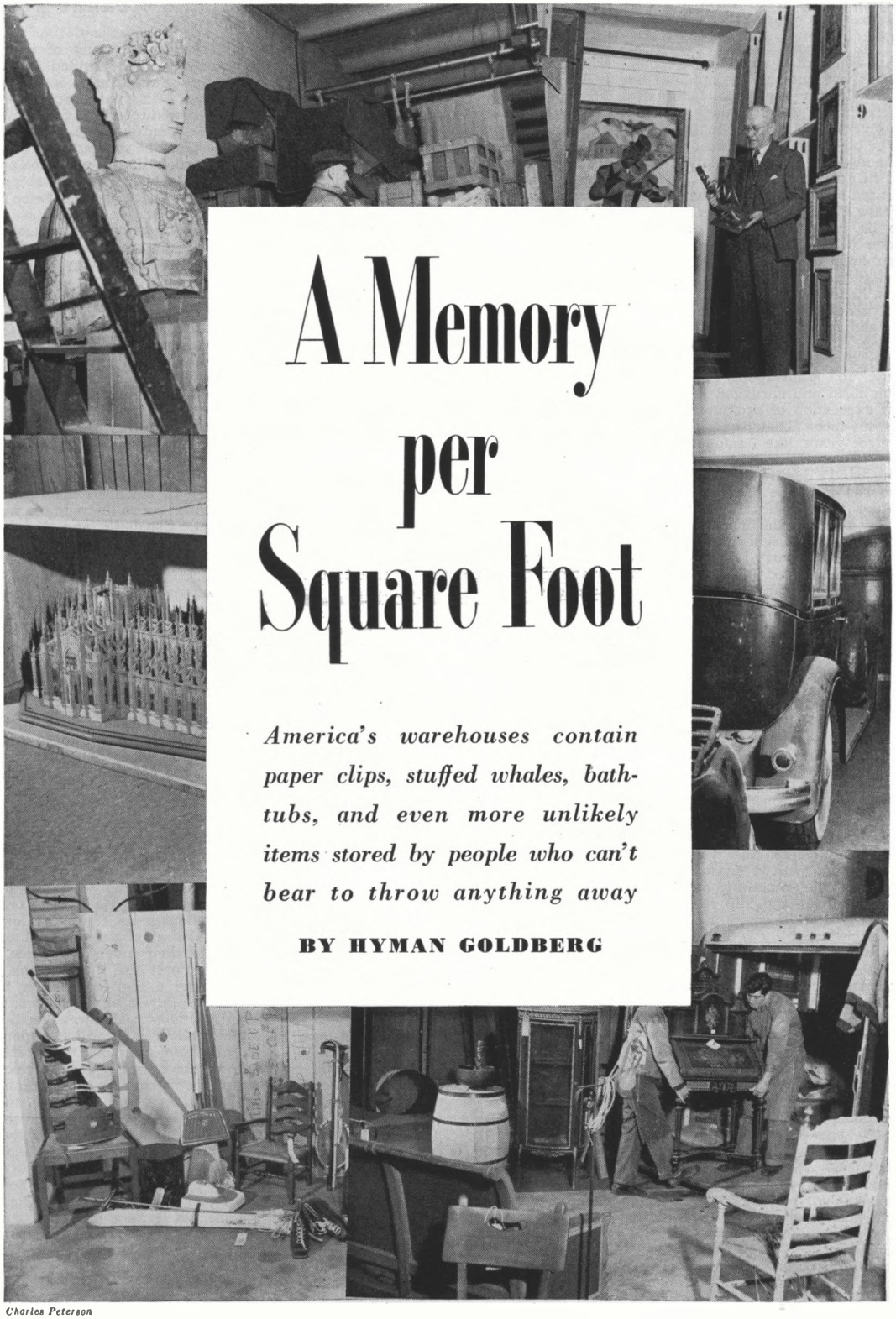
In the silence, as the child read the letter, finger-tracing every word, Dudley saw Agnes turn her back and go the the window.

"Well, who is your very best friend?" asked Eddie, Jr.

"The lady at the window," said Dudley. "A good friend tells you the truth. Your mother did that for me when I needed it most, and I can never thank her enough for it."

In answer Agnes did something for the first time in her life—she came back to the divan, put her arms around Frank Dudley, and gave him a sister's kiss.

THE END



A Memory per Square Foot

America's warehouses contain paper clips, stuffed whales, bathtubs, and even more unlikely items stored by people who can't bear to throw anything away

BY HYMAN GOLDBERG

Charles Peterson

Turn to Next Page

Warehouses are full of the things people save—strange things, strange people!

For eight years, a well-preserved lady of middle years, whose comeliness was not one bit impaired by the widow's garb she habitually wore, made a pilgrimage on the anniversary of her late mate's passing to the place where his ashes, encased in a handsome, expensive silver urn, reposed in quiet dignity.

"She used to take the urn down off the shelf," says a man whose duties required him to be present on these occasions, "sit down with it in her lap, and stay there an hour or so, caressing the urn and crying quietly. Then she would dry her eyes, hand the urn back to me, pay the twelve-dollar fee for another year's storage, and leave."

The man, an attendant in the vault set aside for silver by the Boyd Storage Company, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, an expression of profound puzzlement on his face. "That," he said, "went on for eight years, like I said. And then one day—it wasn't even the anniversary of her husband's death—she tore into the place to see me. She was mad as all hell. 'Take those ashes,' she hollered, 'and throw them in the incinerator, urn and all.' I tried to argue her out of it, telling her she'd be sorry later, but nothing doing—she insisted I throw the urn into the incinerator, and she insisted on coming with me to see that I did it. I never did figure out what had happened or what was going on in her mind."

The mental processes of the amazingly large number of people who utilize the approximately forty million square feet of space devoted to the storage of household goods in the United States are as inexplicable as the widow's, and sometimes a great deal more capricious. An elderly lady used to call each week at the Ferris Warehouse, in Pensacola, Florida, accompanied by various relatives, to deposit something in the three large, battered trunks she had stored there for many years. She would open each trunk and, with a great show of secretiveness, take something out of her capacious handbag and slip it into the trunk—to the utter despair of the relatives, who tried mightily to discover what treasures she was depositing.

After the old lady died, a large band of relatives, accompanied by a large band of attorneys, showed up at the warehouse. The heirs were beside themselves with anticipation of the treasures they imagined would soon be apportioned among them. They found in the trunks what was probably the world's greatest collection of used tea bags, broken rubber bands, buttons, rusty paper clips, bars of hotel soap—some of them still in their original wrappers—and other equally valueless items.

Warehousemen believe that fully half their enormous business of storing household goods depends on the human trait of unwillingness to part with furniture and other family belongings bearing a sentimental association for the owners. The Manhattan Storage and Warehouse Company, of New York City, the largest and one of the oldest of such enterprises, had one client of this sort who went to greater lengths than most to hold on to the past.

She rented a private locker room that had precisely the same dimensions as her bedroom, and fitted it out with all the furnishings of the room she had shared for half a century with her husband, who had died.

The same lace curtains were hung on the walls, the bureaus and dressing table were set in the same position, the old bedroom rug was on the floor, and the same pictures were on the walls. She would come to the room at least once a month, vacuum the rug, dust the furniture, and then sit in a rocker, smiling happily.

Most storage companies rent space in open sections for about two and a half cents a cubic foot per month. Rooms range from one-sixth of a van load (a van load is five hundred cubic feet, or the contents of a three-room apartment) for five dollars a month, to an eight-van-load room for a hundred dollars a month. There are also locked sections, which rent for three hundred a month and more—facilities generally rented by business houses for the storage of records or excess merchandise, or by art foundations, galleries, and private collectors of antiques. Some of the rooms maintained by art foundations and galleries at the Manhattan Company are so spacious that judges meet there to pass on the merits of paintings and sculptures submitted in prize competitions.

People who rent rooms for storage may put their own locks on the door to insure absolute privacy, but a charge of twenty-five cents, called an "access fee," is made each time the room is opened. An additional charge is made for each hour the room remains open. This is to cover the salary of an attendant who has to be present to see that everything is in order.

Warehouses will store anything (as long as it is not inflammable or perishable) from the family silver, pianos, rugs, and other household articles to a stuffed whale or a four-ton statue of Buddha. The last-named article reposed in the basement of the Manhattan Company for more than a decade. In the open section of Manhattan, next to a huge pile of silver ingots, each of which weighs 164 pounds, there stands a galvanized-iron bathtub, wrapped in yellowing tablecloths, that the owner finds himself unable to relinquish.

One of the large storage companies in San Francisco cherishes the middle-aged matron who stores the baby teeth shed by her numerous children. Each tooth is packaged and labeled with the date of detusking. At the same warehouse, old employees remember the man who used to keep a coffin there. (Apparently every storage company in the country that has been in operation for a long time has had at least one such client, for they all tell the same story.) The man would come to the warehouse periodically, dust the silk lining of the coffin, lie down in it, to the horror of the warehouse attendant, and then put in fresh moth balls before leaving. After a while, an undertaker telephoned, and the coffin was sent out of the warehouse.

In the old days, warehouses used to depend for the greater part of their business on families of great wealth that never stayed put in any of their numerous homes in the United States and Europe, but shuttled back and forth between them, using warehouses as convenient shipping points for furniture, automobiles, and luggage. For some of these people, the contents of twenty- and thirty-room houses would be packed, stored for a while, and then shipped to another abode once or even twice in the course of a year.

The nearest approach to this old-time grandeur is the job being undertaken by the Manhattan Company for a Belgian baron. He came to see officials of the firm in June, 1950, and the work he commissioned is still not completed. Up to now, thirty-four huge crates, each with a thousand-cubic-foot capacity (the size of a modest trailer truck), have been constructed to hold antique furniture and *objets d'art* that he has acquired in a lifetime of travel and that he is having shipped to his palace in Belgium.

Huge as this project is, it is nowhere near the size of the immense job the company undertook at the beginning of World War II, when all the furnishings of the greatest ocean liners in the world—the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen Mary*, as well as the *Nieuw Amsterdam*—were stripped, packed, and stored for the duration.

Warehousemen say that if something stays in storage for a year, it will most likely stay there for three; and if it stays there for more than three years, it will probably remain until the owner dies. When that happens, his estate or heirs sometimes pay to continue having the stuff stored if it has value.

The Manhattan Company was founded back in 1882 by a group of wealthy men who wanted to have a safe, burglarproof, fireproof storage place for their valuables. Oaken, ironbound boxes containing jewels and silver have lain undisturbed in the ten-story, fortresslike building at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-second Street, in New York City, since the turn of the century.

There are surprisingly few forced sales held because of unpaid storage charges. Most warehouses put the figure for such distress sales at about one-half of one per cent of their inventory. When storage fees are past due, the company must, by law, send a registered letter to the last-known address of the owner; if the letter is unanswered, an advertisement must be placed in a local newspaper. If both of these attempts meet with no response, the company may break open the containers, examine the contents and, after sixty days, sell them at auction. Most storage firms leave goods undisturbed for a year after the storage fees have surpassed the valuation given by the owner.

Thirty-five years ago, a New York art gallery sent the Manhattan Company a number of crated paintings, enough to fill two large vans. Storage fees mounted, but the company was not disturbed, since the paintings were known to be valuable. However, when the fees for storage reached six thousand dollars inquiries were made. It was found that the owners of the paintings, two English brothers, had died; the art gallery that had brought the paintings to this

country from Europe had long since been dissolved. The paintings are still there, awaiting the pleasure of any heirs of the two original owners who may turn up, and the storage fees are still mounting. But the warehouse officials are not one bit concerned, for any one of the paintings would pay the cost of storage for another fifty years at least.

SOME YEARS ago, two trunks arrived at the same warehouse from a town in Westchester. Accompanying these trunks was a letter containing a check for $180, storage charges for ten years in advance. Several years after the storage payment had been consumed, and after repeated letters and advertisements had failed to turn up the owner, the trunks were opened. First disclosed was a pile of jewelry loosely wrapped in a large napkin. An appraiser from Tiffany's was called in to look at the jewels. He reached into the pile and picked up a single pearl. "How much does it cost to store these trunks for ten years?" he inquired. He was told the storage fee for that period was $180. "Well," he said, "this pearl alone will pay for storing the trunks for the next hundred years."

Papers in the trunk indicated that the owner had had some business with a New York bank, so inquiries were made there.

"We're hunting the owner, too," said a bank official. "A number of years ago a trust fund was set up for her with us. It's been growing, and it now amounts to almost a million dollars. We haven't heard a word from the woman in all these years; she seems to have disappeared from the face of the earth."

The trunks were carefully sealed and put away in the silver vault. Six years later, a little old lady, walking on crutches, came to claim the trunks. Awe-struck officials of the warehouse company told her about the jewels they had discovered, and about the million-dollar trust fund lying fallow in the bank. "Oh," she said, with an insouciance that struck them dumb, "I knew all about that, and I knew I didn't have to worry about the jewels or the money; I knew they'd be safe."

She smiled happily. "I've been traveling," she said, "and having the most wonderful time. I started traveling right after my husband died seventeen years ago. You see, he was always too busy making money to go anywhere, so when he died I decided I'd do nothing but travel, and that's what I've been doing."

A large share of the storage business can be credited not to the desire to preserve valuables, but to sentimentality, or eccentricity or, in many cases, sheer, unadulterated nuttiness.

In Des Moines, Iowa, three generations of one family have been depositing all of their excess household furnishings and other belongings. At the last inspection the storage men counted thirty-eight broken water pitchers, a sadly beaten-up hobby horse, a large bundle of firewood, and a surrey with a little of the fringe still on top. In San Francisco, a warehouse holds a 1919 automobile for its owner. He has paid storage fees of five dollars a month for it since 1919, when he won the car in a raffle. It has never been driven. In New York, several heirs of a wealthy eccentric appeared one day to inspect the huge section, costing three hundred dollars a month to rent, that he had stuffed full of articles accumulated in the course of a long and busy lifetime. Through the years, he had paid something like twenty thousand dollars in storage fees. The heirs decided sadly that nothing in the great room was worth keeping. They paid a junkman several hundred dollars to haul the stuff away.

DESPITE its seasonal aspects, one of the most profitable departments of a warehouse is the cold-storage vault. In the Manhattan Company, for example, over twenty million dollars' worth of fur coats, stoles, capes, and other furred garments are put away each summer. Department stores, furriers, and small tailor shops are the principal clients. When a batch of furs arrives at the cold-storage plant, all the garments are put under a high-pressure wind machine. If the furs have been attacked by moths, or if larvae are there, the fur is blown off and bare patches appear. The unlucky owners are promptly notified. Fur-storage vaults are kept at a temperature of about thirty degrees, which does not kill moths or their larvae, but keeps them dormant.

If it is suspected that moths or vermin of any kind have entered the warehouse, the entire force is immediately mobilized to do combat with what warehousemen call "livestock." Everything near the suspect shipment is thrown into a gas chamber, and men are deployed everywhere with spray guns. Nothing ever escapes these Panzer divisions, for the reputation of a storage company could be ruined by the slightest laxity.

Warehouses tend to discourage individuals who want to put garments into the cold vaults, but at the Manhattan Company they remember with affection the whimsical fashion plate who kept more than a hundred suits, scores of fancy vests, and an amazing number of spats in their vaults. Every week he would select his wardrobe for the next seven days, and then, a week later, bring them back and make a new selection.

Chief Trueheart Sitting Bear, a full-blooded Sioux who does something in the theatrical line, arrives at the warehouse twice a year to collect the full-dress suit he keeps in storage along with a razor, an electric iron, and an assortment of canes. He takes his razor, one of his canes, and his dress suit to a hotel, dresses for some social engagement or other, and then, late the following afternoon, returns to the warehouse to put his suit, cane, and razor back in storage for his next date in New York. The company has discouraged innumerable other people, mainly traveling salesmen, who have attempted to live out of trunks they store there.

The Manhattan Company is one of the few warehouse companies dealing in the storage of household goods that has large bonded sections for storing liquor. A section off the silver vault is used for storing jewels and other precious stuffs that have come into the country under bond.

When jewels or art masterpieces arrive in America under bond, they are placed in special locked sections where they remain under the supervision of United States customs agents. Duty is not paid on these jewels unless, and until, they are sold. From time to time, as many as eight customs agents are assigned to the Manhattan Company. The owners of the jewels may bring prospective customers to inspect them under the watchful eyes of the customs agents. If a sale is made, the Government is waiting to collect its import duties.

AT THE present, more than a hundred and fifty thousand cases of whiskies, wines, and liqueurs are stored in the vibrationless basement vaults of the Manhattan Company. A large proportion of these beverages came to the United States under bond from Scotland, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Spain, and elsewhere around the globe, and they are guarded by customs agents as carefully as are the jewels. Customs duties on these beverages are paid to the United States Treasury when they are withdrawn by the importers for use or sale.

Domestic wines and whiskies, as well as the imported varieties, are kept in the warehouse by some hotels, large restaurants, and liquor dealers, who find it more convenient to store excess merchandise in the warehouse than on their own premises. Some of the huge stocks of wines, liquors, and gins owned by

hotels and restaurants are used as collateral for loans, and can be withdrawn only with the written permission of the bank that granted the loan.

Some people use warehouses as a wine cellar. At Manhattan they have a client who is justifiably proud of his collection of more than a thousand cases of fine old brandy. Once a week he appears at the warehouse with a large leather bag. He takes six bottles away with him. On the seventh day, presumably, he rests.

AT WAREHOUSES that specialize in the storage of household goods, groups of people, sometimes happy, sometimes sad, arrive almost every day.

"We like to see certain groups," said an employee of the American Storage Company, in Dallas, Texas, "—those that consist of a mother and a daughter with a fiancé or a brand-new husband. They come here in groups like that all the time. The mother shows them all the stuff she's stored away for years, and she lets the kids pick out whatever they want. They generally have a good time, and we enjoy it, too."

The groups warehousemen do not enjoy seeing are heirs, accompanied by attorneys.

"Generally," said one official of the Available Storage Company, of Chicago, "they've already been squabbling among themselves, and they arrive at the warehouse prepared to fight at the drop of a hat. And generally they expect too much and are disappointed."

The classic example of an instance of this sort, a story warehousemen all over the country are fond of telling, is the sad fate that befell the eager widow who knew her husband had kept a strongbox in the storage company.

"This woman showed up at the warehouse with a lawyer and a court order," the story goes, "and we turned over the box. She opened it and found just one piece of paper. On that paper the husband told her, from his grave, that he had expected her to rush to the strong box before his body had had a chance to cool, and he told her exactly what he thought of her, in words no gentleman, or, anyway, no *live* gentleman, would use to describe his wife."

But warehousemen dread the police even more than they do the heirs. This is for the simple reason that, since they have no way of knowing if goods entrusted to their care have been wholesomely acquired, their storage facilities are employed, more often than they care to consider, by every variety of shady character.

Not long ago, the cops appeared at the offices of the Chelsea Warehouse, in New York City, bearing a receipt for goods that had been stored a little over a year before. Louis Schramm, president of the concern, accompanied them into the dim recesses of the warehouse and led them to a disassembled bed and a mattress.

"The cops looked at the bed, which was an ordinary one," said Mr. Schramm, "and they tested it to see if it had any hollow sections where something might have been hidden. There weren't any. One of the cops asked me if he could rip open the mattress, and I told him he'd have to take the responsibility, because we would be liable for any such damage. He said he would take the risk, because they'd found the receipt in the pocket of a man arrested for a holdup, and they were sure a crook wouldn't store something in a warehouse except for a very bad reason. They ripped up one side of the mattress, and found only horsehair. But when they went to work on the other side, money began flying out all over the place. By the time they got it all out, there was something like twelve thousand dollars, mostly in small-denomination bills. The man later confessed that it was all loot from robberies."

Two solid-looking citizens showed up at the Manhattan Storage and Warehouse Company several years ago, bringing with them a large crate, which, they said, contained farm machinery. From time to time they brought others like it and before long there were several dozen such crates stored in an open section. After a while, the cops showed up bearing a search warrant, and the crates were opened. The two men, it developed, were the ringleaders of a mob of organized crooks and dishonest employees of a nearby automobile plant; the crates were filled with more than a million dollars' worth of valuable motor parts stolen from the plant.

"We really did have farm machinery here for a while," said Eddie May, a quarter-century employee of the company, "and it was very, very sad. This man, born and brought up right here in New York City, kept bringing farm tools to store away. He had one of the one-van rooms. Sometimes he'd bring a rake, and before he'd lock it away, he'd make like he was raking grass, or hay, or whatever it is you rake on a farm; sometimes it was a shovel, and he'd practice shoveling. He had a plow in here, and a scythe, and oil lamps, buckets, an ax, a saw, and all sorts of things you find on a farm. He used to tell everyone that someday he was going to retire, and then he'd buy a farm and really start living."

EDDIE MAY sighed deeply. "Well," he said, "he didn't show up for a while. After a couple of months a young fellow came over and said he was the man's son. He kept looking at the farm stuff and shaking his head. Finally, he told us to sell the stuff. His old man wasn't going to any farm. He'd died the week before."

THE END

The Neighbor *(Continued from page 35)*

someone's face and said, "There is the murderer!"

"Do you know him?" he demanded. "Who was he?"

I didn't have to answer. It was Matthew Chaves who, with all his dark insolence, took care of that very nicely.

"I suppose," he said softly, "that although Mrs. Ayres hates to disoblige a guest, she is referring to me. Isn't that so, Mrs. Ayres?"

"Maybe it is," I said, sickened by him, "and I'll thank you to remember that you were the one to say it."

"I'll remember it," he said evenly, and then he turned toward Morten. "That's quite right," he said. "I was with Miss Ballou when she drove up. I met her when she came across on the ferry—I'm a deck hand—and she offered me a lift. But I didn't go into the house with her. We talked a while in the car, and then she put the car into the garage and went into the house alone."

"Alone?" Morten asked suspiciously.

He wasn't any more surprised than I when Bettina suddenly cut in. "It's true," she said. "I know it's true. I saw them."

I could imagine Morten's feelings. He had been going so well, and here he was pulled up short. It was clear he was thinking it over hard while he puffed away on that smelly pipe of his. Then he said sharply to Bettina, "Where were you when this was happening?"

"I was in the kitchen," she answered.

"At midnight?"

"I—" She stopped short, and you could see Morten's suspicions fairly simmer. She cleared her throat. "I was hungry. I had gone down for a bite."

"And you saw everything?"

"I saw Miss Ballou and Matt talking in the car. Then she put the car away and went into the house."

"Yes?"

"And then Matt came into the kitchen. Our kitchen, I mean. I let him in."

OF COURSE, Morten couldn't know about how my daughter was carrying on with that man, and his expression was that of someone who has been handed a queer new dish at the dinner table and doesn't know whether he should try it or not.

"This is all very interesting," he said to Bettina doubtfully, "but if you don't mind my saying it, Bettina, it sounds a little"—he waved his hand around hunting for a word—"a little neat. A young man is in an embarrassing position, a serious position, and then it turns out here is someone to tell the story that makes everything good for him." He leaned toward her. "You know, Bettina, sometimes we think we are doing a favor for someone—"

"Morten," Harry said suddenly, "when I came home a little after twelve and put my car away I could see quite clearly that Bettina and Mr. Chaves were talking together in the kitchen. I can testify to that."

"Oh," Morten said, and the disappointment was written all over him. For my part, I was furious at Harry. Rather than let his daughter be accused of a simple lie, he had to step in and make sure everyone would know she'd been entertaining a young man at all hours. That was the Ayres way, all right, using a scythe to trim your whiskers.

"Well, now," Morten finally said, "maybe we have to go ahead and look at this from a different angle. We'll say no one went into the house with the young lady, at least as far as we know. But maybe we can find out if somebody knocked at the door and if she let him in."

I could feel the silence that followed this singing in my ears. Morten waited a long time, and then took a deep breath. "Then maybe," he said, "we'll have to go to the last possibility. Somebody with a key could have let himself in. At least one key I know about," he nodded at Junie, "and that is the one you have."

Junie's eyes opened like a china doll's. "I never!" she yelped. "I didn't set foot out of this house all night! Why, I swear—!"

"And you had that key with you all the time?"

"Mr. Ten Eyck, if you think I gave that

key to somebody," Junie said, "so that he could go out and murder that poor woman, I can tell you I did not! Why, I . . ."

MY MIND was going round and round like a squirrel on one of those treadmills while she was talking. There *was* another key to Katherine Ballou's house right close at hand. It was the one on Harry's key chain, the one I found after I learned how things stood between them. From the look on Harry's face and the way he was digging his fingers into his forehead as if to straighten out his thoughts I could tell he was torturing himself wondering what to do or say. All I could do was pray for a miracle that would stop him from popping right out about it and spilling the whole filthy affair with that woman into the town's lap, and maybe because my prayer came from the heart the good Lord heard it.

The front door slammed shut so hard we all jumped, and Richard walked in looking bewildered and furious.

"People walking all over our lawn as if they owned it," he said, "and sitting on our front steps like a town meeting. What's going on here, anyhow?"

It was Morten who spoke first before any of us could get a word in. He has always had a great fondness for Richard, even going so far as to tell me once how much he thought of Richard's good manners and the way he knew his place around adults. It is ironic that he then went on to attribute this to Harry's good work in bringing up the boy, because if anything marked their relationship it was the fact that every passing year saw Harry draw further and further away from his son. Luckily, Richard did not have the sort of high-strung, moody nature that Bettina had, or he might have suffered as a result of this. But he was always a quiet, placid child, content with his music or whatever else was his interest of the moment, and still very much the same even now at eighteen.

"Well, now," Morten said to Richard, "where have you been all morning?"

"Where?" Richard said. "Right after breakfast I went for a walk, that's where. And then I went straight to church, but nobody here showed up, so I came back to find out what's wrong. And what *is* wrong?" he demanded of Morten.

So Morten told him, and though it couldn't have taken more than two minutes to tell the whole thing, it couldn't have sounded uglier. Richard dropped numbly into the chair next to mine, and he got paler and paler as Morten talked, so I was sure he was going to faint right away at my feet.

"Richard," I said to him, "if you'd go right upstairs—"

"No," he said, and turned to Morten. "But there *was* a strange man outside Miss Ballou's side door last night," he said. "And I know because I saw him."

Morten's eyes lit up. "A strange man?" he said eagerly. "You saw him?"

"I was in the garage. My record-player broke down so I went to get some tools and stuff to fix it with, and while I was hunting around for them I heard some footsteps right outside. When I looked out I could see somebody, a man, right by Miss Ballou's side door, monkeying around with it. So I stepped out and started to say something to him, and he started running. Left me standing there wondering what it was all about. And just watching the way he went, I knew there wasn't a chance in the world of catching him so I didn't even bother to try."

"And thank God for that," I told him.

Morten fumbled anxiously in his pockets and finally pulled out a piece of paper. He unfolded it carefully and held it out toward Richard.

"This note was in the lady's pocket," he said, "and it is my guess that it was left under the door where she found it when she went in. Did you notice that man putting any paper like this under the door?"

RICHARD frowned. "From where I was it would be pretty hard to see exactly what he was doing, Mr. Ten Eyck."

Morten thrust the paper at him. "All right, read it. Maybe something about it, maybe the handwriting, would mean something to you."

Richard studied the paper and then shook his head. "I'm sorry, Mr. Ten Eyck, it doesn't mean a thing to me."

Morten looked disappointed, and then, as if a startling thought had hit him, turned to Matthew. "You say you saw the lady go into the house at about twelve o'clock. Did you see this paper then?"

"I wasn't near that door," Matthew said carefully. "I said good night to Miss Ballou in the middle of the driveway."

"Maybe," suggested Morten, "when she went to the door you saw her make some kind of motion, so, as if she were bending for a note?"

"No," said Matthew, "I didn't."

Morten took the note from Richard and handed it to Matthew. "Or maybe," he said grimly, "you know this handwriting?"

Matthew barely glanced at the note, and shrugged. "It isn't mine."

"Then pass it around," Morten said sharply, waving his hand toward the rest of us. "And I ask you all, please, if you have any idea who wrote it, say so right out."

Harry glanced at the note as quickly as Matthew had, shook his head, and passed the paper along to me. It was cheap paper, and looked as if it had been torn carelessly out of a pad. The bottom edge was ragged, and the two lines of writing on the sheet were in a clumsy backhanded script. It read:

You said not later than tonight so I have been calling you. I will be back again.

The queerest thing was that while it was not like any handwriting I could recognize on the spot, it was somehow familiar to me. I stared at it until it swam before my eyes, and I racked my brain trying to think of some other piece of paper with writing like this, but all I could think of was shopping lists—marketing lists—the little board in the kitchen with pegs to mark groceries we needed. Yet the answer wouldn't come.

"Morten," I said, "I am positive I know who wrote this."

"Who?"

"I just cannot recall," I said. "And the aggravating thing is that it's on the tip of my tongue."

"Lucille, if you would just think hard—"

"I *am* thinking hard," I told him with some annoyance. "If you imagine I'm just trying to play games with you—"

Meanwhile, Junie had been bouncing with impatience. "Mr. Ten Eyck," she chimed in, "I haven't seen that yet. Maybe I could tell you." And just like that she fairly snatched the paper from my hand and looked at it.

It was the expression on her face that put me right. Her eyes opened wide, and then she looked the image of death. It came to me that instant, and I think she knew what I was going to say because she threw up her hand as if to stop me.

"Morten," I cried out, "it was Bob Macek who wrote that!"

BOB MACEK was Junie's boyfriend, and had been since they were little more than children. He was a strapping young fellow from the slummy Five Corners section Junie came from and, as it happened, he worked as clerk and deliveryman for Zeiss's Butcher Shop where I shopped, so he was no stranger to my kitchen, daylight or dark. Morten knew him, too. Bob was star of the town's baseball team, and I doubt if there was anyone in town who followed the team closer or worried more about it than Morten.

"Are you sure, Lucille?" he demanded.

"Positive."

Junie was in tears now, but Morten had no time for any such nonsense. "Listen to me, miss. What has Bob Macek got to do with that lady next door?"

"He used to deliver things to her," Junie blubbered. "That's all he ever had to do with her!"

"But maybe more than that?"

"No! Why should you even think so?"

"Why?" Morten shook his head somberly. "A young fellow leaves a note and runs away. Then the lady is found dead with the note in her pocket, and it says in the note the young fellow is going to be back. You can see this is serious."

Junie took a long, shuddering breath, and glared at Morten. "If you think Bob had anything to do with this, Mr. Ten Eyck," she said, "you're crazy."

Morten reddened. "Before I can be as sure as you are, young lady," he said, "I'll have to do some talking with Mr. Macek." He turned abruptly to Richard. "Richard," he said, "do you think you can identify that man you saw running away as Bob Macek?"

Richard hesitated. "No," he said at last, "I'm afraid I can't."

Morten looked at him and shrugged. "Well, now," he said, "if your father doesn't mind, I'd like you to drive with me over to our friend's house."

"It's all right with me, Morten," Harry said.

Junie caught hold of Morten's arm. "If you're going to see Bob now, I'm going with you."

Morten shook his head. "I'd rather not, young lady."

"I don't care what you'd rather!" Junie flared. "I'm going."

She did, too, and when the three of them had gone the rest of us just sat there looking at each other in that living room, which was one reeking cloud of tobacco smoke. I got up to draw back the curtains and let the air circulate and, sure enough, there on the walk up to the porch were at least a dozen of the neighborhood busybodies—Mort Bennauer, Rose and Howie McIntyre, Freda Lutey, and the Youngs, no less, from around the corner on Monroe Avenue.

"Harry," I said to him, "I think it would be in order if you went out and told those people there to stop making a show of themselves right in front of our house."

He shook his head. "I'd rather not, Lucille," he said. "You take care of it."

It needs a little gumption, Lucille, to go out there and face them, so you do it. Well, that was Harry for you, all right. An Ayres through and through. And, as I thought to myself on the way out, there never was one of the Ayres breed who had a backbone, or ever will have.

HARRY AYRES

THE FIRST time we met was on a day like this, a glowing Sunday morning with the breath of early summer in the air, and I was in the driveway trying to get down on canvas a view of the street. The houses on either side of the driveway made fine incisive lines against the sky, there was a loop of telephone wire bridging the roofs of the houses, and the fresh green of lawns and trees under the sunlight softened the rigid pattern of lines and gave it depth.

But I was not doing it justice. I knew that, and I was growing more and more angry at myself for each botched effort, for my whole idiotic effort to be even a competent amateur at such a difficult game as painting, when a voice, a woman's voice, said, "Do you mind if I stand here and watch you?" I turned to face her, and that was the first time I ever saw Kate Ballou.

FROM LUCILLE'S talk, I already knew the house next door had been bought by some woman from New York—some kind of artist, Lucille had observed disdainfully—and I knew from the presence of the immense, expensive car that had taken its place in the garage next to our old car that whoever the woman was she had money enough and to spare. But I was not prepared for anything like Kate Ballou. She was beautiful, true, but more than that there was an apparent obliviousness to it in her. A good-looking woman is hardly a rarity; a good-looking woman who does not act every waking moment as if her looks were the alpha and omega of her existence certainly is, and Kate Ballou had the sort of indifference to herself that is rooted in a supreme self-confidence, as if at one time she had coolly studied herself in a mirror, come to an absolute conclusion about herself, and let the matter drop. She was Kate Ballou; that was enough.

I asked her what she thought of my picture though I would never have dreamed of asking anyone else, and she studied it gravely and then shook her head. "It's details," she said, "all details. See, this bush here, and this one, and this line of wire, and the house here; all details, and even though you've done each of them nicely they don't add up to anything." I couldn't help thinking how beautifully and ironically that summed up my life, as if I had laid it bare on the canvas.

"How did you happen to start painting in the first place?" she asked.

"You'd laugh if I told you."

"Of course I wouldn't."

"Well," I explained, "I own a store in town here. Ayres' House Supplies downtown. Hardware, paints, and what-will-you to make the House Beautiful. And then one fine day I noticed that we were getting a lot of calls for artist's supplies—and not only from summer people, but from local talent you'd never suspect of artistic yearnings. So we laid in a stock of artists' supplies, and I decided to see how good they were—and how good I was. Which, I admit, was a mistake."

"I don't think so," she said. "I think you could be quite a good painter."

I laughed. "It would take a magnificent teacher to make me a mediocre painter."

"No," she said. "If you were really willing to take lessons . . ."

And before she said good-by that morning out there in the driveway, I had taken my first lesson.

I did not realize at first how deeply and hopelessly I was involved with her. After all, the figure that eyed me from store windows as I passed was only that of Harry Ayres—good old Harry Ayres. Not Casanova, mind you, not even one of the second-rate idols Junie worshiped once a week at the Orpheum. Just Harry Ayres who was getting pretty gray on top, who was always a little too long and lean, who was, perhaps, a little slow on the uptake.

And he lived on Nicholas Street, this Harry Ayres, where all the nice people lived their nice lives without ever being bothered by wild and weird thoughts of beautiful redheaded women. Of course, he did take lessons in painting from a beautiful redheaded woman, but they were oddly formal little lessons. Always in the bright sunlight, and always right out in the open where the neighbors could see for themselves how nice and proper everything was. And they came right up to see, trust them for that, but all they found out was that the redheaded woman was not only beautiful, but smart, and a mighty fine painter who did all those magazine covers, and even had pictures in a couple of museums. Small museums, but museums, nevertheless. And she made money at it, too, lots of money, which even to Nicholas Street made it as respectable as the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval.

MATT CHAVES, by merely making his entrance into the scheme of things, finally lifted the curtain on the part of Harry Ayres that I hadn't known about. Bettina introduced him one day as someone who had come from New York to visit Katherine Ballou next door, and since he hadn't found her in he was waiting here until she returned. Bettina glowed in a way unusual for her as she recited this, but that wasn't what hit me hard. What really tore into me was a sick grinding of jealousy.

I had never really thought of Kate as part of any world but Nicholas Street, and though I knew she spent several days each week in New York, I had chosen to think of those days as being devoted to "business" in the abstract. The recognition that, of course, there were people in New York—men—with whom she talked, dined, shared her thoughts, shared, perhaps, more than that, was driven into me painfully.

So I was rudely given an insight into my feelings for her, and I was frightened at what I saw. The best thing was to come to terms with myself, to realize that what was right for Matthew Chaves or for any other unattached man who might know Kate Ballou was out of the question for Harry Ayres. The lessons would have to stop; in some polite and pleasant way I would simply have to give up seeing her anymore.

I was fortified by that resolution the next evening when I drove my car into the garage. I heard her footsteps approaching, and I found myself sick with anticipation and strangely angry at her, at myself, at the whole world around me. I snapped off the ignition of the car, climbed out, and then slammed the door behind me so viciously that I thought for a second the window would shatter. Kate walked in as I was running my thumb along the glass.

"Hello," she said casually. "Anything wrong?"

"No," I said. "I slammed the door so hard I thought I might have broken the glass, but it's all right."

"Oh." She slid behind the wheel of her car, and from the way she sat poised I saw she was waiting for me to walk out of the garage and get clear of the car. And I had every intention of doing that. I can swear I had, but then I turned almost wildly toward her and spoke to her as I never had before.

"Kate," I said, and my heart was in it, "who is this Matthew Chaves?"

Strangely enough, she answered as if I had every right to speak as I had.

"He's just a friend, Harry," she said.

"Is he the one you see when you're in New York? I mean, is he in charge of your work or something?"

She sounded surprised. "Matt's strictly circulation department. What would he have to do with my work?"

"I don't know," I said. "I didn't know what kind of work he did. Bettina said something about his being on a magazine and knowing you, and I just got the idea that he worked with you."

"Oh."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I don't know why I'm cross-examining you like this. It's none of my business, of course, and you've been decent not to tell me that in so many words."

I had taken one step toward the garage entrance when she said, "Harry," and the way she said it stopped me and turned me slowly around in my tracks.

"Yes?" I said.

"Harry, I talk to Matt Chaves a lot. Too damn much, maybe. I don't know why. Maybe it's because he's such a good listener, but sometimes I find myself telling him things I shouldn't. Things about what I think, and the way I feel about—about people. Has he ever told you about anything I ever said to him?"

"No, he hasn't. Why?"

"Because— Oh, it doesn't matter. Just as long as he doesn't talk out of turn."

It was then I began to understand. I took a step nearer to her.

"Kate," I said, "this is a funny time to be going for a drive. Where are you going?"

"Nowhere. Just for some fresh air."

"You were waiting to see me, Kate."

Her hands were limp on the steering wheel now. She stared straight ahead, refusing to meet my eyes.

"Harry," she said, "why don't we leave well enough alone?"

I nodded. "All right. But before we do, I want you to answer one question."

"Yes?"

"I think it's something you told Matt Chaves, and I have a right to know it, too. Kate, how do you feel about me?"

She sat like that for a long while, and then she turned slowly toward me. "I love you, Harry," she said evenly. "I'm so damn deep drunk in love with you that I'm ashamed of myself."

BEFORE she spoke I knew what she would say. Yet the words struck me with the impact of a wave that whirls you around and leaves you blinded and half-bewildered when it recedes. And I had been blind all along. Not with the blindness of vanity, heaven knows, but with its exact opposite.

She must have misread my reaction. "I'm not a complete fool, Harry," she said humbly. "I told you I was ashamed, and I meant it."

"Ashamed!" I exploded. "For heaven's sake, Kate, what do you think's been on my mind day and night for the last month! Why do you think I asked you about Matt Chaves! Just the thought that you might be interested in some other man, any man but me, was driving me crazy. Only, I never thought—I never knew you could feel the same way about me."

"Why not?" she asked defiantly.

"Kate," I said, "I'm forty-six years old. A respectable gaffer of forty-six. And there's nothing about me that hides a year of it."

"Harry," she said mockingly, "I'm thirty-one years old. Old enough to know what I want." Then suddenly she reached out her hand so that it rested warm and hard in mine, and I felt the nails biting into my palm. "It's just knowing that I can't have it that hurts."

ACROSS the street the sun was low over the roofs of the houses, and it spilled a long tongue of red along the driveway and into the garage at my feet. I would walk into it, and then turn away from it into my kitchen. Junie would be there, and Lucille would be wheedling and pampering her at her work because no other girl on Nicholas Street worked so hard for so little money. And I would turn into the dining room where my son and daughter would have little or nothing to say to me, because what they had to say was reserved for their mother. After dinner I would read the paper, touch up a painting and, if anyone else was present in the room, exchange small talk with Lucille. I would be the perfect loving husband, and Lucille would be the perfect loving wife like the two figurines on top of a wedding cake. That is, if someone else was present.

Then I would check the windows and lock the doors and climb upstairs to bed with Lucille. We didn't need a sword between us. We had, instead, the ever-present contempt she felt for me.

I thought of all that, and I said, "I've never had any use for the man who comes crawling to a woman to tell her his wife doesn't understand him."

"You aren't doing that."

"No," I said dryly. "I'm afraid Lucille understands me almost too well."

"Do you love her, Harry?"

"No," I said, "I hate her. But that's all right, because she hates me, too. Or I should say, I came to hate her because she did hate me. And it just struck me that I'm getting tired of it."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm curious to know again what it must feel like to love someone, and to have someone love you. That I think it would be worth anything I'd have to pay if you were the one."

She turned her head away sharply.

"Kate," I said in bewilderment, "if I've said anything—"

She shook her head, then suddenly pulled her hand free of mine and fumbled in the glove compartment until she found a small, crumpled handkerchief. I watched her helplessly as she dried her eyes and blew her nose heartily. "Damn fool," she said in a muffled voice, and pointed to herself. "Me."

"But why?"

"I didn't know people could still talk like that, Harry. And I certainly never thought I'd be lucky enough ever to hear anyone talk to me like that."

"But it's true, Kate. I meant every word I said."

"Why do you think I was crying, Harry?"

"Kate," I said, "now that we know how things stand would you want to meet me in New York? I have to go to the city this week. Do you think we could meet there?"

"Anywhere, Harry, and any time."

"But in town here things will have to stay the way they were."

She hesitated and then said, "If that's the way you want it, Harry."

"It's better that way, Kate. My Lord. I'm even afraid to kiss you right here in our own garage, and yet I'm damned if I'll leave without doing it."

"Damned if you don't, and damned if you do." She laughed, and turned her face up to mine. Her lips were warm and demanding, and then she drew away.

"You don't have to worry about wiping off the lipstick," she said. "I'm not wearing any."

IN NEW YORK I still registered at the same hotel I had always used during business trips, but my real home became Kate's studio on the north side of Washington Square overlooking the Mews. The building was an old brownstone, a carry-over from a secure and comfortable age, and its halls and staircases were always redolent of wood polish. Every step of the stairway to the studio had its own small, distinctive squeak, and after a while I could tell from within the studio just how far a visitor had got up the stairs from the note he struck.

Before she bought the house on Nicholas Street, Kate had rented the entire

top floor of the studio building. But now she had only this one large room with a great north window lighting it, and a good deal of painting and drawing material giving it a businesslike air. Besides this the only furnishings were a studio couch, a wardrobe, a dresser, and a few chairs. One of the first things that struck me about the room was the contrast in it; Kate was scrupulously neat about her painting gear and thoroughly untidy about everything else. Often as not when I walked in, clothes would be thrown on the floor, the bed would be unmade, and Kate, cheerfully oblivious to the disorder, would be standing at her easel, wearing a man's sweat shirt and slacks that did nothing at all to make her look mannish, and with a peaked tennis cap on her head adding the final incongruous note to her costume.

I worked at my painting in that room; I talked to her there; I made love to her there. At night I would lie in bed with her sleeping next to me and the easels in the room standing pale and ghostly like sentinels around us, and I would look out the window and always feel a sickness of fear come crawling into me. Not at what had happened to me, because I could not wish better to happen to any man, but from a sense of time out of hand. It had come too late, there was too little time left, and each tick of the watch on the chair next to me was cheating me out of that little bit.

I think that is the surest sign of love, that frigid realization that comes over you when you understand that you cannot always have the one you love close at hand. It was with me every night I spent in that room.

And from that room we went forth on small domestic walks. In Washington Square, with children always underfoot, or through Greenwich Village, or up Fifth Avenue with the banners bravely snapping for us. We talked incessantly about everything under the sun; we quarreled a little; we laughed a great deal. Sometimes I used to mark with surprise how very much there was to say. When Lucille and I had been married only a very short time there had been long silences between us while I sat desperately trying to think of some topic that would interest her. I rarely did, and I remember coming to the uneasy conclusion that, after all, this must be what marriage was really like; it must be going on in every home in the country, and I was simply not accepting the fact with good grace.

But I never had any such problem with Kate. She was catholic in her tastes, but completely intolerant of the second-rate. She had opinions on everyone and everything, but could never be small or mean about anything. I loved her, and I was a little more in love every moment I was near her.

THERE was one link between the Harry Ayres of Nicholas Street and the Harry Ayres of Washington Square. Matt Chaves came to visit Kate in the studio one evening when I was there, and while my qualm of guilt must have showed clearly when I opened the door and faced him there, his face reflected no surprise at all. It was only afterward I realized there had been nothing in the meeting to surprise him.

"Hello, Harry," he said cheerfully, and walked past me into the studio. Kate and I had been playing cribbage, and she sat tailor-fashion on the couch, impatiently waiting for me to pick up my cards.

"Chaves, my little mold of fashion," she said cordially, "you are an unwelcome guest. Take what you want, and leave."

"Good," he said. "Then take your robes, both of you, and prepare for a tour of the Whitney. There're some new pictures there, Kate, and maybe you could learn a thing or two from them." He grinned at me. "You, too, Harry. I think you'll like it. There're some Hoppers there that look like what you're trying to do."

"What I'm trying to do?"

"Oh, sorry. I thought you knew. Betty and I were looking at some of your stuff last Sunday."

NOT THAT I cared for his opinion, but I found myself saying, "What do you think of it?"

"Bad, but getting better. That last one, that still-life setup, comes close to being good. It looked as if you stopped being afraid of what you could do with paint and really let yourself go on that one. I told Betty I thought it was worth framing and putting on the wall downstairs."

I felt a pleased embarrassment at this. "Did she agree with you?"

Kate glanced at Matt. "I'm sure she did," she remarked in a flat voice.

"Is there anything wrong with that?" he asked.

Kate riffled the cards in her hand with a sharp, brittle sound, and tossed them on the couch. "No," she said, "but if Harry'll forgive me for saying it in front of him, I'll tell you what I think, Matt."

"About what?" I asked, bewildered.

"About your daughter. And about Matt's going up there to woo her like some young swain out of high-school poetry."

I was completely lost. "I didn't even know it had gone that far," I said, "but now that I do, I can't see anything wrong with it."

"I'm speaking as Matt's friend, Harry. Outside of you, he's the only person in the world I give a hoot about. And Bettina isn't the girl for him. I know enough about her and her home life to know that although she's old enough to vote and hold a responsible job as a schoolteacher, she's never grown up. She's a living part of Lucille, Harry, and this weird business Matt's got himself into, trying to change all that, is all wrong. He'll never do it, and if he married her it would be the worst thing he could do. You're her father, Harry, and yet if you would take a good honest look at things you'd find yourself agreeing with me."

Matt applauded politely. "Three cheers," he said. "Ballou for housemother."

"Look, Matt," I said, "have you ever talked to Bettina about getting married?"

"Harry," he answered mockingly, "I've been proposing marriage to your daughter once a week since the second week I knew her."

"But she never said a word about that to me."

"She said a word about it to Lucille," Kate remarked.

"Oh," I said, and felt remarkably foolish, "I suppose she would. And Lucille must have objected."

"That's a nice way of putting it," Matt said, "so let's leave it at that. Lucille objected."

I shook my head. "I don't know," I said slowly. "I don't understand Lucille's attitude. Maybe if I spoke to her about this—"

"It would be more to the point if you spoke to Bettina, Harry," said Matt. "In fact, I've been thinking for some time of introducing you two to each other. I think you'd both be pleasantly surprised."

"You're making a mistake, Matt," Kate said. "I know a dozen girls in New York right now who'd jump at the chance of marrying you. You let me handle the arrangements, and I'll come dance at your wedding, Matt."

"You know I never make mistakes, Ballou," he said, "and you'll dance at my wedding on Nicholas Street."

She looked at me. "Not I," she said. "Whom would I have to dance with there, Matt?"

I was angry at this, and she knew it. But she only turned to Matt and said, "All right, Matt, work things out your own way. But for Harry's sake"—and again there was that flicker of an eye my way—"just remember there are certain things that shouldn't be discussed even with your precious Bettina."

"I am the soul of discretion, lady."

"You're an idiot, Chaves," she observed, "but I'm just weak-minded enough myself to care for you."

He gestured toward the door. "In that case, how about coming along with me to the Whitney?"

"I suppose so. Nobody from Nicholas Street will be likely to catch us there. Isn't that so, Harry?"

It hurt. There was no denying it hurt. But when that feeling had passed, the important thing left to me was the realization that she was right, that the time had come to settle affairs with Lucille once and for all.

MY FATHER, who lived his life by a series of snap decisions, liked to say that those who looked before they leaped generally wound up never leaping at all, and although his life was hardly a vindication of his attitude—he dissipated every penny of the family's money, as Lucille and I learned at his death—I could, in the situation I now faced, see the value of his attitude.

But I had inherited little of my father's nature. Instead, I tended to indulge in long, solitary bouts of speculation that might lead Lord knows where, but certainly not to any quick action. And faced with the necessity of placing my bomb in Lucille's hands, I tried to plan everything like a chess game: what I would say, what she would answer, what I would answer to that, and so on through a whole involved discussion that, somehow, I saw taking shape as one of those neat, formal debates held by college societies. I even went so far as to take out pencil and paper and figure out financial arrangements after divorce, although I knew when it came to that I would gladly concede everything.

What happened to all those days and weeks of cautious planning was, of course, what generally happens in real life. Some small accident sets off the event when you are least prepared for it, and then all your nice planning seems so naïve and inaccurate that you can only feel like a fool when you think back on it.

In this case, the accident was Matt's telling us all that he had left his magazine work in the city to take a job as a laborer on the ferry in Sutton. It was a bewildering move even for someone as unpredictable as Matt to make, but when I asked him about it he passed it

off with a shrug and, in the face of my own problem, I let it go at that. And then, almost a week later, Lucille brought it up without any preliminaries.

She was seated before her dressing table, stripping the hairpins from her hair with sharp little gestures, and when she first spoke I couldn't understand her because of the hairpins in her mouth.

"What?" I asked.

SHE PULLED the hairpins from her mouth and planked them down on the dressing table, looking at me, meanwhile, in the mirror before her.

"I said I want you to put your foot down, Harry."

"All right," I said. "On what?"

"Don't try to be funny, Harry. It's not called for where your daughter's happiness is concerned."

That was an old gambit of Lucille's, the business of referring to "your daughter's happiness" or "your son's happiness" when the only happiness at stake was Lucille's.

"All right," I said, "what's she done to worry you now?"

"It's not what she's done, it's what she might do, Harry," she said to my reflection in the mirror, "I'm afraid of what this being together with Matthew Chaves is going to lead to."

"Marriage," I suggested. "An honorable estate."

"I asked you not to be funny, Harry."

I found myself growing angry. "I'm not being funny. And for heaven's sake, Lucille, if you want to speak to me you can look right at me and not the mirror. It's perfectly safe; it won't turn you to stone."

She wheeled around on the seat, and even while she was speaking furiously her fingers were busy plaiting her hair.

"Do you mean to say you'd approve Bettina's marrying that man?" she demanded. "Low and immoral as he is?"

"Lucille, that's outrageous. How you can say something like that—"

"I can and I do!"

I said hotly, "Why don't you give up and admit the truth. You might dislike the man for a lot of reasons—he's careless about his clothes, he's not afraid to look you in the eye, he'll leave a good job on a whim—but what have morals got to do with it? And if he's being immoral, certainly Bettina is every bit as immoral. It takes two to make that kind of sin, and that's the kind you're talking about, aren't you?"

"Yes," she said. "But I'm not talking about Bettina."

"All right then, about whom?"

"About that woman next door! That Ballou woman."

I was afraid to see my own face in the glass then. The same sickening wave of jealousy I had known when I first found out how close Matt was to Kate went through me, and it must have drained the color from my face as suddenly as it turned my knees to jelly and caused me to throw out my hand and catch the edge of the bedstead for support.

"No!" I cried. "She wouldn't—"

Lucille went rigid, her hands frozen into the long plait she was braiding.

"*She*, Harry?" she whispered. And she needed no more than the expression on my face to tell her everything. Her fingers fumbled uncertainly at the plait now. "You mean, that woman and you—"

I said in a rush, "I've been meaning to talk to you about it. I've been trying to figure out how to put it to you, but I guess I waited too long. I'm honestly sorry it had to come out this way."

"Sorry!" She clutched her breast in a drearily familiar gesture. "I've got better reason than that for being sorry! Because I married a fool who can't keep away from any slut who happens to look at him twice! Art lessons!" she jeered, and her fingers dug into her breast. "Oh, yes, indeed, Harry, you must have learned a lot of art from her. And those trips to New York. Business trips for the tired businessman, weren't they? And now what am I supposed to do about it, Harry?"

"Lucille, what do you think *has* to be done about it? I want a divorce."

That rocked her back on her feet. She stared at me, wide-eyed. "A divorce? After twenty-three years—a divorce?"

"Why not?" I demanded. "Has being married to me meant so much that you can't bear to give it up? Be honest, Lucille. Twenty-three years ago you married the man with the best clothes, the biggest car, the most money in his pocket of anyone on Nicholas Street, where the competition was always tough. Three years later, when the Depression blew it all up in your face because his father was bitten by the get-even-richer-quick bug, you let him know in plain language that he was a dud, a washout, the biggest disappointment of your life. And there was never a time after that, Lucille, when you changed your mind about that, was there?"

LUCILLE WAS very pale, but in control of herself again. "I'm beginning to understand, Harry. Somehow or other I've done you a great wrong. The fact that there's another woman, a cheap, good-looking woman ten years younger than me, who didn't get gray hairs bringing up your children—that doesn't mean anything. No, somehow I've done you a wrong, and so, bag and baggage, out I go!"

"Lucille!" I protested, but she cut me off with a rising voice.

"You spoke your little piece, Harry, so now you'll hear me out! There isn't a soul in this town who won't bear witness to the kind of decent wife and mother I've been, but none of them will ever have to. And they won't have to because there isn't going to be any divorce!"

"You're not going to stand in my way, Lucille! I warn you!"

"You're scaring me to death, Harry," she jeered, and she was the old Lucille again, the trainer flicking his whip at a clumsy animal against the bars.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked. "Get down on my knees and beg?"

"At your age, Harry? It's hardly good for your bones. But I'll tell you what I want you to do. I want you to forget this divorce business once and for all, because if you don't that woman's life is going to be turned into hell on earth."

IT WAS no joke. This was Lucille at her grimmest, and into my head flashed a dozen fantastic pictures of her seeking out Kate, confronting her, badgering her—for all I knew, even assaulting her. I couldn't think of anything to say in the face of that. I could only feel the dead weight of misery pressing me down.

Lucille nodded slowly. "I mean that, Harry. I swear that if you try to go through with a divorce I'll make that woman pay a hundred times for it. And not with money."

"I can't give her up, Lucille. My Lord, you don't know what it would mean."

She looked at me slyly. "I didn't say anything about that, Harry. I was talking about divorce."

That shocked me more than anything else she had said.

"You mean," I said incredulously, "that even if I saw her—that if things were the same—"

"You'd be a fool to let things stay the same. Not only because it's indecent, but because she isn't worth it."

"But if I did?"

"You're to forget about this divorce nonsense, Harry. You're never to mention it again."

"And in return you'll close your eyes to whatever goes on, and pretend it isn't so?" I shook my head in bewilderment. "I don't understand you, Lucille."

"Don't you?" She reached for the plait of hair and began working at it again, almost abstractedly. "Maybe that's because you don't know how a woman feels, Harry. It's nice to live in a big

house on Nicholas Street, but not so nice when you see all the furniture in the house falling apart. It's nice to hear about the good times your swanky neighbors are having and the trips they take, but it's not so nice when you think the farthest you'll ever go is for a ride to New York.

"I had all the good things in my hand, too, Harry, for a couple of years, and then you and your father took it away because you just plain didn't know how to run your business. But there's one thing you won't take away. I'm Mrs. Harry Ayres—and there's plenty in Sutton, plenty right on Nicholas Street, who are glad to say hello just because of that. What they don't know won't hurt them, and it's not going to hurt me, either. Does that make sense to you, Harry?"

IT DIDN'T make sense to me then, but it seemed clear enough to Kate when I told her about it.

"You know, Harry," she said ruefully, "in her own way she's a remarkable woman. She knows what she wants, she knows how to take it and keep it. And that's more than I'm able to do."

"Do you think I was wrong in giving in to her?"

"I think you and I see exactly the same pictures in our heads, Harry. Headlines: 'Redheaded artist turns home-wrecker! Father deserts brood for love nest.' Oh, yes, and it's Greenwich Village, too, or close enough to make it really juicy. And maybe an hysterical woman screaming at you in the hallway, or chasing you right down Fifth Avenue. If you think I'm brave enough or tough enough to face that kind of thing, Harry, you don't really know me. I'd gladly die for you, but it has to be in some way that has a little dignity attached to it."

"Do we go on this way then, Kate?"

"We can try. But it's not going to be easy. Believe me, darling, it's not going to be easy at all."

She was right, of course. No situation can ever remain static. It moves one way or the other, but move it must under all the blind pressures put on it. We are all like dominoes, I think, set up on end next to each other so that some huge cynical finger can flick the first one over and send the whole row toppling. Call it God or Devil or Fate or Nature or whatever you will, that finger is always there to set us up only to knock us over again, and we can no more escape it than the domino can march out of line to be off somewhere by itself.

It came inexorably. The shadow of Lucille grew longer and longer over me, and while she never showed by a flicker of an eye what she thought of my comings and goings, there was no escaping the fact that she knew of them, that she must think *something* of them. And my meetings with Kate became marked by tensions and undercurrents that more and more turned them into misery. If at any of those times Kate had abruptly said, "For heaven's sake, Harry, let's call it quits," I wouldn't have been surprised. I would have been stubborn about it, or angry, I suppose, but not surprised. And if I had been the one to say it I think that she would have reacted the same way.

But, as it turned out, Lucille also had something to say and, being Lucille, she said it promptly.

She spoke to me in the bedroom, and while we were talking I was aware of some waltz music being played on Dick's phonograph in his room at the end of the hall. Not the kind of Strauss waltz I was familiar with, but something that sounded as if the composer had elaborated on it and tortured it out of shape. The music rose and fell; when it was loud we raised our voices over it, and when it was soft we spoke under it, and there was a moment when I had the feeling that all our speaking didn't really mean anything, but was just a grotesque counterpoint to that music.

"I warned you about what her going with Matthew Chaves could lead to, Harry."

"You mean she's going to marry him? She told you that?"

"She told me that. And I want you to talk to him, Harry. I want you to tell him once and for all to go away. I don't care how you do it as long as he doesn't show his face around here anymore. Once he's gone she'll forget him.

"Now, look," I said, "Matt isn't any child. What makes you think he'll listen to me if I start playing the heavy father?"

"He will. He has to."

"What if he doesn't?"

She was very pale. "Then it would only be because you didn't really care, Harry. And if that's the way you want it, I'll put it to you straight. I'm going to that Ballou woman and settle things between you two. If there's no other way to bring you to your right mind and make you see how you have to act as a father I'll do it this way. You're not entitled to have your cake and eat it, too, Harry; no one in the world is entitled to that. If you don't care to save your daughter from a marriage to a useless, arrogant nobody from the slums of New York, then you're a fool. And I won't have you acting the fool in a thing like this."

The sheer hypocrisy of this was breath-taking. "To drag Kate Ballou into this—" I started to say, but she cut me off shrilly.

"Don't you go playing the righteous one, Harry Ayres!" she cried. "Don't you carry on as if *I* was wronging *you!* I'm the one that has the right to talk. How do you think it feels every time I look outside and see that house next door? Or see her walking down the street bold as brass, laughing at me inside? Do you think there's any pleasure in my life with that filth under my nose?"

CHECK and mate. That was all I could think of, that I had been the one who was going to play the moves like in a chess game, and it had been a losing game all along. Conscience is too much of a handicap; it fills a man with fear and pity and self-contempt, and leaves him as exposed as a shellfish without a shell.

I looked at Lucille, and it struck me that the music Dick had been playing had come to a stop while she was speaking, that everything had come nicely to a climax together. All that was left were moves of desperation, and the first had to be that talk with Matt, whether on Lucille's terms or my own or Matt's I didn't know, but, I thought drearily, it would more than likely be on Lucille's.

On Saturday nights he worked a late shift on the ferry, and the idea of sitting and waiting for him to show up—which he might not—was a depressing one. The only thing to do was to drive down to the ferry and meet him there. I backed out of the garage—Kate's car wasn't there—so recklessly I almost ran down Dick, who was in the driveway. He yelled, and I stamped on the brake almost simultaneously, and then he moved back, looking like the image of death.

"Dick," I said quickly, "are you hurt?"

He shook his head.

"Are you sure?"

"I'm all right," he said. "Honest, I am."

"For heaven's sake, watch yourself, boy," I told him, and thought, as I turned down the street, that was all that had to happen. Some accident to Dick would just round out the picture, and after that I could run the car down to the river and into it, and settle my troubles once and for all.

It didn't help to think of those troubles one by one, either, as I drove along. The best thing to do, I decided, was to improvise as I had to. It was impossible to think of anything logical to tell Matt. Anything that came to my mind seemed more likely to make him laugh than sympathize, and I was hardly in the mood for laughter.

But all my forebodings proved pointless, because when I got to the ferry slip, the ferry was there, but Matt was not. Someone else had taken his trick for the night, I was told; he had gone a few minutes before.

I drove back to the house wearily, and when I turned into Nicholas Street the silence and the darkness reminded me for the first time of the hour. Swinging into the driveway, I cut the motor and let the car coast noiselessly into the garage. Kate's car was there now, so I locked the doors quietly behind me before walking down the driveway. Then I was suddenly caught up short by the glare of the kitchen light coming through the window of my house.

Matt was standing in the center of the kitchen, facing Bettina. I could hear his voice, but he spoke so softly I couldn't make out the words. She suddenly turned away from him, and he caught her arm and swung her back so that she was held tight against his body. And then, while I stood transfixed, not meaning to interlope, he kissed her with such hungry passion and tenderness combined that her body seemed to melt helplessly against his, and you could see the current between them come alive before your eyes.

No man has the right to see his daughter at a moment like that, and I suppose the good and proper man, if he did, would feel an outrage, an anger, a jealousy—I don't know what. I only know that, to my own surprise, my feelings were an honest gladness for her and for what she had found, and a courage in myself that had been lost for a long time.

Lucille was waiting up in bed for me. "Did you speak to him?" she demanded immediately.

"Lucille," I said, and drew a deep breath, "if my daughter can be talked out of this marriage because of any sins I've committed, she doesn't deserve Matt Chaves. And as far as Kate Ballou is concerned, it's all over between us. So you can do your damndest. I won't wish you good luck, but you've got all my sympathy, Lucille."

AS WE sat down at the breakfast table next morning Bettina gave me a single quick, hurt glance that told me on the spot that Lucille had done her damndest, and that Bettina knew my affairs inside out. Matt caught my eye and then pursed his lips, looking up at

the ceiling and shaking his head slowly, and it was obvious that Bettina must have taken him into her confidence. And when his hand happened to touch hers she drew away with a sudden little fury that showed he had not been properly sympathetic. It didn't take much effort of the imagination to see the storm clouds hovering over that table.

EVEN DICK, ordinarily so grave and pleasant, seemed caught in the undercurrent of feeling that circled the table. It was not only the rank bad manners of his snatching the Sunday paper from the sideboard and combing through it then and there, but the sullen antagonism he displayed to everyone at large. It was almost a relief when he got up after eating hardly a mouthful, and slammed his way out of the room.

It was a relief that didn't last long. With Dick gone, and with Junie sent off to the kitchen, and the decks, so to speak, cleared for action, Lucille turned to Matt.

"I think you know exactly what I'm going to say," she told him, and to my surprise her voice was shaking. "I left it to my husband to make it plain that this affair between you and Bettina had gone far enough, but it looks as if he didn't have nerve enough to speak right up to you. Now I understand that Bettina told you this morning just how she felt, and that it was over once and for all."

Matt thrust his hands into his pockets, leaned back, and nodded pleasantly at this, which served to key up Lucille still further.

"I think it's despicable, Mr. Chaves," she said shrilly, "to take advantage of people's hospitality the way you are doing right now. And if it takes plain talk to make you understand that you aren't free to come and go here as if you paid rent, I can talk like that!"

"I'm sure you can," said Matt.

Lucille's mouth opened in outrage at this, and then she struck the table with her clenched fist. "I will not be laughed at!" she cried.

"Oh," said Matt, "I'm far from laughing. Behold a man torn from his love, ordered from the warm refuge he has found— Betty, do you think that's a reason for laughing?"

Bettina looked at him, her eyes wide and frightened. "I think you're rotten," she said at last in a quiet, level voice.

"That may be. But do you want me to leave?"

Her lips parted, she tried to say something, and then she clapped both hands to her face and sat there, her body racked by long, shuddering sobs. Matt was on his feet in an instant, but Lucille was just as quick, and stood there facing him, the mother hen guarding her chick. Matt glared at her, and his face was undistilled hate.

"You're doing this to her," he said hoarsely. "Telling her about Harry! Making me a partner to whatever he's done!"

"It's time she came to her senses," Lucille threw back.

"She's got no right to cry! She's only got the right to enjoy every breathing minute of her life. And because you never had that for yourself you're trying to take it away from her!"

"Fine words," Lucille said coldly.

"True words," he said, "and she knows it, too. Only she's backsliding, and she knows that, too, and that's what's hurting her."

"It doesn't suit you to talk like a preacher, Mr. Chaves," Lucille snapped. "You'd be smart to leave that to your elders and betters."

He looked at her with surprise and, I think, a little admiration. "No," he said at last, "I suppose it doesn't suit me very well. So let's dispense with it. Let's get down to cold cases." He turned to me. "Harry," he said, "everybody here knows the score now about you and Kate, and there's no reason to pretend otherwise."

"Matt," I protested, "there's no reason to drag that in."

"I think there is, Harry, because that's what set all this off right now. You see, I had a long talk with Kate last night. I was supposed to tell you about it sometime when we were alone today, but I think that doing it right now might clear up some of the reek of hypocrisy in this room."

He was striking back at Lucille, I knew, and yet he was only hurting me. And there was no way of stopping him.

"Kate's giving up the house next door, Harry. She can't stand living here the way things are, and tonight she's packing up some personal things and moving back to the city for good. When she gets an apartment I'm supposed to take care of getting the furniture and stuff shipped there."

"That's smart," I forced myself to say. "I think that's a wise move."

"And about time!" Lucille said triumphantly.

"Is it?" Matt said. "Well, there's one other thing I'm supposed to tell you, Harry. She wants you to come along with her. Tonight, if you possibly can, and if not, as soon as you can clear things up and settle down in New York. And while she didn't say it, I can tell you what the reason is. She loves you, and nothing else matters a damn."

He was addressing this as much to Bettina as to me, and when she put her hands down to look at me uncertainly and fearfully, I felt myself going weak with hopelessness.

"I'm sorry, Matt," I said. "It wouldn't work out."

"You're a fool, Harry!" His voice was incredulous. "You'll get a divorce—make a clean start for yourself—"

"No," I said. "Forget it, Matt. Forget the whole thing!" And, almost blindly, I fled the room.

I ran like that right out to the open porch, and while I stood there trying to right my thoughts some people passed by—I didn't even recognize them—and it struck me how I must look to them, standing and glaring at nothing, and what they must be thinking. So I went back to the empty living room and sat in my chair there. The newspaper was in the chair, but I had no heart to look at it, to do anything, for that matter, but sit there with my eyes closed, half-dozing but not quite enough to numb the pain in me.

That is how Lucille found me when she came to tell me Kate Ballou was dead.

BETTINA

WHEN I was twelve, I created my dream man, a man tall and blond and always with a tender smile when he looked at me, and I lived in a misty dream world with him through all my wretched growing years. I loved him. Lord, how I loved him, and so, of course, when it came time for the real Bettina to lose her heart to some man, it had to be Matt Chaves, who was dark and square and violent and perverse, and nothing at all that the dream was, and everything it wasn't.

When I asked him why he had given up such a good job in New York to become a ferry hand in town he said, "It was a car."

"A car?"

"A car beating out the traffic at the corner of Fifty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue. I was trying to beat out the traffic, too, but lo, the poor pedestrian. The next thing I knew there I was flat on my back in the gutter, with everybody in New York City standing over me and making appropriate remarks."

"Oh, Matt!" I cried, and in that wild instant I had a whirl of thoughts. I could see him lying there broken, bleeding, dead, being carried away in an ambulance, the doctor mournfully shaking his head as I stood pleading with him, and then myself arguing with my mother that I had every right to attend the

funeral; it was my place to be there! "Oh, Matt, you were hit by a car!"

"I was hit by a car. And do you know what my first thought was?"

"I don't even care so long as you weren't hurt."

"I wasn't hurt. But sitting there like that—remember, I was sitting in the gutter at Fifty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue—I saw the sun shining on all those wonderful buildings, and all those beautiful women with their lovely legs and fine clothes standing there, and heard people talking to one another, and felt the breeze in my face, and I thought to myself, really a little surprised at how obvious it was, 'Matt Chaves, for one second you were in a place where it was all darkness, and where you could never see Betty again or be close to her, and where you couldn't ever see, smell, taste, hear, or touch any of the wonderful things back on this side of the Styx. But you have been given another chance, Matt Chaves, so go forth and make the most of it.'"

"You gave up your job because of *that?*"

"After the formalities were over, and a young lady intern whom I rejoiced to look at in my newfound wisdom (she was remarkably pretty) had pronounced me fit, I walked to Central Park instead of my office. I saw strange beasts, and I ate a popsicle. And no matter how I studied my thought I found it good. My job wasn't important anymore; you were the only thing that was."

"Oh, Matt. You knew that if anything could make things easier, could smooth the way for us with my mother and father, it was that you did have such a good job, and could make a nice home. Especially Mother . . ."

But in my heart I think I was glad knowing that he could love me so recklessly and well.

And he could hate, too, with a furious feeling that was terrifying. Last night I saw him drive in with Kate Ballou, and in the reflected glare of the headlights against the garage I watched them talking there. Without hearing a word I could feel the rising heat in him. I waited, shaking inwardly, for him actually to hit her. Then he came into the house, and I met him.

"What were you and Kate Ballou talking about, Matt?"

"Nothing!"

The heat was still there, and I shrank from it. "I'm sorry," I said. "I suppose it was about me."

"It was."

"She doesn't like me, does she? She doesn't think I'm good enough for you."

"On the surface, yes. But there's a reason for it she doesn't even like to think of. Kate is jealous of you."

"Of *me?*"

"Because you have something she hasn't got. A man who loves you well enough to think you're the only important thing in the world, and worth any sacrifice."

"It's you, Matt." The fear rose in me like a cold bubble. "She's in love with you."

"No, it's someone else. But he isn't willing to give her what I want to give you, Betty, and that's what she hates you for."

"Hate?" Now the clock over the mantelpiece said it was five minutes after two, and they would have stripped the clothes from her and put them neatly away in a drawer, and put her in another drawer and slid it into the mortuary box where there was no room for any feelings in the icy cold and the darkness.

Five minutes after two, and we all sat in the living room again. All of us, and Bob Macek, big and defiant, but afraid. You could see it in the way he held Junie's hand, in the way his eyes were fixed on Mr. Ten Eyck—the bird fascinated by the snake.

"Well, now," Mr. Ten Eyck said to us, and he was every dull lecturer I had ever known in all my years at teachers' college, "we must get the facts for the coroner's jury. Then if it looks like somebody special did it we have to make a case against him so he can be arraigned in court and held for grand-jury indictment. What you must all understand is that if you cooperate it will make things easier all around. Sooner or later the county detective must be called in, but if I go to him and say, 'This is the case: It all adds up one, two, three,' you won't have him pushing you around. Is that understood?

"Now, you"—suddenly, waving a piece of paper that I recognized as the note found in Kate Ballou's pocket, he wheeled on Bob—"you say you didn't write this."

"I didn't. I swear I didn't!"

Matt said to Mr. Ten Eyck, "Do you mind if I look at that note again?"

"Why?" Mr. Ten Eyck asked. He held the note up toward Matt. "Do you have some opinions?"

"Well," Matt said thoughtfully, studying the paper as if he wanted to memorize it. "Why didn't you sign it?" he abruptly asked Bob, with real bewilderment in his voice.

"I did!" Bob shouted. "I . . ." and then his voice trailed off, and for tick after tick the only sound in the room was the clock.

Junie was the first one to react, and she did so violently. "You scum!" she screamed at Matt. "You filthy scum!" She dashed at him, her arms out, her fingers clawing. Someone met her with a jolt before she could get at him, and then as I went staggering I realized with astonishment that I was the one who had thrown myself at her. Then Bob had his arms around her, and she went to pieces there, hitting at his chest with her fists and sobbing over and over, "You didn't do it! Tell them you didn't!"

It was terrible to see; and even more terrible was the way Mr. Ten Eyck watched Bob over Junie's shoulder.

"So you wrote the note," Mr. Ten Eyck said in a flat voice.

"But I didn't kill her! I wouldn't do anything like that!"

"The note says you were calling her and that you would be back again. You put it under the door. Then you ran away because you were afraid somebody might have seen you, like Dick here. But you came back later, and you saw the lady then. Isn't that so?"

"No! I didn't come back!"

"No? Then why did you threaten you would?"

"I didn't threaten anybody. I just wanted to get the money she owed on her bill. When I couldn't get in touch with her I started to worry. You know how people are. So I called a few times, and then I figured maybe the phone wasn't working right or something, so I went over and left the note about I had to see her. But I didn't go back, and I never saw her. Why would I want to do anything to her? Why couldn't it be the guy who was in the house when I left the note?"

Mr. Ten Eyck gaped at him. I suppose we all gaped at him then.

"'The guy who was in the house'?" Mr. Ten Eyck echoed foolishly. "You mean there was somebody in the lady's house when you were there? Who was it? Do you know him?"

"I don't know him. But he was there, all right."

"How do you know?"

"Well, there's this little curtain on the side door, and you can see through it some. And there was this guy inside, only when I put my face near the glass to see who it was he pulled away quick. After that, I figured she had a date or something, and it was no time to be butting in. So I just took off."

"Oh," Mr. Ten Eyck said. "So you just took off."

"I swear I'm telling the truth. Why don't you believe me?"

"Well, now," said Mr. Ten Eyck, "since you put it to me so nice, I'll tell you why. It's because you're lying. You're ready to knock down the lady's house for a bill of maybe a few dollars. You write a note about coming back, but never come back. And then for a witness we have this mystery man. Of all, he is the hardest to swallow."

"You don't believe him because you don't want to!" Junie burst out. "But there *was* somebody there, and I can tell you who it was, even if I wasn't there myself!"

Mr. Ten Eyck looked at her coldly. "Oh, you can?"

Junie was facing Matt now. "Can't I, Mr. Chaves?" she asked with venomous sweetness.

Matt's face was impassive. "Are you saying that I was in Miss Ballou's house last night, Junie?"

"I'm saying just that!"

"How do you know?" demanded Mr. Ten Eyck.

"Because of the way he's been carrying on today, that's how I know! This morning when I was supposed to go over to Miss Ballou's to take care of the water heater he was all pins and needles to keep me away from there. Why? Because he knew all the time she was laying there dead! He even locked me out of my own room in the attic when I went to get her key, and afterward he lost his nerve and tried to pull a bluff about it. He's smart, all right, but not smart enough to get away with that kind of stuff!"

Mr. Ten Eyck turned grimly to Matt. "What is all this about?"

But Mother cut in impatiently. "Junie sleeps in the attic room, Morten. When she went up there after breakfast she found her door locked. It's never been locked in all the years I can remember, even though the key to it is in Junie's room. She told me then she thought Mr. Chaves was playing a joke, but when we spoke to him about it he said he hadn't, and when we tried the door again it was open."

Mr. Ten Eyck nodded. "I see. So it could be that our friend here locked the attic for a joke—or maybe for more serious reasons. Maybe to keep anybody from getting that key to the lady's house. Well?" he said to Matt.

Out of a clear sky my brother said, "He can't tell you anything."

Mr. Ten Eyck sounded completely bewildered and angry now. "He can't?"

Dick swallowed hard. "No, because he didn't lock the attic. I did."

My mother said wildly, "*You* did?" and Dick flinched. "But you said you went right out of the house after breakfast!"

"I didn't go right out," Dick said impatiently. "I didn't feel so good, and I hung around upstairs a little; then I remembered Miss Ballou said she had some good records over there, and that I could borrow them whenever I wanted. Only, I knew she wasn't home, so I figured I'd use Junie's key to the house."

"But this business of locking the attic," Mr. Ten Eyck said. "All this joking . . ."

"I wasn't joking. It was just that I heard Junie coming upstairs, and I got scared she'd find me there and wouldn't like it. I shut the door and locked it before I even thought about it."

Mr. Ten Eyck eyed him narrowly. "How did you know where the key to Miss Ballou's house was kept?"

"Oh," Dick said vaguely, "I figured it would be somewhere around."

"And where did you find it?"

Dick looked around at us helplessly. "I don't understand."

"I think you do. What part of the room was the key in? Under the bed? On the ceiling?"

"Oh, that." For a long minute Dick's hand strayed worriedly over his face. "I think it was in the dresser. I mean, I'm sure it was. In the top drawer of the dresser."

"You're sure now?"

"I—yes, I'm sure."

He was so shaken and uncertain that I felt achingly sorry for him. But I felt even more sorry for him when Mr. Ten Eyck turned to Junie and said, "Is that where you keep the key to the lady's house?" and she answered, "No, it's *never* there. It's right on a hook on the wall along with the attic key. I always keep it there."

DICK's lips moved feebly, but nothing came out.

"*Were* you in that room?" demanded Mr. Ten Eyck.

Dick shook his head imperceptibly, and my mother cried, "Dick, why did you say you were! Why do you want to get mixed up in all this!"

"I don't care!" he shouted defiantly. "I don't believe Matt did it! Now you're all trying to pin it on him, but he wouldn't do anything like that. You know he wouldn't!"

Mr. Ten Eyck looked furious. "So you think it's better to lie about it, to mix everything up at such a time!"

"I only wanted to help him."

"Why? Don't you think he can take care of himself?"

Matt interposed brusquely, "Whether Dick thinks I can or can't isn't very relevant, is it? But just sticking to the point of that note Bob wrote, I'd like to mention that there's a big difference between the impression made by a signed letter and an anonymous note. Someone smart enough to realize this could figure that the note would catch up to Bob sooner or later, and when it did it would make him look guilty as hell."

Mr. Ten Eyck glowered. "This is fine," he said. "Before I know it everybody here is acting as lawyer for everybody else. Now *I* would like to take charge again. As much as possible I want to reconstruct this case so I can see for myself what everybody is talking about. If we go in the driveway and have everybody do what they say they were doing maybe all this business about doors and notes and mystery men will make some sense."

"In the driveway!" my mother said, horrified. "With all the neighbors standing there?"

Mr. Ten Eyck sighed. "I'll tell them to go away," he said.

HE DID, too, and they finally left unwillingly. Then he turned to Dick. "Dick, I want you to go to the garage where you were when you saw Bob. And Bob will go to the side door and make believe he is writing the note. And you," he said to Matt, "I want you to go inside there, right by the door, and stand there. Just as if you heard somebody at the door, and you put your face there to see who it was."

"I begin to understand your casting," Matt said.

"You're very funny, mister, but you'll do what I tell you."

The three of them took their places, with Bob against the wall of the house pretending to write something on a pad, and Mr. Ten Eyck watching closely.

"All right," he said to Bob, "what happened next?"

"I walked away, that's all. I went right home."

Mr. Ten Eyck gestured toward Junie. "You didn't stop to visit with your young lady?"

"It was too late."

"So you just walked away and went home."

"That's right."

Mr. Ten Eyck turned triumphantly toward Dick, who was standing there in the doorway of the garage. "Dick, didn't you tell me you saw Bob running away? And he ran so fast you couldn't even catch him if you wanted to?"

"No," Dick said flatly.

MR. TEN EYCK's jaw dropped.

"I never said it was Bob. I only said I saw someone run away, but I don't know who it was."

"He says he was here himself! But you don't know it was him?"

"No."

"You're lying for him! What is it between you two?"

"I'm not lying for him. I'm just not sure."

"No," Mr. Ten Eyck said grimly, "nobody is sure of anything around here. But if you think you protect a man this way you are all mistaken." He glared at Bob. "I'll tell you straight out that all this lying and evasiveness is worse for you than anything else!"

Bob's voice rose in panic. "I'm not lying!" he cried. "All I said was I walked away. Like this." He started slowly down the driveway toward the street, his eyes fixed on Mr. Ten Eyck behind him. "That's all I said!" And then, with a fantastic burst of speed, he was racing down the driveway, around the corner of Kate Ballou's house, and out of sight.

It was only a matter of minutes before Mr. Ten Eyck and Dick were in the police car tearing down to the station house, but it took me longer to realize that Matt was nowhere around. It meant nothing to me, I told myself; it was just as well he was gone, and if he was gone for good, so much the better.

My mother had made plain the part he had played in my father's relationship with Kate Ballou, so what concern could he be of mine after that? There was no moral sense, no decency in him, at all. My mother had been right about him all along, and I had been wrong. I told myself that. I sat alone in the living room, and told it to myself again and again. Now that he was gone—gone probably for good—I had to get him out of my mind. Even if he were standing right here in front of me—

"Betty," Matt said.

"Matt. Oh, damn you, Matt, where were you! No! Don't tell me. I don't want to know!"

"Will you please take your hands from your ears and stop shaking your head that way! You're working yourself into a state, Betty."

"I don't want to hear anything! And keep your hands off me!"

His hands around my wrists were like steel bands charged with electricity. I wanted to throw them off, but I couldn't.

"Listen to me, Betty. I went to see Bob Macek—and I did."

I couldn't seem to grasp that. "But Bob Macek— But he ran away! They're looking for him!"

"And if they ever decide to visit his home they'll find him."

"His home? How did you know he'd be there?"

"I didn't. But it was the only place I figured, and it struck me that it might be the only place he could think of, too. He wasn't trying to go off and hide because he'd done something wrong, Betty. It may sound cockeyed, but if he had really done something wrong he'd be just the kind of guy to stand there and try to brazen it out in his dull-witted way. The only thing he did wrong was to get himself scared silly by our equally dull-witted and highly prejudiced friend, Ten Eyck."

"You make it sound as if you know Bob isn't guilty."

"I knew it before. Talking to him just now made me sure I was right."

"Why?"

He took a deep breath. "I know who did it, Betty."

"Who?" I asked hoarsely.

He looked at me steadily, his face that damned blank mask it could become so readily.

"Don't you even want to know what Bob told me, Betty?"

"I want to know who did it!"

MATT SAID evenly, "Listen to this. Somehow or other, Bob had got to talking to Kate about his baseball team, and she had promised—because she liked him, out of a whim, for some reason—to advance a thousand dollars to the team for uniforms and fixing up the grounds. Not really a gift, see, but a sort of loan to be paid back whenever the club could manage it. And when she closed her account at the store last week, and said something about leaving town, he got scared she'd forget about the money."

"I don't believe it," I said. "Why didn't he come right out and say that before?"

"Because it was to be a whole big deal, the biggest surprise the town ever got, the biggest thing in Bob's life. One day the fans would go out to the ball park and there would be the team in brand-new uniforms, and the stands painted up, and it would be just like the Yankee Stadium. It was Bob's Big Dream. Only if Kate went away without giving him the money the dream would go pop. Don't you think it's amusing, Betty, that a man should sink neck-deep in murder because he has a dream that he's ashamed to talk about in public because people might laugh at him?"

"You're trying to get away from answering me, Matt. Who did it?"

"I don't have to answer that, Betty. As I see it, you've given up all claims on me."

"I have," I said angrily. "And if you think you can blackmail me into saying things are going to be the way they were between us—"

He said evenly, "I wasn't trying to blackmail you; I was saying good-by. And I'd like to see your father and Dick before I go."

"You can't go without telling me what you know! And Dick isn't home yet."

"I'll wait in his room."

He was going up the stairs now. I was going to call after him, but I didn't. I didn't want to know the answer. I was suddenly afraid of what it might be. And he was at the head of the stairs now, turning out of my sight.

DICK

HE WAS waiting there in my room when I walked in. I let the door close behind me.

"What is it, Matt?"

"Oh," he said, "just good-by."

"You're going back to the ferry now?"

"I'm going, but not back to the ferry. Away. I'm not sure where, but far away from the town of Sutton and its teeming hundreds."

"And Bettina?" I said. "What about her?"

"I've already said good-by to her. I was just waiting to say it to you."

"Oh. Well, good-by, Matt. I'm sorry to see you go."

He went to the door and then stopped there. "I don't suppose Ten Eyck will need me anymore. But if he does—"

"He won't," I said. "They caught Bob Macek again. Somebody went to his house, and there he was. I was just leaving the police station when they brought him in. Then Junie came over, too, so there was no point hanging around."

"And that's that," Matt said. "Oh, I almost forgot to thank you. I mean, for standing up for me, and saying you took the key from the attic, and all that. It was decent of you to do it."

"I suppose I made a fool out of myself," I said, "but I don't care. Mr. Ten Eyck was crazy to start suspecting you."

"Yes," Matt said, "but only you and I know that, Dick." And then his hand was no longer on the doorknob, but on the key, and he twisted it with a sharp little gesture so that I heard the bolt slide home with a flat click.

"You miserable punk," he said quietly, "you killed her. You got her in those big clumsy hands of yours, and you broke her in half like a stick of wood. But why? Why did you do it?"

"I didn't." I was stepping closer to him. I got so close that if I swung my arm my fist would smash right into his face. "But if you talk like that, I'll kill *you*."

"Why not? You tried that once, didn't you?"

"When?"

"The unwilling witness," he said. "The clean, fine, upstanding unwilling witness. The boy who's smart enough to say he took the key, and then change his story so that an extra load of suspicion is dumped on me. The boy who's smart enough to say he saw Bob Macek running away, and then changes that around so that everyone wonders what kind of lies *Bob* must be telling. It's a beautiful act, isn't it, that unwilling-witness stuff, because it could shove Bob or me right into the electric chair and leave you looking like a best friend right up to the moment they pull the switch!"

"All right," I said, "why don't you go tell Mr. Ten Eyck this, instead of me?"

"In other words, you'd like to find out just what I know, and just what I have to drag out of you. You've got a clever way of putting things, my friend. I think even your mother would be surprised to find out how smart you are."

"Leave my mother out of this! And I wasn't playing smart. All I meant was that you don't know anything because I didn't do anything!"

"Maybe you did. Maybe when you came down to breakfast this morning you grabbed the newspaper and started going through it as if there were some important news you were afraid of missing."

"A lot of people read the newspaper!"

"A lot do, but not you, Dick. No. That was the first time since I've known you that I ever caught you looking at a paper; that was what made it surprising. But if you knew Kate Ballou was dead, you'd be in a sweat to see what the paper said, wouldn't you?"

"Do you think Mr. Ten Eyck would even listen to this?"

"I'm not interested in what Mr. Ten Eyck would listen to. I'm only interested in putting the little pieces together. Like the one where you walked into the house the first time Ten Eyck was here, and we were all sitting around getting the law laid down.

"When you walked up to the house and saw the crowd there, and all the excitement, did you stop to ask what had happened? Did you rush into the house scared to death that something might have happened to somebody there? To your mother maybe? That would have been the logical reaction; all you did was act annoyed because the lawn was getting mussed. You weren't worried about anything having happened to your folks *because you knew damn well what had really happened without being told!*"

I said, "I told you Mr. Ten Eyck will never believe I did it."

"But *I* know you did it! Despite the shrewd way you twisted everything around, I know you really did use that key from Junie's room to get into Kate's house, and this morning when the attic was locked it was you trying to get that key back in place before anyone noticed it was missing! And I know you did see Bob Macek walk away from that house, because you were the one behind that door all the time!

"AND I ALSO know you had that note from him in your hands, and you ripped away the part with his signature. The only thing I don't know is why you killed her. Before I get out of this room I'm going to know exactly what went on between you and Kate Ballou."

My fists were so tight my nails cut into the palms. I said, "You'd better go. Don't talk anymore. I don't like it."

"Why did you do it, Dick?" he said.

That was when I swung my fist at him. Not straight into his face because I didn't want his head to bang back against the door so the sound could be heard, but a sharp hook to smash him down to where I could really get at him. But he was a cat—all cat—and he moved so fast the punch didn't land clean. I could feel his cheek tear under my signet ring, and then he half-fell, half-scrambled across the bed to land on his feet on the other side and stand there facing me.

I walked slowly around the bed toward him, but he didn't move. He had his hand at his cheek, and then he held it out so I could see the blood on his fingers. "Look," he said, as if he couldn't believe it himself.

I should have known him better. I dropped my eyes to look, and the next thing I knew, the edge of that hand hit me like an ax blade. I felt it was sinking in deeper and deeper; it had taken a grip tight around my throat so I was being strangled on my feet, but when I put my hands up to grab at it, it wasn't there. Matt was standing back watching me, and as the pain reached down and tore at my chest and lungs I tried to say

something to him, but couldn't. I went down to my knees, and while I was like that, trying to suck in a single drop of air, the heel of his moccasin struck me against the jaw, and I went down full length on the floor.

Then he was down on top of me, and his fist swung, and I could feel it far away.

"Dick," he whispered, "why did you kill her?"

I shook my head, and he struck again so that the room rose up and heaved about me.

"Why did you kill her?"

Suddenly I knew what he was going to do, and I felt afraid of him for the first time. He was going to beat me until there was nothing left except a bloody thing without eyes or nose or mouth. Until there was nothing left at all. And there was no way to stop him except to tell him what he wanted to know. Even if I could get away from him somehow right now, I had the sick feeling that he would come after me wherever I was. He would never let me alone. He would hunt me out day or night wherever I was, and then we would be locked together like this again.

I tried to put my arms over my head to shield it, but he pushed them aside.

"Dick," he said, and it sounded as if he were saying a prayer, "Dick, you've got to tell me."

I wanted to say, "All right," but I couldn't talk. I moved my head so he could see I meant yes.

Everybody was outside the door now; I could hear them all, and I could hear someone banging on it. "Richard!" my mother shouted. "What's going on in there!"

I didn't try to answer. I let Matt help me to a chair, and then he opened the door and my mother ran in, and my father and Bettina right behind them.

My mother clapped her hand over her mouth. "Richard! He's beaten you up! Harry, why don't you call the police! You stand there like that—!"

I shook my head, though it hurt bad to do it. "No police," I managed to say.

It was all I could say until they had cleaned me up a little, and all of them were standing there and looking at me. And then I found it wasn't so hard to tell as I thought it would be. Not if you kept your voice flat and even, so you would be telling just what happened, and none of the feelings would come back to you.

I WAS playing Ravel's *"La Valse"* when it started. They were new records, and I thought that maybe my mother would like to come to my room to hear them because she never had. I went down the hall to her room, but when I got near the door I could hear that she and my father were arguing. It surprised me a little because they sounded so serious, and because she and my father never argued much. Most of the time he acted as if he didn't know she was around, or didn't care, and it didn't seem to bother her any.

So I was surprised to hear them arguing, and I was going to turn around and go back to my room when I heard my mother say, *I'm going to that Ballou woman and settle things between you two,* and I stopped short. Then he answered something, and she said, *How do you think it feels when I see her bold as brass laughing at me? Do you think there's any pleasure in my life with that filth under my nose?*

I stood there, and all I could think was, *My father! My father and that woman!* and it was like suddenly seeing him the way he really was. In front of the world he could be hard and cold, with a sharp tongue, and that way of not caring what happened to you; but when no one could see, he carried on with that woman, and the two of them could have a fine time laughing at my mother. The hardest thing to understand was that it was my father. It was like the whole world crashing down on your head. I went back down the hall very quietly so they wouldn't hear and know I was there.

WHEN I got into my room I shut the door tight behind me, and then I took the record from the machine and smashed it. There was another one in the album, and I took that out and smashed it, too. But even as I was picking up the little pieces and throwing them into my wastebasket I knew what I had to do. It was hard work getting the pieces up, my fingers felt so cold and numb, but with each piece I picked up and threw away I saw clearer and clearer what had to be done.

I would go to Miss Ballou and tell her she had to keep away from my father, that maybe it was best for her to go away altogether. She might not like it, she might think I was talking out of turn, but I knew different. My father was doing wrong, and my mother was being hurt because of that, and there couldn't be any argument about it. When I tried to imagine how she would answer me it was hard to see how she could even be angry. Ashamed, maybe, but not angry.

I slipped into my sneakers and went downstairs and out across the alley. I rang the bell a couple of times, but she wasn't in. The house was dark and empty, and then I noticed her car wasn't there; it might be a couple of hours before she came in.

THE SIDE door of our house slammed while I was standing there, and my father came out and walked straight to the garage. There was a chance he would see me when he backed the car out, so as soon as he started the motor I tried to duck in back of the car, but my sneaker slipped in some oil on the driveway, and he almost hit me. I yelled, and he stopped the car, looking scared. He said something, and I told him I was all right, even though it made me sick to look at him just then and think what he was really like, and I was glad when he didn't fuss around, but just drove away.

Junie was out on the porch, so I went up to her room and took the key. I was prepared to wait a long time in Miss Ballou's house, but I had been sitting there in the darkness only a little while when the bell rang. When I looked through the side door it was only Bob Macek, and after a while he went away. Then it was a long wait, but finally I heard her car in the driveway and I knew from the sound of voices that someone was with her. They talked for a while, and then she came into the house alone. And the first words she spoke there in the shadows set loose all the anger in me.

"Harry?" she said. "Is that you?"

"No," I said, "it's Dick. Dick Ayres," and I could hear her draw a long breath. She pulled the cord on the kitchen light, and we stood there blinking at each other.

"What are you doing here, anyhow?" she asked. She put her hand up to her heart suddenly. "There's nothing wrong with your father, is there?"

"I just wanted to talk to you."

"At this hour? How did you get in here?"

"I used Junie's key. I had to see you as soon as you got home."

"Oh?" She looked at me curiously, and I looked back and saw she wasn't as young and pretty as I had always thought her. Her hair was tangled and blown about, and her skin looked pale, and there were black shadows under her eyes.

"Well?" she said impatiently. "What's this all about?"

I said, "It's about you and my father. It's got to stop right now."

For a few seconds she just stared at me as if I were crazy, and then abruptly she walked across the kitchen and down the three steps to the side door. "Out!" she said in a choked voice. "Get out!"

She wasn't even giving me a chance to explain to her, to show her what she was doing to my mother. I ran across after her, so that we were close together. "Look," I said, "you've got to understand. My mother knows all about you. You're hurting her, you and my father, and you've got to stop!"

"Get out," she said. "If you don't, I'll raise a noise that'll bring the whole neighborhood in here!"

I COULD see that she meant it, and I could see it happening. I caught her around the shoulders to pull her away from the door before she could open it, but her hand was caught in the handle, and when I dragged at her arm I could hear the wood crack on the door. She tried to scream, and I clapped my other hand over her mouth quick, and then I realized that in some crazy way I was fighting with her, that I didn't want to, but I was caught there like that.

"Listen to me!" I said into her ear. "Listen to me!" and all I could think was that I had to get her away from that door where somebody might hear us. I wrenched at her like that, one hand on her wrist and one arm around her neck with my hand over her mouth, and suddenly she went limp. One minute her body had been thrust against mine, tensed and furious; the next minute she was sagging toward the floor as limp as a rag doll.

I let my hands fall away from her, and then as I stood and watched like somebody in a dream, she leaned forward very slowly and went headfirst down the cellar steps. . . .

I told it all to them with my eyes closed and with my voice flat and even, and all the while I was talking nobody moved or made a sound. Only when I was done my mother moaned and Bettina looked around wildly.

"Junie!" she said. "She went down to the station house when she heard Bob was picked up again! She must be half-crazy down there. And Bob! I've got to call up!"

"No!" I said. "You can't tell the police! You can't!"

"Betty." Matt caught hold of her wrist. "It isn't up to you or me or anyone except Dick himself to get things straightened out."

"I won't tell them!" I said. "It was an accident, but they won't believe me. They won't understand!"

"Dick," Matt pleaded, "listen to me. You can't walk around with this sort of thing locked up in you. You can't live with yourself like that."

"He can!" my mother shouted at him. "Harry," she said breathlessly, "it's your son. It's up to you to help him. Things can be fixed up some way. I'm sure they can!"

My father shook his head slowly. "It's up to him alone, Lucille. One way or the other, it's up to him alone."

She flung her arm out toward him, and her face was twisted with fury. "Harry," she said, "if this comes out, we're through. You've wanted that a long time, and the day my son stands with handcuffs on and tells the world his disgrace and yours, that's the day I'm done with you. Done with you both!"

And that was the first time I think I really understood her, and saw the way she really was. It was Nicholas Street she cared for, and what it would think and say. Only Nicholas Street, and nothing else in the world.

So we went downstairs, Bettina holding my hand like she did when we were kids crossing a street together, and my father and Matt behind me, and only my mother left there in the room, watching us, with her hand over her mouth, but never moving.

I had the phone in my hand, and then I saw Matt was at the front door, opening it. It was like having the big prop, the one I needed most, kicked from under me, and suddenly I felt I was all alone, and falling, and afraid.

"Matt!" I called. "Matt! Don't go away!"

He stopped, but his hand was still on the door as he turned, not toward me, but toward Bettina. And Bettina was standing there rigid, her hands tight against her sides, her head high, and she was looking at him.

"Matt," she said, and she was crying, "Matt, don't go away."

And I knew he wouldn't. THE END

The Private Lives of Government Girls *(Continued from page 38)*

two weeks to learn to find her office without stopping to plot her course.

Joan comes from Northboro, Massachusetts, "halfway between Worcester and Boston," used to work for an insurance company and, like other Pentagon girls, she walks so much that she has to have her shoes reheeled every couple of weeks. A place in the basement does it for thirty-five cents. It's three-quarters of a mile from Joan's bus stop to her office, and five trips down the ramp from the fifth floor will produce a distressing wobble in any shoe.

These days Joan lives with her fingers crossed. Not long ago her whole office moved to new quarters where there aren't enough phones to go around, and she is hoping they will just leave it that way. "It's the first time I've had any peace since I started working here seven months ago," she says with a laugh.

Across the Potomac River on Pennsylvania Avenue—which used to be *the* street until they moved all the parades to Constitution—Pat McNally, from Cascade, Iowa (population 1,500), works in a building with a live-ammunition shooting range in the basement and a death mask of the gangster John Dillinger on the fifth floor—the Federal Bureau of Investigation Building.

If she hadn't read another girl's mail, Pat might not be in Washington. She was going to business college in Grand Island, Nebraska, four years ago when her then roommate got some literature on jobs for women in the FBI and, Pat says, "I snooped. But she had told me I could, you understand. She had already opened it."

The other girl didn't apply for a job, but Pat did, and when a real live G-man came out from Omaha to interview her, she was sold. So was the FBI.

One of the questions he asked her was whether she was willing to leave home. Contrary to general opinion, most people who work for the Government don't work in Washington. Only twenty-two per cent of all women employees work in the capital. But the FBI is an exception. Two-thirds of their 6,342 women workers are stationed in the city.

Pat's father drove her to Washington and saw to it she got a room. In common with other Government girls, she still has strong ties with home. She phones home every few months (doesn't reverse the charges) and writes every week. At first she was a little awed by the FBI, which tends strictly to business and points with pride to the lack of soft-drink machines in the halls and hot plates for coffee in the offices.

"But when they played Christmas carols over the intercom system, I decided the FBI was human," Pat explains.

THREE BLOCKS up the street is the Post Office Department and twenty-four-year-old Barbara Silliman, who, because she lives with her parents, is a rare type of Government girl. She arrived in Washington three years ago by way of Maine, which was her birthplace, Germany, and various other foreign ports with an Army-colonel father, her mother, and two sisters. Her father works in the Pentagon, but she has never been inside it. "It's way over in Virginia," she says, as though she did not commute from the same state every day.

Barbara doesn't think she has changed much since coming to the capital, but many girls say they have. Even their clothes and the way they do their hair are different, but a lot of that is just growing up and being away from home for the first time. Sandra Stahl threw away many of the clothes she brought with her without ever having worn them. "I don't know," she says, "they just didn't look right." Most of the Government girls come from small towns or the country, and the impact of big-city living naturally leaves its mark of sophistication.

BARBARA says her fixed notions have been in one big shift ever since, after Pearl Harbor, the National Guard uprooted the family from its Maine home. She is happy to be more or less stably located in an American city, with a chance to collect her thoughts. "I really like Washington," she confesses, "but I'm getting darned careful where I say that. Everyone thinks I'm naïve."

She has at least one other girl on her side, Joan (pronounce it Jo-an, please) Loughney, a Meadville, Pennsylvania, miss who sampled Washington during the war when her father, a real-estate man, did a stint on the War Production Board. She decided then she would return. At this writing, Joan is in her sixth week as a State Department secretary in the Foreign Service Institute. Her boss says she's the best thing that has happened to him in a long time. She talked about getting a Government job for four years before she got around to doing anything about it, and then it was her father who pointed out the story in the Meadville paper about a State Department man who was in town to interview likely candidates.

Most fathers aren't quite that encouraging, but few of them seriously object to having their daughters go to Washington because in many ways it is a protected place—too protected, some of the girls maintain. Going there does not

entail the same risks as going to other big cities. For one thing, girls usually have their jobs in their pockets before they leave (they take Civil Service examinations in their own locality and go to Washington only when advised of an opening) and usually a place to live, too, in a rooming house—of which there are 437 listed in the yellow pages of the phone book. The Washington landlady, like the Paris concierge, is undoubtedly becoming a political force that will one day have to be reckoned with.

After a week or two in town, the great migration begins. First the girls try another rooming house, one with men in it or one with a less noisy landlady or one farther out where rents are lower. They move like Mexican jumping beans on a hot rock. After leaving her aunt's apartment, Sandra Stahl moved seven times in five months, and that is not unusual. Eventually the girls get an apartment through the housing agency in their office or an advertisement in the paper, and a roommate, or two, or three. The more the cheaper.

JUST ABOUT everything worth having in Washington is engineered by word of mouth. At a party Sandra met a man who knew another girl, Shirley Riggs, and told Sandra he would get them together. Shirley had an apartment but no roommate and Sandra didn't have either. The girls liked each other on sight and ever since have been sharing the pleasures and pitfalls of an Arlington apartment.

Shirley is that rare Government girl, a native Washingtonian. Her parents live within hollering distance of the girls' apartment but "we haven't had to holler yet." They call the place "Riggs' Stall," and manage the budget by the simple process of totaling all costs at the end of the month and dividing up. They take turns at doing the crossword puzzle, and Sandra gets it Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Whoever doesn't cook does the dishes, and since Shirley's an expert with a lamb chop and an Idaho potato ("When we get lamb chops, that is"), Sandra does most of the dishwashing. Shirley says Sandra's only bad habit is singing in the shower. The neighbors don't appreciate something from "Faust" at two A.M. "It's good," Shirley says loyally, "but loud."

It is sometimes said that a girl could die in a city like New York and nobody would even find her for six months; in Washington that could not happen. If a Government girl doesn't show up for work and fails to call in, her supervisor calls her. If she is out three days, even though she phones each day, someone will come to see her, to find out whether she needs medical attention and so on. "Your private life is awfully unprivate in this town," is a standard complaint. To parents, of course, all this is very comforting.

UNQUESTIONABLY their biggest problem is men. "Washington is full of Dutch uncles and Dutch treats," one girl said. "Every man I know is married and only wants to hand out brotherly advice on my problems, and every girl I know pays her own way to the movies three times for every time she gets taken." It isn't that Washington men are stingy—they're just scarce. Estimates of the ratio of women to men vary all the way from five-to-one to ten-to-one. It is hard to nail down because it depends on what groups you're counting, but one thing is certain: Women do outnumber men in discouraging proportions. There are seven times as many beauty salons, for example, as there are barbershops.

There are three ways of meeting men: First and best is at parties. "Go to as many parties as you can wangle invitations to," is what the old hands say to newcomers. Second, through friends. Joan Loughney's roommate once brought home a boy who, it developed, had a brother. That helps. And third, at work, but don't count on it. Pat McNally and her three roommates, all of whom work for the FBI, occasionally date G-men, but they were introduced at parties; they did *not* meet them in the office. A hostess will say, "You work for the bureau? Oh, good. There's a special agent here you must meet."

Sandra and Shirley like boyfriends who will drop in casually for a cup of coffee or accompany them on their weekly junket to the supermarket.

Joan Ackley, in Marine Aviation, owns up to having a special beau, a six-foot Marine who works a few doors down the hall, but she didn't meet him in the office. They met at a party.

If you can get a date there's plenty to do. You can go dancing at any of several hotels or night clubs, get a fish dinner at Hogate's or roast beef at Ted Lewis', have cocktails at the Four Hundred Club, see a hockey game at the U-Line Arena, go skating, see a movie, visit museums and art galleries. Everybody sees the monuments and Arlington Cemetery when they first come; after that they go only when relatives hit town and demand to be taken.

On Sunday afternoons young people sometimes go out to the airport, watch the planes come and go, and have a drink or dinner. In summer there are bathing beaches and picnics in Rock Creek Park or boat rides on the Potomac River.

"Once," sighs Pat McNally, "I spent a whole day on a yacht. It belongs to the Navy, and officers can sign up for it for a day at a time."

Of the girls we met, only Barbara Silliman had been to hear the National Symphony but nearly all of them had visited the National Gallery of Art. Three had seen one play each: "Oklahoma!" and "The Moon Is Blue" at the Gayety, a rehabilitated burlesque house currently the city's only legitimate theatre, and "Kiss Me Kate" at Watergate—the floating theatre where the audience sits around in boats.

Often they go with groups from their offices, with other girls or their roommates. A good date in Washington costs money. Sunday-afternoon movies, a few drinks, and dinner can run to thirty dollars.

The real triumph is to go to the Shoreham Hotel's Sunday-night buffet—a *smörgasbord* complete with sculptured ice, whole suckling pigs, and stuffed pheasant—but it costs three dollars a person and none of these particular girls have yet made it. Washington is a hard town to eat in. From the blue-plate special to Heinrich's Steak House is a long steep jump, and unfortunately there is very little in between.

SANDRA, who is remarkably pretty, insists she goes out only about twice a month, and some girls say once a month is a fair average, though it's hard to figure since dates always seem to come in bunches. On Saturday nights, when the city is crammed with servicemen on weekend passes, any girl can get a date if she wants to let herself get picked up, but most of them don't. In fact, many refuse to date servicemen even when they meet them in regulation ways. There is something curiously temporary about Washington life. Even the President comes from somewhere else and will one day go back there and, sensing this, few Government girls like the additional here-today-and-gone-tomorrow tag that's on a uniformed man's existence.

Sandra once decided to put a firecracker under this humdrum life. She heard an announcement on the radio about the Miss Washington contest, the winner of which would compete for the Miss America title. Contestants were to be judged twenty-five per cent on talent. Sandra's voice is good, maybe even of operatic caliber. She hopes for a singing career,

unless she gets married and has twin sons, which also appeals to her (she thinks she would have a chance because both her grandmothers had twin boys). She forged her aunt's signature to an application blank because she wasn't of age at the time and needed legal consent, and mailed it in with her photograph. Her parents promptly blew their stack but recovered when their daughter walked away with the top award and took Aunt Helen with her for a gala all-expense tour to Atlantic City.

She didn't turn out to be Miss America, but she got several prizes, including a 1950 Nash, which she refers to as "my little flivver pickup." For six months she earned her living by singing with Washington dance bands, but she didn't like the hours and "I'm not really a popular singer, anyway." She bade farewell to Washington and headed into the setting sun for California where the weather didn't scald her in summer and congeal her blood in winter. Then Washington officials asked her to come back as a hostess at the annual Cherry Blossom Festival—and somehow she just stayed. She got reinstated at the Pentagon in a job she likes better than the first one, and she is gradually beginning to think of Washington as home.

SANDRA'S fling at being a contest queen is probably unique among Government girls. About the worst thing that can be said of them is that they're aimless. They don't want careers in Government, they don't see themselves as future Frances Perkinses or Margaret Chase Smiths or Georgia Neese Clarks, and yet, if their jobs are means to an end, they seem to have lost sight of the end. It's hard to find a girl with strong ideas of what she wants to do with her life. Too many of them just drift. "I give myself one more year here, and then I'll get out" are their famous last words. They all say they would like to get married, but they are in no rush and seem vague about just what kind of a marriage they'd like—and perhaps with reason.

"I feel sorry for them," a hotel waiter said, "because only one in four will ever get married, and they know it."

The girls bristle at that. "People who feel sorry for us," one of them snapped, "are judging others by themselves." Because a Chicago or Los Angeles white-collar girl would find Washington life dull, it doesn't follow that Washington girls do. To lots of them the capital is a miracle city. They have been through Chicago or Cleveland on the train, but they have never, in any real sense, been in a big town before. Just living in one, being part of the homegoing push on blue winter evenings, having their own apartments, and buying clothes in big stores is more exciting than working as a receptionist in Dr. Farthingate's dental office or typing briefs for a small-town lawyer who is also a notary public and real-estate agent, and choosing their clothes in a store that also sells hip boots and buttonhooks.

Government girls don't have much time to feel sorry for themselves. Whatever else it is, a Government job is no joke. Any girl with a halfway decent sense of responsibility works hard, and the better her job, the harder she works. Sandra and Shirley get up at six forty-five, taking turns at being first out of bed to start breakfast.

Although both of them work in the Pentagon, Shirley leaves before Sandra because she likes to have a second cup of coffee at the snack bar and draw a breath before she plunges into the day. Sandra departs at the last possible moment in her little flivver pickup, searches frantically for a parking place, and slides behind her desk at eight forty-five. Once she squeezed the Nash between two cars in a space so small that she couldn't open either door and had to crawl out the window. Both girls work till five-fifteen and, like all the rest of Civil Service, get only thirty minutes for lunch. Sandra often has hot dogs and milk at her desk.

They get paid for overtime, but it's a long day any way you look at it, especially so with a forty-five- to sixty-minute bus ride at the weary end of it. By the time dinner is shopped for and prepared and the cleaning up done afterward, stockings washed and hair pinned up, there isn't much time left for worrying about what has happened to all the men in the world.

Hair, incidentally, is everybody's chief petty problem. Washington weather is humid, winter and summer, and it's death on hairdos. Government girls often go to work in the morning with their hair still in pin curls.

Pat McNally and her roommates get up between six-thirty and seven and follow a pattern for dressing, making up, brushing teeth, and getting breakfast that must have been figured out by a train plotter in a switchyard. "It's all right as long as somebody doesn't oversleep or otherwise throw us off our timing," says Kathleen Barron, of Monticello, Iowa. "When that happens, there's a real traffic jam."

Whether money is a problem depends a good deal on what you earned before. In ranks of GS-6 and below (Civil Service lingo for clerical help) the average salary hovers around three thousand dollars a year, a fifth of which is lopped off for taxes before the girls ever see it, leaving about two hundred dollars a month for food, rent, clothes, transportation (fifteen cents each way on Washington busses), and anything else a girl may require. It is said that on payday it is almost impossible to get a taxi because the Government girls chip in and share a ride home. The cabdrivers know this and gang up outside the big buildings, leaving many an ordinary traveler stranded.

Washington is one of the country's five top high-cost-of-living cities, and this doesn't make things any easier. Sandra and Shirley eat franks and beans or tuna and noodles, but spurn the spaghetti and meatballs that are staple in many Government girls' diets.

ON THE other hand, a good average salary in the towns and villages from which they came is thirteen to fourteen hundred dollars a year, of which a good share still goes for taxes. While many people argue that they can do more with it and would be better off at home, it's a moot point. Even though it costs more to live in Washington and the net outcome from the two salaries may be the same, the girls feel they are living better and they are probably right. They wear better clothes, see more things, have access to greater cultural experiences, sometimes drive their own cars, and even have a maid to do up the house chores. Many of them manage to send money home. On payday in the Pentagon long lines of them stand in front of money-order windows waiting their turn to send cash back to their parents or to a younger brother or sister.

WHAT Hawthorne called "the dead hand of government" casts a certain shadow over Government girls' lives. Washington isn't really a big city; it's an overgrown small town, subject to its advantages and its disadvantages. For instance, it's cleaner than most cities (there are no factories to disgorge smoke) but, on the other hand, gossip is a full-time occupation. What starts as a rumor at one agency's water cooler at ten o'clock is all over town as a fact by lunchtime. In any given city block, nine-tenths of the residents have worked for or now work for the Government. They eat, sleep, live, and breathe it. It would be worth your life to try to introduce at a Washington dinner table a topic such as books (that is, nonpolitical books), the theatre, or the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas. A visitor expecting the town to be the nerve center of the nation and careening with pace is amazed. There is no pace, except inside big buildings, where you sense the silent hum of activity.

The girls endlessly talk shop—or more accurately, shop personalities—"Boy, did I get mad at Colonel So-and-So today." Since World War II began, a permanent atmosphere of secrecy has settled over the city, so that trying to talk to a Government girl about her job is like trying to talk to an oyster. It makes no difference whether hers is a real hush-hush occupation or not. She's afraid to tell you how long her lunch hour is for fear it's a policy matter. "Intelligence" has nothing to do with I.Q., and "security" has no bearing on old-age benefits.

It isn't unusual for a Government girl to have a second job on the outside, partly for money and partly for the contrast to her office life. Girls work as clerks behind cosmetic bars, as waitresses, as salesgirls, and as hat-check girls in night clubs. Sandra's outside job is rather lofty: She is soloist at the Foundry Methodist Church. She joined the choir and told them she would like to work into a soprano-solo spot when one turned up. Church officials listened to her sing "I Talked with God Last Night," and she was in. She loves the work and rehearses every Tuesday night. She also sings with the Army dance band now and then, but she doesn't get paid for that.

It is true that there are some bad girls, some wickedness and sin. There is alleged to be a regular route followed after six o'clock by girls who start out at the better bars and work their way down from one bar to another as the evening wears on. Some people say professional streetwalkers complain bitterly of the amateur competition, but these things can happen anywhere.

The real danger lies in the monotony and boredom that often become a part of life in Washington. There is an old story told about two brothers, one of whom went to sea and the other into the Government, and neither was ever heard from again. That kind of atmosphere can soak into your pores unless you are careful.

"I like working for the Government," one girl insisted. "It's a kind of service, like being in the Army, if you look at it that way." The hard truth is that most of them don't.

THE END

Crazy in Love (Continued from page 65)

the flippancy. "I'm sorry," she added.

"You're bushed," he said understandingly.

She lit a cigarette, not looking at him. He had superb shoulders and the kind of face you'd like your children to inherit and she could talk to him comfortably and they were both addicted to Thurber, fried oysters, and open fireplaces, and she was going to marry him as soon as she was able to face the thought of going through the whole business all over again. She hoped that when they were married she'd be able to steer him away from words like "bushed." He was always saying people were bushed, or everything was in a mishmash, or everybody was yakity-yaking. He was trying to be light and airy because he was Neil Barclay, a gilt-edged scion. He had bought into television to get away from being a gilt-edged scion. At the studio he wandered up and down the halls, calling gaily "Leave us go," making himself one of the gang—which was fine, except that everyone knew he would never be one of the gang. There was just too much Barclay everywhere you looked: the big house on Fifth Avenue, with the red-velvet drapes at the windows; the dragon-faced mother on the *Tribune* society page; the flat-chested sister having tea at the Plaza. . . .

"NO TIME for coffee," Kim said, gathering up her furs. "I have to go and get blondined."

Neil stood up promptly and held her chair. His full, surprisingly sensuous lips were set in a small, pleased smile. Kim knew the smile, knew how much he enjoyed this moment, their exit together from Sardi's. *There goes Kim Endicott and her producer. You know, Neil Barclay* . . . It gave Neil something he wanted—some color, some glamour, maybe even a sense of danger. The dragon-faced mother had probably shuddered delicately. Theatrical people! Neil, darling, one doesn't mingle . . . And now Neil was mingling, shocking the Barclays with his "mishmash" and his midnight sessions at Lindy's. Neil was having a good time masquerading.

Something about the thought made her uncomfortable. She drew on her long velvet gloves, frowning, trying to remember. Stan. Something he'd said; one of his unpleasant little parting shots. "When the masquerade is over, and you're ready to send the costume back, come knock at my door and I'll let you in—maybe."

"Darling? You look lost."

It was Neil speaking, Neil at her elbow, eyebrows raised inquiringly. Kim realized she was standing in the aisle, not much of any kind of expression on her face. And that wouldn't do. You couldn't linger in Sardi's without some kind of expression.

AND SO she smiled up at Neil—the best smile, the one that crinkled her nose, and sold refrigerators and face powder and luggage and hair tints. "I was just thinking about somebody snide," she said. "Three guesses."

Neil looked worried. He always looked worried when Stan was mentioned. He also looked as if he were going to say something important, but the hat-check girl was close by, and he was still enough of a Barclay not to say anything personal in front of a hat-check girl.

Barclay or no, he knows what I am, Kim thought. He knows I'm a ham, and he likes it. It excites him. He'll never want me to play straight man.

She tucked her arm in his, and looked up at his lean, firm, fine-textured face. "You're right about the pantaloons, darling," she told him, as they stepped out into the busy dinginess of West Forty-fourth Street. "The Endicott bosom's earned its keep. I guess it's time to concentrate on the rest of the anatomy."

"Just a gimmick, just a gimmick," Neil said, but she knew he was pleased. Neil employed four idea men. The four idea men spent most of their time pooh-poohing Neil's gimmicks and letting him know, not very subtly, that even a million bucks couldn't take the place of professional know-how. But this time Neil was right. Her show needed a new fillip, something that would keep them talking, keep her Nielsen rating up where it belonged. She herself was tiring of her own trade-marks—the huge pendulum earrings, the low horseshoe necklines.

"I promise to devote the next two weeks to thinking about pantaloons," she said.

Neil snapped his fingers. "Say—look—how about doing your thinking down at Winter Haven? Sis will be there and Mother, but they won't be in the way. We could just yawn around and yakity-yak at each other. Why didn't I think of it before?"

He *had* thought of it before, Kim knew, looking up at him. His eyes were too eager. Winter Haven . . . She glanced away from Neil and saw a woman passing down Forty-fourth Street, a plump, flush-faced woman in a Kim Endicott neckline. There'd been an advertisement just yesterday in the *Times:* "The same daring, dramatic blouse Kim Endicott wears on television—yours for only a low, low $5.98."

Neil was waiting for an answer. Winter Haven. Linen dresses and Florida sunshine and orange groves. The Barclay butler mixing those marvelous fruity punches. Fourteen days at Winter Haven, and at the end of it Neil would be waiting for another answer—that was the reason for the eagerness in his eyes. He wanted things settled, wanted to take her to Cartier's, wanted the announcement in the papers.

She felt his hand tightening on her elbow. "Still haven't got over him?" he asked gently.

"Got over him?" She heard the indignant rasp in her voice. "Look, darling, *I* was the one who wanted the divorce, remember?" She smiled up at him. "I was just trying to decide whether I'd be up to being sociable to your mother and sister."

"You won't have to be. In fact, I hope you're not. All my life I've hated sociable people. Anyway, Sis won't be around much. Even down there, she's got committees. For the Preservation of Spanish Moss. For the Uplift of the Alligator—"

Kim laughed. "Well, we'll talk about it this afternoon at Celie's," she said, patting his arm. "Now be nice and find me a taxi, or I'll turn into a brunette right before your eyes."

He waved, and the taxi came in a hurry. Taxis did that for Neil. As Neil helped her in, his face changed slightly, reddened. "I guess I ought to let you know," he said. "Foster's in town. There was a squib in the *Times.*"

"Oh?" she said. "I *thought* I noticed a kind of unhealthy smog in the air."

Neil looked relieved, and suddenly, gazing at his handsome, intense face, she felt like leaning close to the window, telling him never to worry about Stan Foster, telling him the name meant nothing to her. Stan Foster. Stan Foster. Stan Foster. Just a bunch of syllables.

But she saw the driver was listening, and had recognized her. She could tell by the tips of his ears; they looked alert. One of Winchell's handymen, probably. She relaxed against the oily leather back rest, smiled good-by out at Neil, and then gave Mitchell's address.

THE DRIVER began to talk. They always did. "You're looking good, Miss Endicott," he said.

"Thanks," Kim said. "You're no slouch

yourself." It was a line she saved for cabdrivers and elevator men. It made them laugh, and every laugh was a buck in the kitty.

Encouraged, the driver began telling her what he thought of last night's show, what his kids thought of last night's show. For some reason she didn't get the usual bang out of listening. Neil was right: She was bushed. If it weren't for this final three-o'clock stint on Celie McGregor's show, she would skip Mitchell's altogether, let her hair sprout brown at the roots.

Or would she? She took out her compact, the huge, moon-shaped, diamond-studded one Neil had given her. She held it so that daylight hit the mirror squarely. Daylight was the only honest light for a woman to use.

She was still surprised when she saw her face, the pale, smooth amber of her hair, the dark, thick, dramatic eyebrows. Three years ago the hair had been brown, just brown, and the eyebrows thin, plucked lines. But then, three years ago, no one had ever heard of Kim Endicott. She smiled suddenly, arranging the sable scarves at her neck, remembering the snapshot her Aunt Aggie had brought out of her purse yesterday at the Waldorf.

"I've kept it all these years," Aggie had said, handing it to her, smiling a ghost of her malicious smile.

"Wasn't I the beaut, though!" Kim had said, handing the snapshot right back. She hadn't had to look at it closely. She remembered. She remembered herself eighteen years ago, the poor motherless relation boarding with her Aunt Aggie and her cousin Isabella. "Poor Kim, she takes after the Coltons," Aggie had often said, stirring her iced tea, complacently gazing from Poor Kim to her own daughter, Isabella. Poor Kim had pretended not to hear. Poor Kim had picked up a twig from the ground and scrawled words in the Tennessee dust. Poor Kim, with her crooked Colton teeth and her lank brown hair and her thin, pallid face, had written "I hate Aunt Aggie" in the dust.

Yesterday Poor Kim paid the luncheon bill at the Waldorf. Yesterday a New York state senator stopped at Poor Kim's table, and Tallulah Bankhead said "Hi, darlin'," and the *maître de* came over three times to be sure everything was satisfactory for Miss Endicott.

"It must be such work to keep your hair that way—all those dyes and everything!" Isabella had said, with a little fastidious shiver.

But Isabella didn't carry it off very well. Isabella—the pretty one, the lush, dimpled one—was a frumpy woman now, wearing a wrinkled faille suit too tight under the arms and across the beam.

"No, it isn't much work," Kim said, smiling at Isabella, smiling at Aggie. "And it's been worth it, don't you think?"

IT CERTAINLY had been worth it. All the visits to Mitchell's—the once-a-week touch-ups, the twice-a-week sets, the hours under the dryer—they'd all been worth it just for that luncheon with Aggie and Isabella yesterday, just for that delicious moment when she signed the Waldorf check.

The taxi was turning down Fifty-sixth Street. Kim glanced out the window, and then sat up abruptly. "I've changed my mind. Let me out here," she called to the driver. He drew up to the curb. She paid him and overtipped him, and he said what they usually said, "See you on television," and she laughed obligingly. She went into the florist's. She ordered two white orchids, flamboyant, large, carnivorous-looking. "Room nine-o-nine at the Waldorf," she told the girl. On the card she wrote, "For Aggie and Isabella, with fond memories of your kindness long ago."

It did something for her. She stepped blithely out on the avenue, suddenly seeing the brightness of the autumn day, suddenly noticing the puffy clouds and there in the park a sharp thrust of scarlet. Mitchell's was only a block away. In that block two men turned to stare at her, and a woman with a poodle said, "Look, Tippy. There's Kim Endicott!" The poodle's pinkish eyes seemed to follow her, too. Stan would have winced at that, and scowled horribly at the woman and the poodle. Stan would have said, "Why on earth did I have to marry a television set?"

So he was back in New York. Back

from where? Probably the Coast. Although it could have been Timbuktu or the Java Sea, as far as she knew. Lord, I'm cold-blooded, she thought— I'm just as cold-blooded as Aggie and Isabella think I am.

"Whatever happened to your husband, honey?" Aggie had asked yesterday, her eyes and her voice gummed with sympathy.

"When I got the large piece, I had to move him out," Kim had said, waving toward the mammoth antiqued breakfront in her living room.

"Honey, how can you be so *hard?*" Isabella had squealed. "I could no more talk about my Harry that way— I mean, even if I *were* divorced!"

"How *is* Harry?" Kim had asked sweetly. "Does he still have that cute habit of sitting around in his stocking feet?"

That had been after the Waldorf lunch, when she was showing Aggie and Isabella the apartment. The apartment had been hard on Aggie and Isabella. The ten rooms overlooking Central Park; the six telephones in assorted colors; Kelly, the very tailored secretary; the maid tiptoeing around; the masseuse coming in at three—

"I was reading an article. It said massage doesn't do a thing for you, in fact, it makes blue veins come out on your legs," Isabella had said stridently.

"Does it, dear?" Kim had asked softly, and for just a moment she had allowed her eyes to flick over Isabella's heavily muscled legs in their too-shiny nylons.

Mitchell's. It was just a name in a window, set off by cream-colored raw-silk drapes. But you knew, of course—if you were anybody. You knew Clare Boothe Luce sat under the dryer there, and Helen Hayes, and Kim Endicott.

MITCHELL was waiting—a tall, drooping, limp-wristed man in a surgical-looking, high-collared uniform. "Oh, Miss Endicott, I had the most terrible time!" he said, leading her to her booth. "That little girl on the Piper's Beer show —what *is* her name?—red hair, very dry —I'm always telling her more oil shampoos—well, she wanted your time! Just insisted on having your time. I told her, I said, my dear, this is Miss Endicott's time, one-fifteen on Wednesdays and Saturdays is always Miss Endicott's time. . . ."

Miss Endicott's time to slump down in the blue-cushioned chair, to take off the heavy paste earrings (she'd started substituting paste since the holdup last June), to kick off the velvet shoes that were always, inexplicably, a little tight. Did your feet swell or spread or something when you got older? Did Neil realize she was thirty, only three years younger than he? Did anyone realize it? She was sure she didn't look thirty. How could she when she was only now having her youth? That sounded silly and dramatic, but it was the truth. Throw away those years with Aggie and Isabella, the wallflower years, the lonely, shameful years, the years of wearing Isabella's invariably polka-dotted castoffs, the years she never talked about. Throw away the year behind the department-store toy counter, the three years at a desk on Madison Avenue. Throw away two years of being mostly nothing but Mr. Foster's wife, with a dustcloth in her hand. Okay. Then this was really the beginning of her life, and there was no reason at all for her feet to hurt.

She looked up at Mitchell, who was unwrapping the new switch she'd ordered. As he held up the long amber-colored hank and combed delicately through it, she saw the label on the cellophane box, "Finest European Hair." Hair that once had adorned some peasant girl in Brittany or Tirol. A memory stirred, bobbed to the surface. It was right after the first tryout, when they said she was a television natural because she didn't get jittery and because she could talk fast about anything. "But for gosh sakes, do something about your hair," they said. So she went to Mitchell's and came home blonde, and with dark eyebrows, and Stan locked himself in his workroom and said he wouldn't come out till she got that strange woman out of the apartment. "You want me to be a peasant?" she shouted in the keyhole. "You want me to stay in the kitchen and make stews and shake dust mops out the window?"

It seemed ridiculous, all the energy she had wasted—shouting at him, throwing things at him, tearing her insides out. And now she couldn't remember his face, and hearing his name was like listening to a weather report.

"Remember the first day I came in here, Mitch?" she asked.

Mitchell raised his eyebrows. "Too many curls." He circled his balding head with a comb. "Curls all over."

She leaned back, somehow satisfied. The familiar pungent chemical smells burned her nostrils. In a few minutes

Aggie would be opening the door at the Waldorf, taking the orchids. They would wear them back on the train to Memphis. "My little niece—you know, Kim Endicott," Aggie would tell people in the diner. "We practically took her out of the streets—the homeliest little thing—you wouldn't believe it." And Isabella would say, "Of course, she had a lot of pull. She used to be married to that writer, Stan Foster, and she used his pull, believe you me."

But it wasn't true; she hadn't used Stan's pull. Stan hadn't had any pull to use. Stan had been just a young writer with two books under his belt, two faintly successful books. Then the TV producer had called and said the studio thought maybe they could adapt a scene from Stan's latest book for a half-hour dramatic show, and was Stan interested? Stan said sure, and the producer came to dinner, because television was young then, and producers did things like that.

THAT HAD been the beginning, that night in the small, hot apartment on Twenty-third Street. She hadn't been thinking of herself that night when she'd smiled and brought out all her wit and spread it around for the TV man. She'd been thinking of Stan, trying to help Stan. If you weren't beautiful, you could be other things: You could be witty; you could glint and spark; you could command people to look just by the impact of your verve. The TV man had looked. The TV man had settled the deal with Stan and then, at the door, holding his hat, he'd turned back and said, "By the way, Mrs. Foster, have you ever given any thought to being on television?"

No one had done it for her. She had done it all herself. If you weren't beautiful, you could be other things. She had learned that long ago, behind the toy counter in the Memphis store. You had your choice: You could stand dull-eyed and wait for people to decide to buy, or you could ham it up a little. You could be a genteel barker, winding up the walking dolls and smiling and wrinkling your nose and laughing down at the wide-eyed little girls. After a few minutes the wide-eyed little girls would be plucking at their mother's sleeve: "Mamma, buy me a doll, buy me a doll. . . ."

She had her teeth straightened with the fat commissions from the walking dolls and she studied shorthand at night and finally she bought a ticket to New York. One way. New York couldn't be so different—not if you kept remembering that everyone wanted to laugh.

But it was frightening, just the same, sitting in the big publishing office on Madison Avenue. There were other girls applying for the job, golden girls, beautiful girls. Mr. Peters, the senior editor, was a thin-faced, long-lipped man who said he didn't like hiring secretaries who'd had no experience in the publishing business. What made her think she could handle temperamental authors, keep them out of his hair, keep them mollified, keep them happy?

"That's easy," Kim said. She smiled, made her eyes shine ecstatically. "I'd just say, 'Oh, Mr. Hemingway, I sat up all last night reading your book, but I didn't have time to finish the last chapter. It's just driving me crazy. Couldn't you tell me the ending while you're waiting to see Mr. Peters?'"

Mr. Peters threw back his head and roared. And when she came to work the next day, she was careful to keep him laughing, keep them all laughing.

There was a kind of intoxication in it, a wonderful feeling of power. You could take anybody, anybody in the world, and win him over in five minutes if you smiled the right kind of smile, held his eyes with yours, said a few words he'd remember.

But she lost some of her confidence when she met Stan. Stan with the dark-brown, lively, know-everything eyes. She worked harder; put everything out on the shelves—every ounce of charm, every amusing memory, every piquant thought.

"Your mind's like one of those supermarkets; there's so much on display a man gets dizzy," Stan said. Stan stopped dating the blonde juvenile editor. Stan stopped dating everyone but her. Stan said she was the first woman who could really make him laugh. Stan said if she'd been born in Paris in another century she would have bossed a salon.

For Stan, she quit her job. For Stan she let herself grow stale and rusty in a hot three-room apartment.

"CALL FOR you. Miss Endicott." The manicurist was standing at her side, thrusting the telephone at her.

"Oh, dear!" Mitchell stepped back, holding his cotton applicator. "It never fails, does it? Don't let that dye get in your eyes, Miss Endicott."

Kim held a towel against the dripping Amber No. 1, and listened to Kelly's clipped, knowing voice. "Tomorrow night," Kelly said, "that 'let-the-sexes-fight-it-out' thing. They want you on the panel."

"Listen, Kelly, my vacation begins today, remember?" Kim said. "After this afternoon's trick I'm going to Florida." There. There's your answer, Neil.

"But you can't turn Toni down. It just wouldn't be politic," Kelly was saying. Kelly was a very svelte secretary who could also, in a pinch, iron accordion pleats and mix a decent Martini.

"You be politic for me," Kim said tartly. "That's why I pay you seven thousand a year."

"Temper, temper," Kelly said.

"Don't be so damned cute," Kim said.

She heard Kelly's surprised gasp and was appalled at the echo of her own voice.

"All right, I'll tell them no dice," Kelly said coldly, and hung up.

Kim's hands were shaking when she put down the receiver. Always phoning me, always after me. The words wound querulously through her mind, and she knew they were utterly unreasonable. It was Kelly's job to phone.

In the mirror she saw two sharp, vertical lines between her eyebrows. Look here, Endicott, she told herself warningly, and sat back, willing herself to relax.

AT TWO-THIRTY, newly ambered and smooth as sherbet, she hailed a cab for Celie McGregor's studio. Fifteen minutes of the usual guest-star patter, and then finis. Then Winter Haven. She would go barefooted, soak up sun, be warm and close with Neil. Start teaching herself that there was nothing wrong with marriage, only with the people that you married. . . .

Celie was waiting at the door of Studio 6. Celie, one of TV's sacred sisterhood, one of the patter-chatter girls, was in a gray taffeta Piquet, accessorized by a scrawny breastbone. "Darling, today's show is going to be heaven, pure heaven," Celie said, leading her past the camera crew. "I love your dress. And my Lord, your hair! Why can't Mitch do that for me? Just yesterday I said, 'Mitch, why can't you keep me one shade for at least two weeks?'"

Celie was talking too fast—too fast and too loud, even for Celie McGregor. Celie's green eyes were peculiarly bright. Kim glanced uneasily around the set, past the dolly camera, past the blackboard inscribed with Celie's commercial—

There was a chartreuse love seat with a man sitting on it, ridiculing it with the breadth of his shoulders. A man with dark hair, stubborn dark hair standing up in tufts. A jaw that prodded out too far. One navy-blue sock that drooped.

She stood very still. Slowly and coldly she swung her eyes to Celie. "Where did you find this little idea?" she asked. "Under the drainboard?"

Celie's smile was quick, but her fingers fluttered. "Now, darling—"

Darling. It was always darling. Kim, darling, do a guest-star business for me Wednesday afternoon, will you? Kim, darling, let me give you the hotfoot.

She held Celie's eyes, let Celie see her scorn. "You didn't seriously think I'd go along with this?"

There were round red spots on Celie's cheeks. "Now, darling, it's just for the show. Let's not take it *personally*—"

"How did you expect I'd take it? The man wasn't my *janitor*." Kim drew on her gloves. She drew them on with short, fierce tugs. She didn't look at the love seat again. It would be like him to howl or blow her a kiss or pull his ears—anything that was mocking, anything that was outlandish.

"*Stan* isn't taking it personally," Celie said quickly. "He's just here because of his book. He wants publicity for it."

"And it never occurred to you to tell me he'd be on the agenda? It just slipped your mind?"

"Now, look, darling, I simply thought you'd be amused." Celie's eyes skipped nervously to the clock, to the crew trooping in, to the lights in the control room. "I mean, it never struck me you'd be so *shaken*. Stan isn't. It's just business to him— He was telling me before you came in—"

"Was he?" Kim said coldly. Involuntarily her eyes darted to the love seat. His head turned. His eyes met her—and flicked over her, through her, past her.

She was unprepared for the fury. It rose in her throat, seized her, shook her. Once he'd been able to look at her as if she were a blank space, a blob of nothing. But he couldn't do it now. Not now.

"All right." The words came out sharp-edged, brittle. "All right, you've had your bright idea, Celie. Let's get it over with. And the next time I see you, remind me not to stop."

"Oh, Kim, *darling!*" Celie laughed an I-know-you-don't-really-mean-it laugh; Celie's damp, relieved hand closed firmly on Kim's arm. "After all, it *is* just business. I mean, after all, it's publicity for Stan and it isn't going to hurt you. You're just helping each other out; that's the way I see it." The damp hand steered her across the set to the love seat.

Stan stood up. This time he looked at her, the dark eyes swept over her, a smile began lazily, taking its time, sure of itself.

ONCE SHE had been afraid of that smile. Afraid other women would see it, love it; women who were beautiful and sleek and polished and desirable. New York had been filled with women like that, and she had envied them and hated them. She had been a little brown-haired thing, no one special, just Stan Foster's wife.

"I don't have to be coy and introduce you two, do I?" Celie bubbled coyly.

"Miss Endicott," Stan said, with sudden mock gravity.

Kim felt her own smile, slow and steady. She held it on him like a flashlight beam as she sat down on the love seat. "I hear you've written a new book, Mr. Foster," she said. "What's it called? I'm terribly ignorant about the literary world. I read only the books on the best-seller list."

"Now, wait a minute. Save the bright dialogue for the show," Celie fluttered happily. "Stan, darling, sit down there on Kim's left. No, closer—"

He sat closer. For a moment she was coolly aware of his amused eyes, the lazy drape of his hands, and then the director motioned to them and the sound boom arched and she was busy unleashing her furs to give the Kim Endicott neckline its expected airing.

THE ANNOUNCER, framed against a fake colonial doorway: "We bring you 'Tea Time' with Celie McGregor!" The camera, panning left to Celie. Celie smiling, holding up a box of Laver's Tea; Celie going through the routine patter. Then— "Today, ladies and gentlemen, you're going to have tea with two simply fascinating people." Turning to Stan, Celie started talking about his book. "*The Husband*—that's a provocative title, Mr. Foster. What's it all about?"

"Well, it's a study of the husband in present-day society," Stan said. "Whether he isn't dying out, becoming obsolete."

"What a novel idea!" Celie beamed. "I certainly don't remember ever reading a book with that theme."

"Guess you haven't," Stan said. "That's the point—nobody ever notices the husband as a species. With women getting more and more powerful and self-absorbed, the husband's just a kind of household appliance. Like an electric toaster. Handy to have around, but quite dispensable."

"Heavens!" Celie's giggle cavorted around the set. "You're so cynical, Mr. Foster. Tell me, is there a woman in your book? I mean, there must be a wife."

"Oh, sure." Stan had his pipe out. He was calmly tamping down the tobacco, as if he didn't know there was a camera, had no concern about an audience. "She's the main character. Beautiful. Brainy. She has everything. I give her all the best lines. Because she's the one who takes over, you see. Like that female spider that always tries to eat her husband"—he smiled faintly—"if you'll pardon the simile."

"Well, *I'll* pardon it," Celie said brightly, and laved her smile over Kim. "Kim, what do you think of Mr. Foster's theme?"

"I'm interested in the hero," Kim said coldly. "The poor little fellow, being attacked by a woman that way. What is he, a man or an amoeba?"

"Matter of fact, he's a pretty decent sort," Stan said quietly, looking at the pipe. "He really believes in marriage. Don't get me wrong—this book doesn't run down marriage. The whole thing is that marriage has to be salvaged before women make mincemeat of it."

"I see," Kim said tightly. "The man's not to blame for any of the trouble. Saintly type, I suppose."

"Not at all," Stan said. "He has his faults. But mainly he's a victim. It's all too much for him: too many of his wife's business associates camping in the living room, too many command parties, too many canapés, too many telephones—"

"How many? Six?" Kim stared challengingly at him.

"Yes—I mean, no—it just seems like six— I mean, she's always on the phone. You see, all these details just symbolize a way of life, a type. I didn't write about any particular woman."

"That's lucky," Kim said savagely. "It probably saves you a libel suit."

Celie made a choking sound. "Well, Mr. Foster, I've enjoyed hearing about your book *so* much," she said loudly. "And I certainly intend to read every word of it."

"Oh, I do, too," Kim said. "I just adore books about psychoneurotic heroes."

"He's not so nuts; he winds up free." Stan said, smiling at the pipe.

"And at large?" Kim said quickly. "I mean, walking around in the streets?"

Celie made another choking sound and then talked very fast, saying thank you, Mr. Foster, thank you, Miss Endicott. Then Celie talked for a while about Laver's Tea, and they all drank some for a close-up, and then the announcer talked about Laver's Tea, and after that the white lights went out.

KIM stood up. She didn't like the way she felt. She wanted to screech, throw things, claw at him. An hour ago she hadn't remembered him. Now she remembered everything—the slow, mocking words, the lazy jibes.

"Darlings, you were wonderful!" Celie chattered. "And now you two run over to my place and get yourself a real cup of tea. I'll join you in a shake, as soon as I can shake Brother Laver." She grimaced toward the sponsor's room, and then she was whisking her mink stole around her, hurrying across the set.

"That leaves us alone at last," Stan said. "Feel the vibrations?"

"Let's get this understood right now," Kim said tightly. "There are no flickering flames. There isn't even a dying ember. When I look at you I feel nothing."

"That's fine," he said. "I was afraid this was going to be a strain."

She whirled. She heard him close behind her. She kept going, eyes riveted on the door. In the corridor an elevator stood waiting. She got on it. He got on it, too. A few seconds later she got off it. She hurried ahead of him to the street.

"Taxi, lady?" He had caught up with her; his hand touched her elbow.

She spun around wildly. "Now, look, Stan, stop following me. Go home and play with your typewriter. Write another vicious book about me. Write a whole series. I don't mind. I believe in live and let live, even with the lower animals."

His ears reddened. "The book isn't about you. It's about a type. I'm sorry if

for any reason you got the impression—

"I accept the apology. Good luck, Merry Christmas, Happy St. Swithin's Day, good-by."

"I'm not following you," Stan said. "My girl's meeting me at Celie's. Never lets me out of her sight."

"The poor child," Kim said. "And how's her father, dear old Mr. Jukes?"

"Her name's Jones—Irene Jones. She's a redhead. Fascinating creature. She doesn't want to be on television." He smiled fatuously. "And how is Neil Augustus Barclay?"

"You're talking about the man I love," Kim said. She stepped to the curb, toward the taxi that was pulling up—

He took her arm again. With his free hand, he opened the taxi door.

"Stan, stop it! Stop being ridiculous. I'm not going anywhere with you. I'm not—"

His eyes glinted. "Why are you so emotional about me? I won't make any passes. I never make passes in taxis."

"I'm not emotional! You *do* make passes in taxis."

He eased her in, and gave the driver Celie's address. He sat down, not close to her. "You've confused me with somebody else. I can't remember ever riding in a taxi with you."

She stared murderously at him. "You *proposed* to me in a taxi!"

"Did I?" He closed his eyes. "Sounds like a bleak beginning—the meter ticking away, and the exhaust coming in the window, and Ivan Petrovich's picture staring back at you."

"*Jake* Petrovich!" The words tumbled out of some dark closet. She was instantly furious, wishing she could send them back, back to their moth balls.

"Women are so sentimental," Stan said. "I suppose you remember the license number, too. I suppose you while away dull hours reviewing these little tender memories of me."

"Yes," Kim said. "I have a tender memory of the way you snore. And the way you drool at yourself in the bathroom mirror."

"Impossible. I could never get anywhere near the bathroom mirror. You were always busy salaaming in front of it."

"Shaving soap," Kim said. "Slathered everywhere. And you were allergic to everything—"

"Mostly canapés. Canapés instead of dinner. My doctor says it was a terrible blow to my system."

"Listen, I was always up to my neck in soup pans. I used to sit on my hands in public so nobody'd mistake them for shingles."

"Talking about your neck—" His eyes flicked over her throat, and below it. "Isn't it strange? I don't mind anymore. I mean, seeing it exposed that way. But I should think it would bother Neil Augustus, having an intended whose—ah—neck is a household word."

"Driver, stop right here!" Kim called harshly. She felt foolish when she opened the taxi door. She was only a few feet from Celie's gold-and-blue-awninged apartment house.

She walked quickly under the awning and through the lobby and into the elevator, not looking back.

On the eighth floor there was music and people spilling Martinis on Celie's beige rug and somebody doing a take-off of Sid Caesar. There was also Neil, far across the room, surrounded by the people who surround gilt-edged scions. In one corner stood a stunning redhead, whose name was probably Jones.

Kim looked away from the redhead, glided through the crowd toward Neil. People called, waved, asked about her vacation, about the new sponsor. All of them called her darling. None of them listened to her answers.

"Neil—" She stopped. She stared at him.

HE WAS wearing a beret. A small, black, Greenwich Villagey beret. His aristocratic Union League face looked strange beneath it, like a piece of jigsaw puzzle wedged into the wrong place. His shirt was just as startling—a heavy black twill, strictly Broadway delicatessen enlivened with a palm-tree tie.

"Neil— What in the world?" She laughed edgily.

Neil smiled. "This is my day to shock people, darling. You look almost as bad as Sis."

"But what—"

Neil poked at the olive in his empty glass, still smiling. There was a kind of satisfied ferocity about the smile, as if Neil had an enemy by the throat. "A wonderful gimmick, darling. I've lived all my life for this day. There was Sis, having tea at the Plaza, very tweedy and righteous, you know, ready to yakity-yak at me about the way I'm wasting my life. The usual Wednesday-afternoon snob lecture. And in I walked, as you see me now, not a carbon copy. It was terrific. I mean, out of this world. You're not a Barclay, says little sister, which is exactly what I've been trying to tell various and sundry Barclays for the past ten years, only up to now they just weren't convinced."

"Oh. Oh, I see," Kim said, not at all sure she did. Neil's eyes made her feel uncomfortable, they were full of an almost fanatic delight. As he began to tell the story all over again, for the benefit of some newcomers, Kim looked around for a drink. She saw the redhead again. Stan was with her now, leaning close, giving her the you-precious-thing routine.

Kim crossed the room to the buffet, and gazed disinterestedly at Celie's liver *pâté*. She felt limp and tired and old, and it wouldn't do, it wasn't for Endicott. She reached for a Martini—

A BROWN hand, aiming at the anchovies, brushed her arm.

"Oh, you," Stan said.

"You know you can't eat anchovies," she said harshly.

"Don't make noises like a wife. I'll have you know I'm not allergic anymore." He smiled proudly, nibbling an anchovy-laden cracker. "I've calmed down since I haven't been around you. My doctor says you were a constant source of irritation. Raised my sensitivity." He started away. Over his shoulder he said, "The beret's just adorable."

Munching slowly on the liver *pâté*, she watched Neil being one of the mob. After a while, she went through another Martini, deliberately forgetting they were bad for the figure that would soon have to cope with pantaloons.

"Oh, somebody! Quick!" The voice was high and childish and frantic.

She turned. It was the redhead. "Get him a drink!" she moaned.

"He doesn't need a drink—he needs a doctor," someone else called out.

Kim put the Martini down slowly. She drifted across the room, in between the famous, indecisive faces. She looked grimly at Stan. He was sagging over Celie's lavender armchair. He was holding his throat and gagging. His eyes were pink and he looked miserable and it was all very familiar.

"Aspirin," the redhead was whimpering. "Somebody get some aspirin."

Kim started to turn away, and then she saw Stan's eyes. Stan's eyes were following her. They were sick-puppy eyes, and there was no comedy about them. A certain kind of food allergy could do that to you. Something happened to your throat; it tickled, and then suddenly became dry, tight, stuffed with cotton. Stan had described it all. One night, a week after they were married.

There was a patchwork quilt on the bed, and Stan had traced the patches with his finger and said, "Infant, I've got to tell you something," and she'd said, "Aha, a confession," and he'd said, "Not exactly, except I'm allergic. I held out on you, afraid I'd scare you off, afraid

"You realize, of course, what your precious Alan Ladd would haul off and do with this dish cloth."

you'd turn me down, an old, feeble, allergic man." And then she'd laughed and kissed him, and the patchwork quilt had been a pinwheel spinning, spinning. . . .

In memoriam, Kim thought wryly, and reached for Stan's arm. "Okay, I'll take care of him," she said. The redhead stared indignantly. "It'll take just a few minutes, dear," Kim told her. "I'll send him back in the next mail."

She led Stan out, around a corner to Celie's lavender powder room. She perched him on Celie's frail gilded bench, where he clutched at his throat and made futile noises. "I won't say a word about anchovies," she said. Then she went into the bathroom and searched Celie's warehouse of headache cures and sleeping tablets and reducing salts and vitamin extracts. On the bottom shelf she found the antihistamines.

Stan gulped down two of the green pills. Kim leaned against Celie's dressing table, studying Celie's investments in the cosmetic industry. In the mirror she saw Stan trying to relax on the gilded bench. She hummed softly, picked up bottles of perfume and admired them, sniffed them. Celie's French clock ticked off the minutes.

AFTER a while, Stan stood up. He cleared his throat uncertainly. "You can look now. I'm decent again," he muttered.

"Fine," she said, and started for the door. A man was peering in at them, grinning. "Hello, pals," he said. Somebody from the party, somebody somewhat drunk.

"Treatment over?" Stan asked. "Don't you even stroke my brow?"

"Sorry," Kim said. "I go off duty at seven."

She found the doorway blocked. The drunk's eyes were fastened on her neck. Then he whistled. It was a long, low whistle, and it made her feel very bare.

"Hey, pal"—the man leered at Stan—"lemme in on this. There's enough there for both of us."

Suddenly the man looked as if he might never whistle again. Stan's brown hands were at the man's throat and the man's eyes were bulging and Stan was shouting "Apologize to the lady or I'll break your neck!"

"Stan—Stan, stop it. Don't be ridiculous!" She was pulling at Stan's sleeve, but he wouldn't listen. He was shaking the man. "Apologize to the lady!"

THE DRUNK flailed around a little, and then crumpled helplessly. "Okay, okay," he choked. "I'm sorry."

Stan's fingers relaxed. The man slunk away, around the corner in the general direction of the party.

"Why did you do that?" Kim asked unsteadily.

"I suppose because I'm crazy in love with you," Stan said. He didn't look at her. He was massaging his wrist. "I suppose because I keep thinking you might have grown into a woman in the past couple of years."

She stared bitterly at him. "Just what do you mean by that?"

He spun suddenly and caught her shoulders. "Look, how long are you going on like this? Okay, you were a homely kid. Okay, the boys didn't write your name on their beer jackets. So now you're even. You're beautiful; they knock themselves out for you. Is that it? Is that the jack pot? What do you really have? Anything at all? You ought to have three kids by now. You're the kind that ought to have kids. You're no genius. You don't even have any real talent. You ought to be laughing because you've got something to laugh about, not because ten million yokels who don't know a thing about what you're really like gawk at you every night."

"This is where I walked out once before, remember?" Kim said, yanking her shoulders free.

"This time I'll save you the trouble," Stan said. He walked away down the long hall toward the foyer.

She stood staring after him. From around the corner, the noise of the party flared at her. Neil, she thought desperately. She had to find Neil. She had to get on a plane and go to Winter Haven. She was going to have a good time. She wasn't going to be tricked. She wasn't going to stop being herself, being Kim Endicott. Neil understood. Neil wouldn't try to change her.

NEIL RIGHT in the next room. Neil in his black beret and Broadway shirt. All right. Okay. They had a lot in common. Neil busy revolting against his family, pretending he'd never been a gilt-edged scion, and Kim Endicott busy revolting against Aggie and Isabella, pretending she'd always been a beauty, always a queen. Neil Barclay and Kim Endicott. It was a natural. They could pretend their lives away, Neil in his beret and Kim in her pantaloons. Kim answering six telephones, and sitting under the dryer and getting blonder and blonder.

Stan would be somewhere in Timbuktu or the Java Sea. Stan laughing and being just Stan with no decorations, Stan with one navy-blue sock hanging down. Just Stan, who never called a stranger "darling" or acted a feeling he didn't have or worried about how the world was taking him.

She looked quickly. He was all the way down the hall now, walking away from her, walking in a hurry, because time was important to somebody who had a real life to live and real things to do.

"Stan!" Her voice wavered like a streamer. *"Stan!"* All at once she was running and faces were peering out of the living room and it would be in Winchell's column tomorrow—Kim Endicott was running after her ex—but it didn't matter. Even if Aggie and Isabella read about it, it didn't matter—

"Stan!"

He turned. He didn't smile at all. "What do you want?"

Her breath came in gasps. *I'm crazy in love with you.* Maybe he hadn't really said it. Maybe she'd only imagined it—

"What do you want?" he asked again.

"I—I don't know—"

"You've got to do better than that," he said, pushing through the door, out toward the elevators.

"Stan, don't go!" She was hurrying alongside him now, trying to make him look, trying to find a softness in his eyes. "Stan, please. I'm frightened. I've been frightened for so long." She snatched at his sleeve. "Stan, when those holdup men came. Took my earrings—they had a gun—I was so scared and I kept crying 'Stan, Stan.' I don't know why. But there wasn't anybody—anybody to count on—Stan, they're all like shadows—Stan, please—stay with me!"

He stopped then. He looked at her for a long moment, hard-eyed. Then his hand went out quickly, roughly, and caught her arm. He didn't smile, and when he began to walk again, she had to run to keep up with him. But what he said was enough, what he said was all that counted.

"Come on," he said. Then he added, "Let's go find a taxi. I never make passes in other people's houses." THE END

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I fished with a weighted cloud in HAWAII

1 **"It takes all the craft** of a cat stalking a mouse to catch Hawaiian reef fish with a weighted throw-net. When I joined Oahu natives on the Island's lava rocks, I found out how tough it is," writes Jack Ackerman, an American friend of Canadian Club. "A throw of the *Upena-kiloi*, a plunge to gather up the bottom of the net . . . and a school of fish is your reward. *Maybe.*

2 **"Jackpot haul!** My host had a rainbow-colored collection of fish for his work. I'd caught nothing. 'Your pitching is fine, but your catching is full of holes,' laughed my host. 'Perhaps you'll have more luck tonight...'

3 **"With flares** to attract the fish and forked spears to pierce them, we waded in Honolulu's offshore shallows that evening. The water was alive with flashing fins, but it was like trying to spear lightning to connect with a fish. Finally I got one—a real Hawaiian beauty!

4 **"This time** you're *sure* to get what you're angling for,' my host said next day. He'd heard me order *the best in the house.* We got it, too – Canadian Club!

5 **"It takes practice** and skill to get a skilletful Hawaiian style. *My* practice, when I want a treat, is to order Canadian Club. And I usually get it."

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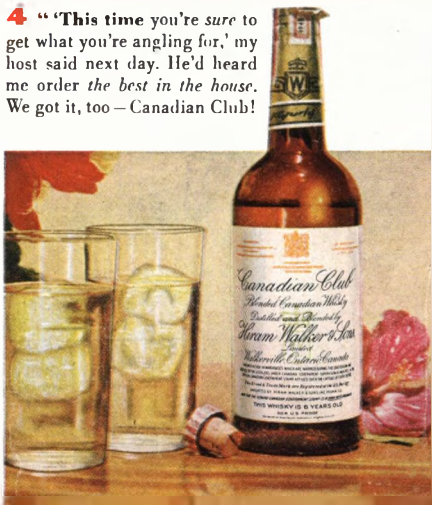

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MASON is retained by a gorgeous brunette to *prevent* a murder. But before he can act, the police find the *corpse*—*and Perry's client goes on trial.* The D.A. flings a small package in front of the woman. She collapses. The jury is ready to send her to the chair—but Perry comes up with *his own* surprise package in a slam-bang finish!

3 A. A. FAIR—Pen Name of ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

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4 AGATHA CHRISTIE

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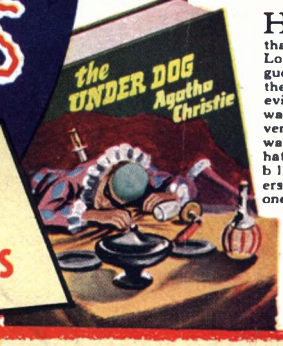
5 AGATHA CHRISTIE

The Under Dog



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